

Toon It Up: Beach Horse

By: Firingwall

Angela Jean stepped out of the changing booth and onto the soft, warm sand. Ahead of her lied the beach, the place she had been craving for so long. The summer had finally begun, and she had time off from her busy life.

She stretched her arms to the left and to the right, cracking her shoulders and working the knots out of her back. She let out a sigh after doing so and headed towards the water with a sense of confidence and excitement.

...which all but faded when she looked out to the right for a split second. There, she could see a bunch of handsome, well-built men around her age. They were busy playing volleyball, their tanned, glistening abs and muscles on full display.

A blush came to her cheeks as her attention stuck to them like duct tape. It was too bad since she accidentally found herself tripping over her own feet. A few steps forward and **WHOMP!** Her legs got caught up and she tumbled into the sand, her bag filled with her beach supplies tumbling out.

Dang it! Angela thought, struggling to find her grip so she could push herself up, *this... this did not go like I thought it would.*

“Oh, dearie me!” A voice called out, “Are you okay?” As Angela struggled to her knees, she heard a low rumbling and shaking upon the sand.

She quickly looked up, coming face to face with a bright pink, fluffy toon dog girl on an ATV. She was in a one-piece swimsuit much like herself, only pink instead of purple. She had lovely, curly pink hair that was tied up into a pink bow and as oversized sunglasses on her snout.

She hopped off the vehicle and quickly put the items back into Angela’s bag without hesitation, handing it back when she was finished. “Oh,” the short-hair blonde replied, her cheeks still rosy, “Thank you. I’m okay... I’m alright.”

“Are you sure?” The pink toon dog asked, her tail wagging and her face pushing closer towards her, “You could have heat exhaustion and need some refreshing drinkage!”

Angela shook her head, smiling weakly and answering, “It’s nothing. Just got distracted and tripped over myself. It’s nothing.”

“Distracted?” The toon glanced around and noticed the men playing volleyball herself. She looked back to Angela with a wide, cutesy, mischievous grin and nudged her. “Ooooooh? Is that the reason? Say no more. Hehehe~”

The woman blushed and shook her head, “N-n-no! That-that’s not it!”

“It’s okay!” The toon went on, “You like what you see, you like what you see. Why don’t you go over there and say hi?”

Angela shook her head, mumbling, “Nah... I think I should go soak in some rays.”

“Awwwwww, why not? They look like fun!”

The woman shook her head again and stated stronger, “I just don’t feel right or great about doing something like that. I’m just, you know, not a part of their scene or crowd.”

“Oh, that’s... a rather down look at yourself. You know what this means, riiiiight?”

Angela leaned back from the dog girl, mumbling quietly, “I... I just catch some ray by myself now?”

“Of course not, you gloomy gus! It’s time for Jessica the Toon Dog Writer to make your life better! Give me a sec and I’ll get you all fixed up!” The toon zipped back over to her ATV, moving to the small trailer that she hitched to it. She pressed a button on it and **POOF!** The trailer converted into a mini food stand.

Angela flinched at the sight but found herself drawn to it regardless and approached the toon and her cart. “Ummm,” she asked the anthro, “What... what is this all about?”

“It’s all about getting you into tip-top form!” Jessica proudly declared, “I’m gonna help you kick that low confidence to the curve and get ya all excitable and pippy! It’s a guaranteed solution to get guys’ attention for sure!”

“Really?” Angela was skeptical about that claim. Toons were definitely known for getting people’s attentions without a doubt. However, that usually ended up meaning something else from silly comedic acts, acting a certain way in general, or being overly in one’s face with flirting or showing off.

“Really really!” The pink dog declared, opening the top of the cart, “Just tell me exactly what you want to eat or drink and PRESTO! You’ll be drawing everyone’s eyes to you and be cuddling up against those hunks quickly!”

The human frowned, blushing slightly. “Ummm, I’m not sure if that’s the route I would want to go and... I’m a bit concerned about what this might mean for me.”

“Whatever you pick or want, I promise it isn’t permanent or will ruin your reputation at all!” Jessica pledged, putting a paw over her heart, “It’ll just make life more interesting, in a goodie good way!”

“Are you sure?”

“Positive! Cross my heart and hope to be erase! Stick a pie in my face!”

Angela looked at the dog oddly, thinking for a moment on whether to correct the toon on her phrase. But, she decided it would be a pointless, stupid battle and shrugged. "Alright then, I'll take... whatever you have."

Jessica's tail wagged and spun around like a propeller, blowing a huge gust of sand down the beach and at a helpless group of people. Jessica giggled, quickly stopping her tail and asking, "You'll need to be more specific. What kind of drink do ya want?"

Angela glanced at the food cart, seeing its only features on it being a chibi version of Jessica and a sand-covered logo. There appeared to be no menus or listings anywhere on it. As such, the young human shrugged and said, "Ummm, do you have any root beer?"

The toon nodded her head and reached her entire arm deep into the hole on top of the cart. She rummaged around, the sounds of breaking glass and falling rubble heard from within for some odd reason.

Soon enough, the toon pulled out a small can and handed it over to Angela. It was bright yellow and brown with the words, WB Root Beer, labelled across it in Lobster typeface. It was an odd can, but Angela had a feeling everything Jessica had to offer would be pretty odd given her nature.

"It's on the house!" Jessica declared, "You just-"

"Hey you! Unbury my family you covered in sand!" Someone shouted, rushing over and grabbing Jessica by the ear. "You toons have no respect for other people!"

"EEEEP!" Jessica whimpered as she was dragged off by an older gentleman. She called to Angela, "Just drink up! I'll be back later!"

Angela watched Jessica be hauled away for a bit before turning back to the can in her hand. The young woman took a deep breath and mumbled, "Here goes nothing."

She cracked it open and took a large gulp, letting the liquid flow down her throat. Her body shivered as the root beer went down, her dullish blonde hair rising up as if it was surrounded by static.

As she finished her big gulp, Angela's hair brightened right up. Its color turned to a dazzling, shimmering blonde not possible by any normal means. It was bright and oddly thick, looking like it was more yellow paint than normal hair. Putting it all together, the thick locks cascaded down her back, stopping right before reaching her buttocks.

She pulled the can away from her maw and declared, "Awww yeah boi! That was sum goooooood drink right there!"

She paused for a second, surprised by the words that came from her mouth. She thought about them for a moment, licking her chops with a surprisingly long tongue, before shrugging. "Eh," she remarked, "Ah kind of had a feeling this would happen."

Angela brought the can back to her lips and she drank more. Her ears turned to long, sharp points like a horse's, before zipping straight up to the top of her head. In contrast, as she drank, her face shot away from her head, nearly shoving the can right out of her grasp.

She paused for a moment and looked at herself. She had a cute, long, equine muzzle coated in inky yellow fur. A brown splotch of fur rested below her left eye, the rest of her head surrounded in the soft golden pelt. Her nose was pushed out into a large snout at the end of her muzzle, her lips bright purple and plump in a cartoony, kissable way.

“What in tarnation?” Angela remarked, feeling her snout, “Dis ain’t what ah was expectin’... ‘nd what’s dat way ah’m speakin’ like? It ain’t no regular way for people ta speak.”

She rubbed her muzzle a bit more and thought, her internal thoughts still normal, *wish I could see what I look like.*

She looked back at the can in her hand and shrugged. She brought it to her plump lips and took another large swig of it, the container not feeling an ounce lighter.

Her fingers and hands trembled, almost threatening to spill the root beer onto the sand as that happened. She quickly pulled the can away from her maw and gasped, watching as her hands began to inflate. Her ring fingers merged with her middles as bright, inky yellow fur bloomed across them. Her hands swelled over twice their original size, her fingernails vanishing and leaving them looking like cartoony, silly hands.

Angela looked upon her hands and wiggled her fingers, making silly, piano playing sounds with them. “Nows dat is what ah’m lookin’ fors!” She remarked, smiling widely, “Dese are just what ah need!”

A sense of toony power flowed straight into her and she knew just what to do. She reached behind her back with her free hand and pulled out a small hand mirror from out of nowhere. She smiled as she gazed upon her reflection, loving the mare that greeted her.

So beautiful, she thought blissfully, tossing the mirror into her bag. She looked back towards the men playing volleyball, still not noticing her. *But... still not beautiful enough.*

She took the can again and brought it to her plump lips, downing another large gulp of it. Her arms wobbled, and her legs shook like crazy as if experiencing an overstimulating sugar rush straight to the brain. Her pupils dilated, turning bright, emerald green as well.

With that rush, bright, inky yellow fur began sprouting up all over her limbs. The fur came up around her wrists, before rocketing up her arms and to her shoulders in a flash. Her feet sprouted their own yellow fur around her toenails, which quickly began blooming across his lower limbs and all the way to the bottom of her one-piece. Brown splotches popped up on her limbs as well, accompanied by their own silly “ploop” sound effects.

On top of the fur growth, Angela jumped up over a foot in both her legs and even her torso. She now stood tall over six feet, giving her a strangely satisfied feeling.

She ran one of her toony hands across her legs. They felt stronger before and also much shapelier, her thighs thicker and tender. Checking her arms, they felt bigger as well, more tone and in shape than before. She wasn't really bulky by any means, but more fit than she ever was in her life.

"Now dat's sweet!" She remarked, "Dis here root beer is ah wonder! Ah gonna look so gud after just a little bit more drinkin'!"

Angela let out a soft giggle and took another swig from her can, her body tingling up a storm at this point. Her hips and butt shook up a storm, yellow fur quickly covering her pasty white skin. Her hips widened up next, stretching outwards and curving quite nicely, quickly matching that of her thick thighs.

Her butt quickly followed suit, shaking subtly and stretching out. Her swimsuit slowly became to struggle to contain her expanding rear as her butt cheeks grew. Her cheeks slowly popped out of the one piece, showing all of their yellow furred glory and their oversized, bubble butt nature.

Wrapping it all together was a new addition. **RIP!** Out popped a long, shining golden tail that flickered happily above her rear. It tore open a spot in her swimsuit, giving itself some run and disappointingly covering part of her big butt.

Angela smiled and placed a hand upon her hip. She swung them to the left and the right, a cartoonish drum sound shooting off with each shake. "Not bad," she remarked, "Ah got sum real nice junk in tha trunk now!"

She turned back towards the volleyball players and much to her delight, some of the ones waiting on the side that weren't playing were looking in her direction. A large grin filled her face and she happily trembled in delight. *That's right; turn your attentions on me you hot hunksicles! You'll all want a piece of this here horse gal soon enough~*

She looked down at her torso, still mostly the same and human as before. It was the only non-toon thing about her now and that needed to change right away. She took the root beer can and lifted it high up, pouring the drink down her muzzle and straight into her belly.

She poured and poured until, eventually, can finally stopped producing drink for to ingest. Satisfied, she licked her chops and eyed a recyclable bin several yards back towards the parking lot. With a big grin, she chucked the can like a football high into the air, the can perfectly landing in the bin.

"Awww yeah, dis here pony scored big!" She declared, jumping into the air in celebration. She pulled out pom-poms from behind her back and cheered excitedly, "Go me! Go me! Go AJ, yeah!"

As she cheered up a storm, her body shook and shivered once more. This time though, it would be the last. A lovely, fresh coat of inky blonde fur sprouted across her torso and beneath her purple swimsuit, dark brown spots popping up all over the new coat. Her stomach toned, and her waist pushed inwards, really exaggerating her already large hips' size.

But that didn't compare to the big bump she got in the chest. Her reasonable, normal human size breasts jiggled and vibrated with her cheers. Slowly, they inflated up cup-size after cup-size, making the sound of a balloon being blown into. Her swimsuit's collar dipped downward low as her breasts bloomed, showcasing her new, vast cleavage.

After a second more of cheering, she stopped and struck a pose, pumping one hand into the air and kneeling down dramatically. With a big grin, she declared, "Go AJ Appaloosa, tha new horse on tha beach!"

The bouncy, springy toon horse jumped into the air, landing on her tippy toes perfectly, her E-cup breasts bouncing hypnotizing her super stretched out swimsuit. Many beachgoers were now staring at her with shocked, fascinated stares. The looks made her giggle and wink at everyone.

However, what excited her more was the volleyball players, who had all stopped playing to gaze upon her new toon form. She giggled and waved at them, "Howdy boys! Ya got room for lil' old me over dere?"

They slowly nodded, and she giggled, wiggling her big bottom excitedly. She almost charged straight at them if not for a returning pink toon. "Hiya... AJ Appaloosa, right?" The dog said, "Lookin' good!"

"Ya'll lookin'... sandy." Jessica was indeed covered in thick sand from top to bottom, a cute toy shovel in her big, toony grasp.

"Yeah, unburying people is a looooooot of work!" Jessica explained, "But that's not the point! You look great and those thick boys over there are lookin' excited! Going in for some fun?"

"Ya know it pooch!" Chuckled AJ, strutting her way past her, "Wish dis here pony some luck!"

"You got it honey!" Jessica declared, pulling out her own pink pom-poms, "Go AJ! Go AJ! It's your toon birthday! It's your day to shine! Go AJ! Show them that fun you!"

AJ giggled and thought as she approached the first volleyball player, oh, ah'll show dem more dan just a fun side of me! Wait til they see... mah volleyball playin' skillz!"

THE END