

Cody "The Cougar" Koger

Written by KZ3

PART 1

It was picture day for Cody's Varsity football team, the South Valley Cougars. Unlike other traditional high school football teams, their picture day was always held before the beginning of the season to boost ticket sales from the posters that were created and for good reason, the city loved them. This year, the school decided to add a little flare to this year's pictures by bringing in a real cougar. One that was very calm and tame and handled by a professional animal trainer however, despite this, the players were more than reluctant to be anywhere near a live cougar.

All was going well with the pictures, the players eventually relaxing a little, realizing the cougar wasn't going to tear their faces off, and as minutes passed they seemed to become more and more reckless, as any teenager would. Eventually, one of the sophomore players dared Cody to go and touch the cougar, more specifically, pet the cougar when the trainer was distracted. At first refusing to do the task, (there were things even a daredevil like him wouldn't do), a Senior put a wager of ten dollars to anyone who would do it. Being at that awkward age where he was too young to get a job, yet too old to not have any money, Cody became more and more willing. Finally he announced that he would be the one to do it.

As he made his way over to the cougar, who was minding his own business, the players distracted the trainer, getting him to face another direction. As Cody got closer his heart raced thinking of what would happen if he were caught, or if the cat decided to attack him. He reached his hand out, very close to the big cat, and in his nervous thought he hardly noticed that the Cougar growled at him. The whole team was watching, discretely so they didn't raise any suspicion with the coaches who were talking amongst themselves. Feeling that it was now or never, Cody quickly reached out and patted the, unknown to him, angry Cougar on the head. Feeling like he had succeeded as if a huge weight was lifted off his shoulders, he pulled back. In that split second, the Cougar lashed out at him and bit him on his hand. The same hand that had petted it. Cody let out a yelp feeling the piercing sharp pain in his hand and the whole team laughed in excitement watching the event.

He fell to his butt after losing balance from trying to make a quick escape. Some were ready to rescue Cody in case the Cougar pursued him, but the Cougar just stood on all fours watching him. Blood ran down from Cody's hand but he was quick to hide it, he

didn't want to get in trouble with the coaches after all. He quickly backed up away from the big cat, just in time before the trainer turned back around to supervise.

After pictures, practice went as normal, except Cody felt strange. The wound on his hand throbbed in pain and after a visit to the trainer, claiming someone had accidentally stepped on his hand in their cleats, he had it wrapped. His shoes began to feel tighter and tighter as minutes passed in practice and he felt very groggy and fatigued as if he were becoming overheated. Eventually the coach noticed and deemed him to sick to practice, much to Cody's protest. So after an uneventful rest of practice, he finally got to go home.

On his walk back to his house, which was only a few blocks away from the school, his shoes got even tighter, it felt like his toes were scrunching together. He stopped for a moment to loosen his shoe laces. It provided some relief but with every step they seemed to feel tighter and tighter. This mixed with the pain in his hand and his fatigued state only made him frustrated to see what was going on with his shoes. Were they shrinking? Did something get lodged in them? He didn't know.

As soon as he got home he went right upstairs to his room, not noticing the note his mother left announcing that his parents were going out for the night since it was their anniversary. When he got to his room, a bit exhausted from the day's events, he took off his shoes, still feeling the aching feeling in his feet. He sat down on his small white couch, and rubbed them. He heard a popping sound and stopped, staring at his socked foot. His foot seemed to respond, as if it had a mind of its own, and his foot grew two whole inches in length right before his eyes. Cody wasn't sure if he was just dizzy and seeing things or if what he was witnessing was actually happening. He grabbed his foot and in the process, noticed fuzz crawling along his arms. A brownish-tan color, slowly growing. Cody tried to pull it off and winced in pain as the hair pulled up, but was ultimately on his arms as if someone had glued it down with super glue.



“What the hell?” Cody said to himself, this was weird. He must have been hallucinating, but everything seemed so real. His foot responded as it began to become wider and gaining length. The cotton of the socks began to constrain his growing feet, and in a state of panic to see what was happening he quickly took them off, tossing them to the side. The smell of feet inside of shoes filled his nostrils, his nose becoming darker, heightening in sense. To his shock, his foot was nothing like the way it was supposed to be. The same fuzz that was on his arms began to grow on his toes. His four toes, his pinky toe had completely merged with his fourth toe while the other ones were growing in size. And just like that, his feet grew another inch. Cody was in utter shock, he could

feel the bottoms of his feet become tougher and more coarse, yet still sensitive to the touch. His foot fully padded, a footpaw.

“No, nonunion no no no, this is not happening.” Cody closes his eyes in complete denial, putting his hands on his head to break out of whatever hallucination or dream this was. That was when he felt his ear, covered in fur, soft and warm. He opened his eyes as the changes continued, feeling his transformed ear. And then he felt his teeth as they were beginning to grow sharper and in length.

“What the hell is happening-!?” A bit of saliva flies out from his mouth, still not used to his new set of feline dentures.

PART 2 continued....

He covered his mouth when he felt a sudden pressure in his mouth. It felt as if his upper lip was swelling up, building with pressure. He closed his eyes and groaned as the area below his nostrils, where a mustache would be, lurched outwards, becoming more feline like. Now it was becoming increasingly difficult to speak as his lips changed shape as well. He opened his eyes to realize that random coarse hairs were growing on the sides of his upper lips. They grew longer and longer, becoming more toughened rough, not like ordinary hair follicles. He brought his hand up to his face, the fur now covering both hand and the tips of his fingers swelling into black paw pads, he felt the rough hairs in shock. His eyes went wide, they were whiskers! He just grew whiskers! His heart raced, which in turn only sped up the transformation. His palm began to swell and change color, from his light skin color to dark black. That of a paw pads. Like his growing feet, which they too were now fully covered in fur and becoming fully padded, they were also tougher yet still sensitive to the touch.

“Oh geez, oh geez!” He groans, having to close his eyes again, feeling an enormous pressure at the base of his spine. It seemed like with every passing second the pressure seemed to double, then triple.

“Ah!” He yelped. He reached back and felt a lump on the back of his jeans. With every second the small bump rapidly got bigger and bigger. Eventually he could feel something move against the back of his fur covered legs inside of his jeans. He quickly turned over, putting his handpaws on the wall for balance, letting out another groan for a moment as the pressure in his pants increased even further. The bump on the back of his jeans grew even more and with no other choice, he desperately reached back with both handpaws, and using his new found claws, dug into the seams of his jeans and underwear and ripped them open. Relief flooded all throughout Cody and he even let out a quick sigh, which was beginning to sound more like a pur with his new feline facial

features. He turned back to see what was the cause for all this trouble and went wide eyed when a feline tail, covered in the same tan fuzz, greeted him.

“Heh..hehe..” Cody stares bewildered as his tail swayed to and fro. He believed he had officially gone crazy but then, as if someone turned a light switch on in his head, he came to the ultimate conclusion.

“This is real! This is freaking real!” He exclaimed startled, as anyone would. He frantically pulled off his football jersey and tossed it to the floor of his room as he felt an overwhelming sensation of heat all over. He watched as his transforming body began to become covered in the tan fur, becoming lighter as it reached his belly. He groaned, clenching his hands into fists as his muscles began to transform. Second by second he was becoming more toned, buff. He wasn’t bulking up like a body builder, but rather gaining the physique of a well trained athlete. He heard a sort of popping and crunching sound as he grew in size by a few inches. His stomach becoming well defined abs, his chest and shoulder becoming broader and stronger, showing much more muscle definition. He closed his eyes feeling the retina’s inside of them pull back as if he stepped outside in bright light after being cooped up in a dungeon all day. He grunted in a bit of pain, his eyes changing color from their once brown color to a hazel, almost yellow, color. When he opened his eyes, things seemed to be much more clearer as if his vision had improved twice as much. Details that the untrained human eye wouldn’t be able to catch so easily. He blinked out of sheer amazement by his heightened senses of smell, hearing, and sight.

While he was beginning to be lost in thought, or shock, he felt pressure building in his face as the last of the tan fur covered him. He gritted his sharp feline teeth, and shut his eyes tight, trying to fight through the pressure that was building.

“Ooh ou..” He groaned. Suddenly loud crackling was heard, as if someone was crumpling and breaking crackers right in front of your face. His nostrils flared open as they changed shape, his nose becoming softer and more sensitive as it began to form a T like shape of that of a cougar. This dramatically improved his sense of smell, and he got lost again in his newfound improved senses, drinking in all of his surroundings while his face began to lurch outwards. What snapped him out of his daze was the fact that his tongue began to lengthen and widen inside of his mouth.

He let out a mix of a growl and a hiss as he tried to talk, however due to his new feline features his words were mangled and butchered by noises of that of a predator. He grabbed his face, trying to prevent from growing into a full muzzle, but it was no use. Every second his face seemed to take his hands with them on its journey to become a muzzle, no matter how much he tried to push back, as if by somehow doing this his face would magically go back to it’s normal position. His face stopped growing, unknown to him that his face was now a feline muzzle. He could now see his nose on his face, and his whiskers. The fatigue and sickness he had once felt now ceased to exist and

everything was as clear as day to him now. For a moment he just stood there, still in shock by the whole transformation as his tail swayed, gently hitting his calf every now and then as if it had a mind of its own. He was afraid to do anything out of fear that if he did, the transformation would continue and turn him into something even more beastial. Slowly after a few more moments, he began to observe himself, his new body.

“Whaft thea heuak?” He says, his words completely mangled by his muzzle. This would take some work, learning how to talk again. He grabbed his muzzle, did that just seriously come from him? His voice was deeper, more matured. He looked at his handpaws, and as if on queue his new claws began to protrude outwards. He had no idea how to put retract them, they could hurt someone or tear something to shreds. He tried pushing them back in, as any new transformed person would, but that ultimately failed. Right when he gave up that task to observe himself further, the claws retracted themselves back into his finger tips. He looked at his feet, which both had nearly doubled in size, both were way too big and wide for his shoes, or any shoes for that matter. He flexed his toes, and his claws responded by making their way out. He turned and watched his new tail, a bit dumbfounded. A human with a tail was something that was only imagined by children and fantasy sci-fi writers. Just out of sheer curiosity, and being caught up in the moment, he concentrated and attempted to control his tail’s movement. He made it go left, right, up, down, and even tried to move it in a circle, but that part failed and while lost in this new activity, his toe claws retracted themselves back into his toes.



A bit more relaxed in this new form, realizing that the transformation had officially finished, he slowly walked to the mirror at the front of his room. On the way his big feet hit the edge of his small white couch and stepped on his old shoes, he wasn't used to them being this size. He looked himself over in the mirror and was shocked to see that

he resembled that of a cougar, the same cougar that had bitten him at practice earlier that day! He looked like he was a werewolf, only he was a were cougar! He looked at the wrapping on his handpaw and quickly clawed it off. He couldn't believe it, the wound had completely healed. The cougar's bite had turned him into this. He took a step back, fighting the satisfactory thought of loving the fact that he was stronger, faster, more focused and alert, and bigger in this body. Though every second he looked at himself in the mirror he was beginning to admire the changes. However his mind raced, was he stuck like this? Was he going to change back? What would other people say if he were stuck like this? The news would be all over this, top story, boy turns into cougar. The more he thought about it, the more likely it seemed that he would be like this for awhile, until he found some way to turn himself back, but even then he thought why would he want to? The thought of football entered his mind, in this body he was practically better than every player in the state put together! He grinned, which in turn led his feline self to purr. He could feel it, the new talents this form brought, he would be able to make Varsity easily, and be the star attraction to the games while also being the star player on the team. He could break records, become the most prospected recruit for College ball all in his Sophomore year. Yeah there'd be a transition in revealing to everyone he'd turned into this, but that was something that he could easily get through.

He walked back to the small white couch with a new sense of self-confidence, and sat down, being careful not to sit on his long cougar tail. He smiled, revealing his cougar fangs, looking himself over one more time, and then looking at his jersey as if he was looking right into his bright future that was a certainty at this point. All these perks, and he got ten bucks out of it. Go Figure! This was sure to be a GREAT season.

Epilog

It'd been two years since Cody gained National Spotlight of being the "Cougar Boy" and garnering the nickname "Cougar Cody Koger". He'd adjusted well to being half cougar, and he quickly became one of the most sought after middle-linebackers in the country. He had to do a lot of interviews and while his parents were slow and reluctant at first to accept the idea that their son turned into (In their eyes) an animal and they even tried to sue the school for what happened, they eventually came to accept Cody as he was, fur and all. There was lots of talk on whether Cody's genetics gave him an unfair advantage over the competition, but surprisingly after testing his results came back that his genes were very much human, and ironically there was never a rule in american football that the competitors HAD to be human. Cody remained humble through it all, even more so as stories of people who tried the same method to transform would end up getting mauled appeared in the news.

Thankfully after awhile the media finally died down and moved on and he could go back to living normally...well, as normal as a Cougar guy could anyway.



Here we see Cody, after another successful game, airing his big paws out and probably talking to one of his teammates about an opposing player who was afraid of him. To him, it was hilarious whenever someone looked at him like he was going to tear them limb from limb or watched him nervously whenever he got off the team bus cause he was actually a really nice person. Oh well, all he could do was hope the ball didn't get thrown to them because if it did, well...a cougar can't exactly hold back when it's going after prey right?

Bonus



SO DO YOU WANT
TO SPOT OR HIT
THE SHOWERS?

WELL ITS NOT
GOING TO LIFT
ITSELF

PAIN IS WEAKNES
LEAVING T



Cody is a mischievous daredevil in the off-season and always brings a high level of intensity when it comes to 'going the whole nine yards' when training. Usually he's pretty focused on finishing the workout but today he's noticed your quick glances and amorous looks toward him. After his last set he lifted his big paws, his pads glistening and lightly glazed from the workout, and pops the question. The ball is in your hands and the big line-backer is looking your way, your move.