

Just Drawn This Way (Man to Sexy Female Toon TFTG)

By FoxFaceStories

Walter is an animator who found success with his cartoon featuring the perverted yet bespoke fox based partly on his own exaggerated personality named Waldo. When asked to create a female companion for Waldo, he spends all night working to give him a sexy femme fatale wife. But as Walter falls asleep from the effort, he soon finds himself becoming exactly what his own perverted creation Waldo desires instead . . .

Waldo

Walter furrowed his brow. He hadn't expected to be called into a meeting with the animation studio heads, and especially not to be told that his work was stagnating and needed rejuvenation. All around the boardroom were posters of his creation, Waldo, the humanoid fox with his bespoke suit and red bowtie and mischievous grin who had become famous the world over for his perverted antics. The character sniffed at the air after lovely women, floated as if sent to heaven when gazing into a well-developed cleavage, and boiled like a jug when viewing a woman in a tight red dress. It was simple antics, really, but they were famous and loved for a reason: crude sexual humour, at the end of the day, was something a lot of people could get down with, especially guys like him who enjoyed vicariously living through the fox's escapades, wishing they too could go 'hubba hubba!' when they saw a hot nurse striding by.

"You've done great work Walter," his lead boss said. "No one's denying that. When you first pitched Waldo ten years ago, we all laughed, me most of all. I'll admit, the idea of a golden age-style cartoon like the days of old just seemed ridiculous, especially with all the sexual humour and come-ons and sexy animated gals it would feature. But you convinced us to take a chance, and you were right."

"But now you think it should change," said Walter. He was in his late forties, with thick rectangular glasses and a prematurely balding head. He was relatively short and unassuming, with a somewhat trembling voice that only enhanced his rather inoffensive appearance.

"Sadly, the ratings are dropping. People crave something new. And we've got the idea that we think will keep Waldo in the spotlight - or limelight."

Walter sighed. Executive ideas were always terrible, but the studio head was clearly excited to present this.

"We give him a wife!" he announced.

The animator's shoulders sagged. "A wife? But Waldo's whole appeal is that he goes everywhere and isn't tied down! He follows women across the globe, always leading to antics."

"And now he can have a saucy woman with him, always frustrated by him! Look, just give it a shot, Walter. You can sketch up something for us by, oh, let's say next Monday, and then we can go from there."

"Next Monday? This Monday? After the weekend?"

"Sure! Just a few sketches and doodles for proof of concept. You'll be paid extra. If there are no other complaints?"

Walter wanted to tell the man that such ideas were always terrible. People didn't like change, and the wife idea, or worse, a *baby*, only soured people further. It would never be real. But he also knew he had to at least put in an effort. He didn't own the full rights to Waldo, but could largely control him so long as he remained at the studio.

"It's a terrible idea, just terrible," he said as he marched back to his car. "It won't work. Waldo just simply won't work with a wife. Everyone will hate it!"

Walter was at the end of his rope. He had managed to bat out another Waldo concept for the animators to go ham with - a classic chase through a hospital involving a number of hot nurses that Waldo just couldn't help but injure himself around to stay in their proximity - but he was no closer to figuring out what to do about Waldo's wife. He had many detailed sketches, but all were half-finished or just didn't work. A voluptuous vixen of the same species, perhaps with different coloured fur? Perhaps a rabbit, with all kinds of mating jokes that could come from that? A tantalising feline who could chase him with her claws when he was unfaithful? Perhaps an ugly skunk to demonstrate *why* Waldo was now always 'stepping out,' so to speak?

"Stupid, stupid," he muttered to himself and his drawing board.

"Sir, is there anything I can get you?" asked Maurice, his assistant.

Waldo waved him off. "No, go home and get some sleep, Maurice. We'll try again in the morning."

His faithful assistant left, having contributed as much as he could to the creative process, but none of his suggestions had worked either. Walter heard him leave, then checked the time. It was nearly midnight.

"Where did the time go?" he muttered. "I need to go sleep. But I need something soon. Perhaps just one more attempt . . ."

He began his linework as ever, letting his imagination dance. At least, that's how it usually went. Instead, he slumped forward, letting his exhaustion take over. The animator's eyes closed, and he slowly fell to sleep.

Walter woke, but not to the world he knew. There was something off about it, and he immediately realised what it was: he *still* had his glasses on, yet the world lacked detail. It lacked dust. There were pencil lines determining the borders of his room, and the colours had been turned to bright salmon pinks and oranges, as if he'd fallen into a painting. Or a cartoon.

"What on earth? I must be - I must be dreaming!"

He staggered to his feet and looked over himself; he was the only three dimensional thing in the entire room, looking photorealistic against the animated backdrop replica of his drawing room. He pinched himself several times but failed to wake up.

"Definitely a dream, definitely a-"

"No dream, creator! No dream at all!"

Walter jumped, only he jumped so high he impossibly smacked his head on the roof with a loud *KAPLOW*, landing back down. His face was smothered in something, unable to see, and it was only when he grasped the top of his head and pulled it up that he realised that his head had somehow been bonked down into his torso, just like a cartoon. He would have dwelled on that further were it not for the figure before him."

"What on earth? That's impossible - you can't be here!"

Waldo, his fox creation, was standing before him. He was only four feet or so high, wearing his bespoke suit, his bright orange fur ruffling with amusement and irritation. He grinned wolfishly at Walter.

"Of course I can be! I'm your creation, and I've been just longing to meet you! I mean, you give me all these beautiful women and then punish me for pursuing them!"

"It's - this is madness - it's just for comedy. It's called getting 'just desserts.'"

"Mhmm, desert!" the fox said, drawing a custard pie out and flinging it at Walter. "How do you like that dessert, huh!?"

The pie exploded over Walter, and he had to shake himself like a literal cyclone to get it off, toon physics coming into play. When he was done, he realised that he was a toon now; he still had his balding head and plain, nebbish looks, but he was a drawn character now.

"That's more like it!" Waldo said. "Now let's change the scenery, shall we?"

He grabbed the wall as if it were a cloth, gripped it, then flung it aside. The entire house was pulled aside as if it were nothing more than a bedsheet, falling to the ground and

spiralling out to become a red carpet, leading all the way to a wedding altar. Numerous characters Walter had created an animated were filling the aisles, cheering for reasons unknown beneath the bright sunny sky.

“Ah, I almost forgot! It’s my wedding day. You *are* making me a wife, aren’t you? Someone I can finally go ‘hubba hubba’ with and not just end up covered head to toe in bandages, eh?”

Walter rubbed his temples. He was turning bright red with embarrassment - literally.

“Look, it’s not like that. It’s just comedy! You’re partly based on myself, and I love women but never had any luck with them.”

Waldo jumped up, hovered in the air, and patted his creator’s head dismissively. “Awww, what a sad backstory! Well, it’s a good thing we’re going to solve both our problems in one swoop, eh? I get a wife to enjoy, and you don’t ever have to worry about getting lucky with a woman ever again. How about that?”

The fox held out his hand. Walter furrowed his brow. His creation was a trickster, but surely this couldn’t be real? Perhaps it was just a deep dream, a way to get inspiration.

“Okay,” he said, shaking the fox’s hand. “I’m sure we can work something ou-”

The fox gripped his hand tightly, then before Walter could even finish his sentence he spun him around and around and around like a hurricane, then flung him through the cell frame and into another scene. Walter landed in some kind of giant Rube Goldberg-esque machine, animated as if it were bouncing and alive in that classic Golden Age Animation style. A series of conveyor belts pulled him along sandwiching him between them.

“Hey! What are you doinnnnnnng!?”

His sentence was stretched as he was, the conveyor belts on either side lowering him into the machine, pressing in his fat rolls and squeezing him thin, stretching his short out taller. He was deposited on another conveyor belt, but before he could demand to be freed a set of big lips on a mechanical arm pressed against his lips and kissed him.

“MMHPPHH!!”

It lowered just as quickly, but it left him with a set of full, kissable lips - evident from the mirror before him.

“What on Earth?”

“Just making some adjustments!” Waldo teased, flinging himself through the machinery with ease. Walter ducked forward to grab his errant creation, only to fall into a big tube that sent him rolling and rolling down into its depths. He fell onto another belt, only this one had numerous gadgets that worked so quickly that the ‘animation cloud’ helped obscure the detail; scissors worked furiously to somehow ‘cut’ his hair even longer, leaving it dark and long and luscious, all the way to his lower back. A set of perfume and makeup dispensers sprayed all over him, and suddenly he had red lipstick, foundation, and gorgeous

dark eyeshadow. His clothes were shredded and replaced with an ill-fitting blue-sequined dress that was far too loose in the bust and hips and far too tight just about everywhere else.

“Stop this! What are you doing to me! You have to let me out of - oh no!”

It was a massage parlour. A giant shoe rotated on a hinge and literally booted him off the conveyor belt and onto the massage bed, flat on his stomach.

“Let’s work off that stress, shall we?” Waldo said, somehow emerging in a masseuse’s uniform. Before Walter could get up, he worked his many hands - four or six of them, due to being so fast in this cartoon reality - upon Walter’s form, pushing and tensing and squeezing the flesh. Walter moaned, the sensations strangely arousing despite his desire to escape; his muscles and tissue and fat and flesh were all being shaped and shifted around by Waldo, taken to new locations and redeposited there.

“Well, I hope the customer is satisfied,” Waldo teased as Walter raised his head. “That’ll be five hundred dollars.”

“Five hundred dollars? That’s criminal!”

“No, *this* is criminal!”

Waldo then slapped Walter hard on each butt cheek, causing a great sting. The flesh swelled up, growing and expanding and filling the dress with a startlingly impressive derriere, one that wobbled with each movement.

“Stop this! I’ll make your wife already, just stop!”

“But you already are making my wife, Walter! I can’t wait to meet her!”

And with that, he pulled a lever, opening the floor and sending Walter down into the next layer of the great machine. He lands on a chair that sped along a rail like a rollercoaster. Walter screamed as it looped and looped and rotated and twisted, but even more when it began to hit against other machines along the way. He flung his legs out wide as an aspirator collided into his groin, closing its lips around his member.

“No no no no no wait wait wait!”

It sucked down hard, and with a great cry of near orgiastic and certainly reluctant pleasure, his member was removed. The terrified Walter felt between his legs, only to discover that he most certainly had a womanhood there now.

“Oh God! Oh God!” he cried, his voice still mannish. It was not for long though. A helium balloon was affixed to his voice, spraying hydrogen into his lungs. When it left, he moaned in a tone that oozed feminine sexuality, a gorgeous mezzo-soprano with a slightly sultry scratchy quality to it. Other changes came just as fast: his body was already an hourglass thanks to Waldo’s massaging, but the rollercoaster took him through a ‘Hip Replacement Clinic’ too. He shut his eyes, terrified, but came out the other end with his legs and hips entirely anew with just a single bandaid attached comically to his forehead. But he now had incredibly wide and curvaceous hips and stunning legs.

'Free Facial!' declared a sign, and a mask attached itself to his face as he rode down and around the machine. It sprayed his face with moisturiser, attached two cucumbers to his eyes, and then sucked it all off again before showing him a mirror.

"No, I'm not a woman! I'm not a woman!"

But he sure looked like one, and a very hot one indeed. The kind of cartoon lady who revved the engines of men in the real world, looking like a real life fantasy with her gorgeous dark curls and enticing lips and high cheekbones and 'come get me' eyes.

"You're right!" Waldo's voice called as the rollercoaster finally came to a stop. "You're not a woman until you have the finest qualities a woman can have, especially my wife. And that's a big ole set of bazongas!"

Walter stood, trying to find a way out. His entire body felt strange - his enormous hips sashayed sexily and he couldn't help but stride in a feminine manner, as if trying to show off all of his goods. But he did manage to spy an exit: an elevator marked *GET OFF HERE*. He ran towards it, trying to ignore Waldo's continuing monologue about 'big bountiful fruit.' His voice was weirdly arousing, and it was doing things to his female body. He got in the elevator and pulled the lever . . . only for a gap in the *GET OFF HERE* sign to peel off, revealing the *actual* sign in classic cartoon comedy: *GET YOU OFF HERE*.

"Shit."

A pair of rubber tire pumps dropped from the ceiling as the elevator lowered, pressing immediately against Walter's chest. He tried to remove them, but then they pumped air into his chest, and he was at the mercy of the overwhelming pleasure that followed.

"Ohhhhhhh! Mmhmmm! Ahhhh!!!"

He moaned and cried in an incredibly sexy fashion as the pumps blew up his pectoral muscles into full blown breasts. They were massive, each easily bigger than his head and yet perfectly pert and firm. He cupped them, moaning in continued bliss at their fullness and size. They were so damn big, and something about that made him feel good, even though he knew he shouldn't.

"Looks like she likes it, folks!" Waldo's voice echoed as the elevator reached the ground. "Just one last set of changes to prepare her for the special day!"

Walter looked around to see what it would be, but failed to look *up*. A helmet fell onto her head, buzzing with electricity and it rewired her brain. New thoughts filled her; a strong desire for her foxy husband-to-be, a need to please him, to always look sexy, to move and breathe and talk and pose herself to always make the general audience of their cartoon aroused. To wreck an entire generation of boys' perception of women, by embodying voluptuousness to literally impossible proportions.

The helmet came off, and she staggered out, clutching her head, now thinking of herself as female. As *Wendy*.

"I don't . . . wha? Where am I?"

She was right before an altar, and Waldo was beside her in his usual suit.

"Oh, one last thing!" he declared. He gripped her dress and flung it off, revealing an even tighter, even more revealing wedding dress beneath it, one that showed a whopping amount of cleavage and leg and curve in general.

"Are you ready, priest?"

A stereotypical priest appeared, opened his book, and proceeded to talk at lightning pace.

"Doyouacceptthiswomentohaveandholdandhaveconstantsexwiththeveryhourofefeeryd aofyourlife?"

"I do!" Waldo said hungrily.

"Anddoyouacceptthismantopleaseandlooksexyforandalwaysavesexwithforeverande verandeverandever?"

Wendy blinked. "I - I do?"

The priest closed the book. "Then you may now kiss the bride and do whatever you wish with her!"

The crowd cheered and clapped and wolf-whistled. Waldo leapt up and hovered in midair, his foxy snout forming a big pair of puckered lips at the end. He held her face and pressed them against her own perfectly pouty lips. She could only stand there, wide-eyed, as he kissed her long and hard and intensely. It filled her with arousal and need, and despite herself she began to moan, even placing a delicate hand upon his furry cheek. The kiss lasted even longer, leaving the crowd to 'ooh' and 'ahhh', until finally the feelings were so overwhelming that they travelled all the way down Wendy's figure and literally popped her shoes as if they were balloons. Only then did Waldo fall, landing in her arms with a vulpine grin on his features.

"If she's that good just for the wedding kiss," he said, addressing the crowd. "Imagine how good she'll be on the wedding night!"

She blushed red as the crowd laughed, and even more when he placed a paw on one of her colossal tits, making it literally *honk* in response to his touch. She dropped him instantly.

"This isn't - you can't - I'm not married to you!"

"Might wanna check that again, lovey dovey, because you just said 'I do.' Perhaps we should just skip the slow parts and get straight to the action so you know what I'm talking about!"

Before Wendy could even think of what to do next, Waldo picked her up with ease despite his shorter stature, and literally *raced* away from the wedding, all the way to the cute

cottage that was for their wedding night. He deposited her indoors, barked at the sun to get its act together, and it quickly rotated around to the moon.

“Finally, what a wait for the wedding night! Lovely cake at the reception, I’m sure. But now it’s time to consummate the marriage!”

Wendy’s chest heaved as she took all this in. It has all happened so fast. “No, no I need to go! I need to get out of here! I’m not a woman! I’m not your wife! And I definitely don’t want to *please you every day, my foxy husband.*”

The last part she said with the intonation of a sultry lover, and with that she ran. Waldo laughed maniacally, chasing her round and round the house so fast that they were re-enacting yet another classic cartoon scene.

“C’mon!” he cried. “You know you want it! Admit it!”

“No, I don’t want you *inside me!* I definitely don’t want to *suffocate you in my big, perfect breasts! Mhmmm!*”

She cursed her own compulsions, still running, but the truth was that her wants were growing and growing, her new womanhood getting damp, her breasts flushed with desire. She tried to hold off on these feelings, but then she tripped on a convenient banana peel, landing on her breasts with a loud honking noise, overcorrecting due to her new proportions. She rolled onto her back, realising she was on the living room floor, and that she had snapped her legs wide without thinking. Waldo’s head was already between them. He raised his face, a doctor’s surgical mask on. He removed it.

“Everything looks healthy down there, but I can check it out further, if you’d like?”

He winked at her, stroking her soft thighs. She swallowed. It was wrong, all wrong. But . . . it was just a dream, wasn’t it? She wasn’t really a woman, and Waldo wasn’t really real? And she felt so damn horny and needy. Waldo clambered on top of her and she let him. He tore off his clothing, revealing how well-endowed he was down there. Even she was shocked; her breasts were bigger than her own head, yet thanks to cartoon physics, they were perfectly pert and rounded, jiggling impressively in ways that suggested that if an animator was drawing her, he was certainly doing so one-handed. Waldo pawed at her boobs, rubbing her nipples and cupping her enormous chest. She swallowed again, feeling that desire, softly sighing in response to the incredible sensations of bliss that radiated from her new mammaries.

“I - I guess you could inspect the rest of me a little more,” she managed. “I mean, I’m your wife right? And this is just a dream. Why not - mmhmm - have a little f-fun?”

“Righty indeed, on most accounts!” Waldo declared. He squeezed her breasts, rubbing her nipples and causing her to squirm in bliss. “Now, if you’re finally accepting your role, let’s make you my wife for good!”

He pressed his face right into her tits even as he pressed his cock against her opening. The last part made her nervous, but she couldn't help but spread her legs wider to receive him, feeling his end of his cock probing at her entrance, which was not just moist but drowning in wetness.

"MMhmmm," she groaned. "I - I n-need this. I need you in m-me! Please, just d-do it!"

Her wedding 'dress' small as it was, clearly had no underwear, because he ploughed right in. It was the most alien sensation she had ever felt, literally being penetrated by her well-endowed cartoon creation, and yet the sensation of it was so wonderfully fucking *submissive*, like a good sexy wife on her wedding night was supposed to be. She gasped and cried out as his enormous girth stretched her inner walls, making her wrap her legs around his small, furry body.

"Ohhhhhh, God! Yessss! Mhmmm!"

"You like that, don't you? I do! Finally, I can get laid - and trust me, we're going to be doing this a lot!"

He thrust into her further and further, again and again, and she wailed and cried out as he fucked her voluptuous body, sucking on her nipples once he'd freed them from her dress and licking them with her long tongue. It was purest ecstasy, and it made her realise that she really did rather enjoy this. Everything would be normal again, and for now she could just go along for the pleasurable ride. She bucked her hips a little, squirming as he gripped her peachy ass or bit her ear softly or kissed her tender neck. Her long hair spilled everywhere, and she knew that every pose she made was like that of a pinup model. Somehow that just made her feel all the more sexy, particularly as he continued to rail her, driving her to fits of ecstasy she didn't know was even possible.

"I want you to f-finish inside meeee!" she cried.

"Very well! Serving one up, just as the lady ordered!"

He did cum inside her. He came a *lot*. And so did she, writhing in response to a series of orgasms that had them literally cracking the floor around them, and causing steam to rise from their bodies. She cried out in a high, sensual voice, the very *sound* of sex. Somewhere a window shattered. She was being flooded with the seed of her own perverted cartoon creation, and she was utterly *loving it*.

In the aftermath Wendy pressed Waldo against her breasts, a position that was now very comfortable for both of them. She fell asleep in that perfect luxury, almost regretful that she would be Walter again in the real world when she woke.

Maurice never did find Walter. When he couldn't contact his employer after several days had passed, he used the emergency key to access his house. Walter was nowhere to be seen, and he would never, sadly, be seen again. It would remain one of those mysteries. His legacy was secured, however, because Maurice found what the man had clearly been working on: a series of detailed and coloured sketches featuring Waldo and his voluptuous dark-haired wife Wendy, a sexy human character with proportions that were out of this world, and clearly made for all kinds of perverse jokes and double-entendres. Various sketches had her in maid costumes, in wedding dresses, cocktail dresses, as a naughty nurse, and more. And always, Waldo was clearly aching to take her to bed, with the final sketch showing them both running back home, hand in hand, clearly about to do the dirty.

Maurice took these sketches to the studio, and after a respectful time had passed, Wendy was added to the world of Waldo, and was an instant hit. It rejuvenated the cartoon, and soon she was an absolute sensation and a byword for female attractiveness. And perhaps, somewhere in another reality, a certain fox and his curvaceous wife were very pleased about all this success.

When they weren't going at it in every situation imaginable, of course.

The End