

WERETOON

By Charlie GM

TF Microprose, based on a twitter post by [@NamelessEnemy](#)

Word Count: ~2k (2,124)

Tags: Transformation, Anthro TGTF (Toon Cat), Male to Female, Shrinking, Lycanthrope, Traditional Masc, Cutesy Femme, Music, Good End

Rated General

The lights came down. Electricity hummed through mazes of aux cables and stereo amps. Pyrotechnics flared. The stage was a heat trap, sucking warm air up and letting it cook the performers in their own exhaustion. A wash of low feedback was met by the roar and crash of a stadium full of fans, drunk on adrenaline and more light beer than the facilities could feasibly drain in one night.

It was a riotous display of the power of rock. Dedication to the brutal art of a long show, where audience and jester pushed themselves to the brink for no particular reason other than the livid sensation of being.

This scene belonged to a man by the name of Jörg Järrison. The legendary Norwegian guitar savant, currently front man for the German speed metal/industrial fusion band "Die Gesichtsschmelzer."

The man breathed hoarsely, panting, sweating a sheet down his back. His throat burned. His lips were chapped, cracked like a desert baking under the sun. His neck muscles seethed from headbanging. The handles of his handlebar mustache glistened. Hair folded over his forehead in wet strips. He was a mess.

His voice came in a bark of broken English. He almost ate the head of his microphone.

"You like that, huh?!" the bear-man bellowed.

Thousands of little American metalheads screamed back at him. The sound briefly overpowered the band's speakers.

Jörg let his axe, a midnight B.C. Rich, drop to the straps. He manhandled the mic, encroaching on it and channeling the last of his reserves. "We cooked that up over the summer. We call that '*Mammoth Lobotomy*.' Destroyed that shit, ah?"

It was an accurate description of the music that had restarted the tinnitus ring in his ears again. '*Mammoth Lobotomy*' was a plodding jackhammer that demanded a high proficiency from the lead in alternating tempos. It shifted from blindingly fast to achingly slow in a

heartbeat, and judging by the lyrics, which describe in elaborate detail the death throes of the Wrangel Island pygmy woolly mammoths during a final genetic purge before the dawn of human civilization, it's emotionally involved. The mammoths were a subject the band and Jörg had strong feelings about during the writing session, the lack of sense in it, the tragedy. Thus, they translated those emotions live into death wails and power chord trumpet screams ripped straight out of their throats.

Most people didn't pick up on it. For one, the song was in German. For two, the delivery system of 'Mammoth Lobotomy' wasn't so much lyrics as it was noises pretending to be words. That's two marks in incomprehensibility, but it sounded fantastic, so who cared, really? It played like a primal scream, and that was enough.

The audience roared again. Jörg let his shoulders loosen, basking in the artistry of what he and a bunch of other burly Central European himbos had accomplished. A smile played at his cheeks.

He could almost forget about his condition in times like these.

The interlude afforded him time to recoup. They weren't done yet. "Die Gesichtsschmelzer" had another hour to go and an album to promote. He sagged back as stagehands hurried up on stage with a water bottle and towel.

Jörg took both and dabbed his face. He picked at his wifebeater, giving himself some air and letting the heat roll out. He shifted in tight black pants and assless leather chaps. Once or twice, Americans gave him shit about it. The arguments only lasted long enough for teeth to be lost and masculinity to be brutally redefined for the insecure, those who couldn't step an inch out of a comfort zone made for lowlifes and baby nazis.

This was an image he rather liked. The unflappable stoic comfortable enough to go full Freddy Mercury on tour and come out of it this swarthy figure, a mean, broad-shouldered workhorse of a man.

As much as anything else about metal, this image is a fiction. But only some of the time.

Jörg checked his phone. The weather report still called for overcast skies this late. *Utmerket*, excellent. Just a little longer, he thought. Just another hour. He had to be lucky enough for one more hour, right?

The band behind him chattered. They traded meaningful looks with him. No complaints, by the looks. They seemed ready to get back into it.

Jörg took a long sip from the water bottle, dousing the fire in his larynx. A wave of dizziness collided with his forehead, and then he was ready once again.

He stepped up. "We got great show for you tonight, Charles-town. Prepare. You must. There is no way you are ready."

With that, a coy grin on his stubbled face. The audience ate it up.

Behind Jörg, the bassist, the sub-vocalist and the drummer worked the kinks out of their fingers. He followed them. They plucked their strings, they tuned drumheads, engineering behind them fiddled with the levels on their soundboards and balanced for what they expected to hear.

Above them, in the shrouded night, clouds started to break up.

An odd sense of caution nagged at Jörg as he prepared himself for the next part of the set. A pang of anxiety. It went ignored.

He stepped with a swagger, lifted back in the limelight by expectant eyes and throngs of cheering fans. There wasn't any sense in being worried. What could he do about it anyway, if his fears were proven right?

Jörg growled low. "This one, you know it as 'Dark Harvest of the Night Witches.' Find something strong, hold onto it. Your minds are about to be blown."

Moonlight peeked through openings overhead. Jörg did not see them.

"One. Two. ONE TWO THREE FOUR."

*Kracka-**BOOM***

The stage was engulfed in bright pink smoke. An explosion had gone off, knocking the bassist off his boots and throwing drums off-beat until he gave up. They coughed, fanning fumes. The audience lurched between reactions, from excitement to utter confusion.

Somewhere upstate, a forecaster was getting chewed out for sloopy reporting. Somewhere in the cloud, a small figure kicked helplessly in the air before gravity remembered it applied to it and summarily dropped it to the stage. "**Owow!**" it squeaked in a tiny, cutesy voice.

Jörg's axe banged against the stage, kicking up reverb. The metalhead audience covered their ears. Surprisingly, the figure did too. The triangles on its head flattened. After a beat, the figure seemed to get up, then look at itself, and after a moment of realization, it groaned. "**Gosh dar-nya-t! Ughhh, and it was going purrfect too...!!**"

Commotion that had been stirred up in the crowd quickly quieted down. Despite the mic having rolled off, nearly everyone heard the creature squeal, its exaggerated voice carrying too far not to miss. As the smoke cleared out, and as nervous bandmates looked at each other and the tour crew in alarm, the object of everyone's confusion picked themselves up and brushed down their skirt.

“Kya~aah, this is so embarrassi-nying. How could this pawssibly happen?!”

Where Jörg had been standing, there was now a diminutive creature. A short girlthing. A mascot in a preppy polo, plaid skirt and poofy socks, whose round head and pink-furred body was such a far cry from the masculine icon she’d replaced, it was difficult to believe.

But there it was. There she was, with her thick brush strokes and flat perspective, walking around like she peeled herself off of an episode of Doraemon.

“Cloud cover, mew freaking keister!”

She kicked at the air with her stubby feet, rendered as paws. A disembodied cartoon vein throbbed over her forehead. The rage felt familiar. **“Nnnnghhh! Doushio kannyaaaaa!”**

A few octaves lower and laced with foreign profanities, and that could have been Jörg up there, raving mad.

The difference was stark, though. Almost night and day. It couldn’t have been Jörg, but the logic of opposites made a compelling argument. This girlthing had a tenuous connection to the world she lived in, with realism in general. Her eyes sparkled with stylized glints. Her impossibly flat bangs and ponytail bounced between pantomime, gleaming bright. Large paws in the place of hands squeezed and fluttered indecisively, as the owner looked at herself several times, looked down at perky boobs and squished, chubby hips, and cringed at what she saw. **“Totally nyat cool.”**

She stuck her tongue out, aghast, her ears folded over. Sharp teeth flashed under the spotlight. **“Bleeegghh! We were about to do Harvest! Of all the times I’m supposed to be perform-nying, now, NOW I have to turn back into this humil-nyating body?!”**

The audience didn’t know how to react to this. Who could blame them? Many of them were only now realizing they were looking at a toon.

The creature fastidiously checked herself before addressing the silence filling the stadium. Cross-hatched blush penciled itself in. She had a lot of explaining to do.

She waddled over to Albrect on second, bald and thick-beared, and gestured for the scuzzy man’s microphone. Reluctantly, he gave it to her. Then she came back to the podium, cupping the equipment carefully. It barely fit between her palms. **“Achem! Canyan give me your attentyan, purr-ease?”**

The audience endured her speech impediment. For all the puns, she spoke good English.

“I have a confession to make for mew-you. Several years ago, watashi- err, I was hit with a very mean curse! Nya, pow, bang! Yes, I nyam Jörg Järrison. I hyappaned while we were touring in Japan, and nyow, this is mew!”

Stunned silence. The prim little cat toon picked worriedly at her collar. A sweat drop manifested in the air above her temple then vanished as soon as it showed up. She tried to tone it down.

“Only, nyot really. Somet-y-imes, I turn-yan to an anime neko under the full moon. Thyat is a cyat, mew. When I’m like this, my name is Sachiko Neko. Ohayo!!!”

She waved both paws gleefully, then read the venue and sheepishly pulled them back. **“Sorry. It’s a condinyan. Didnyan’t mean to let it come out like this.”**

There wasn’t so much as a cough. Just lurid fixation.

Sachiko swayed from side to side, girlish and demure, visibly stung. Crew far off on the stage’s blind spots begged her to cut the mic.

Something in her big eyes suggested she wasn’t quite comfortable being subtle right now. Like it was an act being forced onto her. The emotions were big and loud, and so was her embarrassment. She wanted to convey this with a somber tone, but that didn’t seem like it was going to work.

“The boys and I had a full set plan-nya-d for you folks, but because of the moon’s light, it’s... it’s totally going-nya sound like garbage if we actually play.”

She sensed disappointment coming over the stadium. Despite the well of embarrassment being dug at her expense, it didn’t feel right to cancel.

Sachiko glanced over her dainty shoulder. The band deliberated, even as production fought to shut it down.

There was always plan B, she remembered. Would they go for it?

Just as people started leaving, she cleared her throat again.

“Hey hey! Before you go, um.”

Sachiko looked around. She scooped up her other self’s guitar. It morphed under her hands, trading glossy dark shapes for candy bright equivalents. It did not shrink to fit.

“We got this side project we-nyan been working on. It’s called the Mewiscal Notes, desu!”

She blushed hard. The desus were coming out now, for christ’s sake. Would that doom her chances?

There were a few deliberative murmurs from behind. In front, throngs of curtain-haired, sweaty men mentally weighed the appeal of a cat idol playing in Jarrison’s shoes.

Turns out, they were receptive. A swell of cheers rang out. Sachiko beamed with a nervous smile.

“Okay everynyan! Seeiii no! One, two, a one two three four-!”

The little cat idol sprang into the air. Bandmates picked up the cue in a heartbeat and rapidly switched gears. Her claw-tips twanged strings with a deftness that defied how her hands were drawn.

Production had to scramble to keep up with her.

That was the story of how, in a freak production mishap, Jörg Järrison managed to introduce the world to the Mewiscal Note’s first hit single, *‘Calling EveryNyan, Don’t Break My Hearto!!’*

Surprising music critics everywhere, the band maintained a loyal, if polarized, fanbase ever since. There seemed to be a market for speed metal sugarpop, and the enigmatic weretoon quickly exploited it. Sheer lightning in a bottle.

As for how he/she is doing now - the best answer I can give you is to get a ticket on a full moon night.

You’ll be in for a **purr**fect show.