

The Roar from the Park

By: Firingwall

RWOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOAAAAAAAAARRRRR!

Martin's eyes bugged out, the young man jumping back in shock. He looked around, flashing his cellphone light all around him. "What the hell was that?!" he stammered, his teeth chattering as he nervously surveyed the area.

Martin had just gotten off his late-night rehearsal and was heading home. The good news was that he didn't live too far from where practice was. The bad news was that he had to pass through the dark, secluded park to reach his neighborhood. It wasn't a bad area filled with crime or anything, but the ambience was a little unnerving, nevertheless.

The sudden roar definitely didn't help matters. It sounded like a lion, a very large, massive lion. However, the area wasn't exactly a lion's natural habitat and there weren't any zoos in the county either.

What the hell made that noise? Martin nervously thought, cautiously approaching the area where cry originated. He knew he should've cut and run, but part of him was pushing himself forward, whether he liked it or not.

After walking for a bit, he came upon a clearing up ahead. There was a single light post next to a bench. No person was in sight and nothing was out of the ordinary... except for an odd can laying out in the middle of the walkway.

Adjusting his glasses, Martin nervously approached the spot. Glancing around, he could see no one or any trace of people. All that was there was a paint can.

He waited a bit before bending down, grabbing hold of the paint can. He turned it around and found a label: Fun Time Painting Spree: Colors of the Savannah.

Interesting title, he thought, half-amused by the oddity of it. Brushing past some of his bristling brown hair, he reached down and popped open the lid. Looking in, the color there seemed to be mostly muddy brown. It was a very bright, glossy mud brown, but still.

"Well, that's not very Savannah-ish," chuckled Martin, shaking his head. "Oh well, guess that's tha-"

RWOOOOOOOOOOOAR! The young man twitched, looking all around him. However, the noise was not coming from anywhere else but close to him. In fact, it was below him now.

He looked down and soon found himself falling backwards. The gloopy paint sprayed out of the can and launched itself straight into his face. It wrapped around his head, completely engulfing it until only his neck was visible. He tried reaching up to grab at it, but it did him no good. It was like grabbing at pool water or at best, gooey taffy.

“MMMMF! MMMUUUFFF! MMMMMMGGGGGET IT OFF!”

Eventually, after enough struggling, Martin’s voice broke through the gunk and bellowed into the night. He panted heavily, trying to regain his breath after losing it so abruptly. He spat a bit as well, the inside of his mouth tasting like plastic.

“What da fudgsicle was dat about?!” he asked with an annoyed huffed, “What’s with dat paint actin’ all weird and grabby!? And... and what’s with mah face?!” He reached a hand up to feel the damage, but instead of touching his mouth, hit something rubbery and squishy instead.

GRIP. SQUISH. GRIP. SQUISH. *What’s going on with my face?! What are those loud sounds?! Why does my face feel funny?! Oh, I wish I could see what was going on my purdy mug! Ooooh, where in tarnation is my mirror at?!*

Martin frowned, wondering why he’d think such a thing. His hand suddenly, instinctively, reached behind him and grabbed something. He didn’t know where it came from, but he pulled it around for a better look.

It was a small hand mirror! It seemed so familiar to him, but yet, it did not matter. He got a good look at his mug now.

A cartoonish-looking lion was staring back at him. Its brown fur looked so flat and glossy, almost like it was made of rubber. Its nose was black, large, and round, whiskers poking out beneath it. Its mouth was filled with fangs that seemed oddly dull. It had large, round ears that stuck out of its bright red mane. Curiously, the mane was also rather flat and glossy in its color, but still looked rough and wild, covering its head and chin.

“What da fudgey goodness?!” Martin yipped, the lion in the mirror repeating the same words.

“...” Martin lifted his free hand up and poked at his face. His hand poked the squishy, rubbery-feeling muzzle. It was his own.

His jaw dropped, falling all the way to the ground with a loud **THUMP!** He unconsciously grabbed the lower jaw and shoved it back into place, the sound of a cash register playing.

Once locked in, the red, rather wet-looking mane began to bubble around his chin. Watching closely, the red “hair” turned goeey, rather paint-like as it dripped down and over his neck. It spread onto his shoulders and collarbone a little, adding to its mane appearance.

“Holy smoke-a-roos!” Martin’s voice deepened, but in comical a way. He poked his face and his mane again. It now felt a little less rubbery, a little more fur-like, and also rather wet.

Despite that and the odd head that occupied his body, a strange feeling bubbled forth from within. “I look guuuuud enough ta eat! Heh, but would dat be cannibalism? Oh, who knows! I just looooooook guuud with dis fur and stuffy-stuff!”

He chuckled and smirked, feeling better about this. He didn't know why but looking at his mug... it felt right. It all felt right.

He flashed a toothy, fang-filled grin at the mirror. The object shivered and jumped out of his hand, bouncing away into the brush. He groaned, "Awww, I didn't mean ta freak ya out lil' mirror buddy! I can't help if it mah grin is sharp lookin'!"

Martin shook his head, sighing and wondering if his mirror would ever return. In the meantime, the goopy paint continued moving over his shoulders unabated, splattering them in a fine, thick coat of mud brown. The paint spread as it crept towards his arms, going a smidgen past his shoulders, making them appear wider.

The paint poured down his arms like lava from a volcano, engulfing all that it crossed. By the time the last of the goop engulfed his fingers, his arms seemed a tad longer and thicker, almost like they had some muscle definition now. His painty hands shivered and quivered, black paint bubbles appearing on his fingertips to form pads.

The man looked at his arms, noticing their changes right away once they had finished. He held them up and flexed them, the paint bubbling and swelling to make his biceps appear larger. In fact, when he stopped flexing, his arms remained almost as big and bulging when he did.

"Wells, as long as I have mah guns, ya can't really get dis big kitty down!" he chuckled.

Martin paused at that. He stroked the tip of his chin, thinking, *wait... I'm not a big kitty. I'm a human and stuff!*

But why would ya wanna be dat when ya can be a big kitty?

Martin nodded again, declaring out loud, "dat voice in mah head has a point! Big, furry kitty is da way ta go!"

Why just be a big kitty dough? You can be a big lion toon kitty with new memories and a new, fun personality!

"Even bedder!" he declared with a big grin, "Danks voice in mah head! Ya always know how ta look out for me!"

Any time Martin! Or, should I say, Marty McRoarenton? "Marty" grinned, nodding his head. He liked the sound of that! Why wouldn't he though? That was his name after all!

Marty chuckled, getting to his feet and standing tall, a bit taller now. He stretched his arms and chest a tad, knocking some of the creaks and knots out of them. The paint, which had paused for a moment, began pouring down him again.

The muddy brown coating slowly enveloped his entire torso, leaving no trace of his shirt in the slightest. The substance looked almost wet and blob-like, but then goo pushed inwards, as

if it was being molded by an unseen force. His torso stretched out, pushing him up an extra few inches, as a light lines and creases appear on the front of him. It almost looked like the shape of a set of abs and pecs.

He sighed pleasantly, rubbing his chest gently as it started taking on a furry-like feel to it. “Well, dat’s enough starin’ a paint can for one night for me! Heh, ah should really party it up after such a gud night at rehearsal.”

It was true. Marty had quite the moving performance at practice for An Inspector Calls that night. None of the silly, adorable humans could imagine a big, tough toon lion like himself blowing their minds in the role of Eric Birling, but surprise! Toons always did have a knack for entertaining humans in whatever role they needed to be in.

As he happily thought about that, the paint finally made its way onto his pants and lower regions. It slid over his hips, rear, and crotch, the area flat and without any bulge to be seen. His butt was still quite visible, firmer than before despite its gooey look and with a slight nub above. Said nub soon grew, extending into a long lion tail that gently swayed from side to side.

“Well den, ah say ah should really go celebrate instead of goin’ home and.... And...” He looked down, getting a good look at himself. The paint had finish climbing down both of his legs, both of which were more muscular now, and onto his feet. His shoes were swallowed up, eventually replaced with four big, pudgy, toony lion toes with pads and claws.

It wasn’t the changes finally completely that drew his attention the most though. It was his body. His stronger, slightly buffer, taller toon lion body. It... he was nude.

“...**GASP!**” Marty declared, a large word balloon appearing above his head with the word: GASP in it. He quickly grabbed it and put it in front of his empty crotch. He looked around in a panic, hoping no one was around.

After a minute, he sighed a breath of relief, “okay... no one around... but how did I lose all mah clothin’?! It’s not possible! Also, if dis gets out, mah career as an actor is gonna be finished! No one likes a nudey nude!”

The lion toon quickly looked around the area again before looking back at the paint can, the cause of this whole situation (even if he didn’t remember that). He squinted, staring deeply into the neverending depths of the small container.

“HEY! Ya stole mah clothin’, ya stupid can!” He bent down and shoved his entire arm into the can with ease. A few seconds later, he pulled out a large t-shirt and a pair of blue jeans. Satisfied, he gave the can a swift kick, sending it rocketing into the sky.

“Dat’ll teach ya for messin’ with a trained actor!” huffed the painty, furry toon, looking over his clothing. He smiled, satisfied that there were no stains on his handsome outfit, and proceeded to do a huge spin, vanishing into a mini tornado.

Said tornado did not last, the toon lion reappearing happily. He was now sporting the jeans and t-shirt, a logo on it reading: The Real Lion King~ He remained barefoot, but he didn't mind. He liked the feel of the ground upon his tough, toony paws and pads.

“Now den... where was I?” He stroked his mug for a moment before declaring, “Right! Party time! Time for dis king ta party ‘nd mingle with da non-actors out dere~”

The lion chuckled and hurried out of there, forgetting about returning home after a long day. He had a date with the nightlife. Perhaps a few, lucky gals would love to have his autograph or pawprint. He was positive they'd be worth something big one day.

As for the can, it was long gone, kicked far away. However, off in the distance, the very faint sound of a roar could be heard. Perhaps another king would be born very soon.

THE END?