

# Now Available for Testing

By: Firingwall

A young girl sat in the waiting room of a large corporation, tapping her fingers against her knee and fidgeting in place. *Come on Meryl*, she thought, biting down on her lips, *this isn't anything big at all. You're just here for a little test is all. It's all safe...*

The young woman rocked back and forth in her chair, flinching as the receptionist called out names and urged the next person to head through the door at the end of the room. She also shuddered just slightly as a person walked by, her face growing red and her eyes down at the ground as well. A short-ish girl with short brown hair and glasses, Meryl was in a desperate situation. She needed money and money quickly, too ashamed to ask her friends or family to help bail her out for the month on rent.

*Just test this stuff out for them*, she told herself over and over again, *and everything will be just fine and...*

“Miss Moriarty?” the secretary called, “Is there a Miss Meryl Moriarty present? You’re up now. Please enter the room on the far right.” Meryl gulped and slowly got up, heading to where she was told to go. Stopping before the door, she took one final deep breath and opened it.

Much to her great relief, the sight before her wasn’t terrifying or nerve-wracking at all. It was nice, serene-looking room with a large window that looked out on the city below. There was a big, comfy couch next to a table that had a can of soda it appeared. Right next to that was a sight that strikingly contrasted with the atmosphere and mood.

It was a toon, a white wolf with long, curly, wavy blue hair. She had absolutely ridiculous proportions with a very thin waist that should almost snap in half with her massive, perky breasts and wide hips & rear. She wore blue high heels, a tie, and a lovely short skirt, but her bikini top clashed terribly with the rest of the more business-appropriate ware.

The wolf was busy writing something down on a clipboard as she sat in her own personal armrest. She did not seem to notice Meryl right away, only alerted to her presence once the door ended up closing on its own behind her. The anthro’s ears perked up and her head darted to right, her expression lighting up with joy.

“Oh oh oh oh!” the wolf declared, zipping over to Meryl in a blink of the eye, “You must be the next tester! Have a seat honeybuns!” In another blink of the eye, the young human suddenly found herself sitting down on the sofa and the wolf back in her seat.

The toon continued happily, “My name is Emmi and I’m running this test. We here at Happy Feeling Co. are going to be offering a brand new, super-duper product in the future and we want to see if it is a big hit with people!”

Meryl glanced down at the can, which had a logo that read, “Toon Pop Shock”. She glanced back up at the wolf and asked, “I’m guessing... I’m guessing it’s this soda then?”

“Yep yep yep!” Emmi declared, “We think it’ll be the next big thing, but we need to make sure if people will like it or not! It’s got a big taste and one of heck of a kick, so we need to see how people will react to it.”

“Okay,” replied Meryl, looking back at the can and taking it, “so... do I just crack it open and start drinking it?”

“Yes, but take it slowly please! I want to ask questions and get your thoughts on it as you drink. It’ll definitely help.” Meryl nodded and with a deep breath, opened up the can. It made a soft, fizzing noise like expected and the faint smell seemed reminiscent of root beer to her.

Looking at the can for a little bit longer, Meryl took her first sip from the can. Right off the back, she instantly struck by the taste. It was definitely like root beer, but yet also somewhat different from any other kinds she had in the past. It also caused her body to shiver for a half a second, the hair on the back of her neck standing up.

“So how was that first sip?” Emmi asked curiously, tapping on her clipboard with her pen.

Meryl opened her mouth to answer, but found a new voice answering back in an excited, peppy tone, “That was soooooo yummy! I only, like, had one sip but I’m totes gonna luuuuvvv this thang!”

Emmi giggled and began writing that down, much to the shocked and confused look on Meryl’s face. The young human didn’t have much time to dwell on that though as something shot out above her backside with a large **POP**. Looking back, a large, thick, horse tail had pushed its way out between her jeans and black shirt.

It rested comfortably on the couch, having bent around to rest beside Meryl’s right thigh. Curious, she brushed the furry appendage and it whisked happily, her body shivering in response. *Definitely real*, she thought, *definitely real for sure*.

Don’t stop now silly billy!” Emmi declared, leaning forward and urging, “Keep on drinking that soda so we can keep on with these tests!” Even though she knew this test should end right there, Meryl brought the can back to her lips and she sipped down more of the drink.

Her legs both shook and shivered, a visibly, almost cartoon-like vibration occurring. With the sound of slide whistle, her slim legs stretched an extra foot or two, her knees raising to almost chest-level as she sat down. Her thighs expanded massively and a luscious, vibrant coat of brown fur flowed over her legs, hidden just underneath her now shorter jeans. Her green tennis shoes even changed as well, turning to bright yellow flip-flops that contained brown, furry feet.

“Holy carp Emmi!” Meryl declared, her voice having returned to normal for a few moments, “What the sugar is in that drink of yours?!”

The wolf smiled widely, simply explaining, “Oh you know, a little of this, a little of that, and a dash of toon ink to finish it all off. It’s all good! Anyhow, still liking it?”

“Oh yes yes yes!!” Meryl replied, the new voice from within her piping up once again, “I super-duper luv this! In fact, I’ll take a big gulp instead of these silly teeny tiny sips!” With that, she took a huge swig from the can and let out a loud, happy burp that shook the windows.

Her lower half started jiggling and wobbling like Jell-O as her transformation kicked more into high gear. Her thighs thickened considerably, growing tender and soft as they now naturally rub up against one another. Her thigh gap disappeared as her hips swelled four times their original size, pushing her past any natural child-rearing size.

The sound of an inflating balloon rung through the room as Meryl lifted several inches into the air as she sat on the couch. Her ass has ballooned out so much that it looked like she had globes for butt cheeks. Her jeans shook, almost appearing as if they were threatening to tear right of her luscious lower half. Instead, her jeans legs zipped right up to a little less than halfway down her thighs while the top shrank a bit as well, revealing a considerably amount of her butt crack.

Curious, Meryl stood up, now standing at least over six feet tall, and felt her legs and lower half. Her body shivered, her curves trying sensitive to her touch as her hands ran over them and through her rather inky fur. Emmi was jotting down notes like mad, looking between the girl’s massive legs and her still human half.

After several minutes of writing, the wolf asked curiously, “how are those legs of yours treating you? Do they feel uncomfortable or weird? Can you move around in them?”

“Oh sure,” Meryl responded, easily strutting around the room. Images of handsome stallions and other toons flashed in her mind, most of them dancing and partying it up with drinks in what appeared to be some sort of dance club. She bit down on her bottom lip and thought, *that... that seems like a hella good time... maybe... no, I should totes go party after I’m done here.*

Meryl chugged more of the can down before Emmi could ask another question, joy and excitement swelling with her. Her fear and nervousness were quickly being drowned out with every single drop she ingested, embracing the tooniness that was building within. Her waist caved inward far beyond any normal human size, her organs changing and shifting into something more befitting of the toon she would become.

“Easy there girl!” Emmi giggled, “I need to take notes and ask questions! I’m not gonna get any good answers if you drink everything right away like everyone else.”

Meryl ignored her, drinking as much of the soda as she could in one go. It strangely felt like there was more than liquid in the can then it could hold, but she didn’t care. That just meant there was more to drink.

Her human form rapidly faded away at the rate she was going, turning more toony by the second. Her jacket turned into a sleeveless & strapless black top that showed her navel and cleaves, while her shirt and bra converted into a laced black bra that poked out of her top. Inky brown fur quickly engulfed her torso and arms, her pinkies melding together with her ring fingers.

BOINGY-BOING! Her breasts exploded, jumping up several sizes until they were even bigger than basketballs. Her large G-cup jiggled happily within her top like Jell-O, pushed up and showing more cleavage than she ever had before in her life. Finishing the can and tossing it behind her, she groped her massive chestiles with her massive, cartoony hands and declared, “Ah yeah baby! These girls are totally gonna get me all the hawt studs at the club tonight!”

“Club?” asked Emmi, her head cocking to the side, “Well I’m sure you’ll get all the attention you want, but we really must continue...”

Meryl blew her off, shaking her head from side to side as if she was in a shampoo commercial. Her glasses flew off, disappearing in midair before hitting the ground, while her hair grew longer and more luscious, taking on the same color and shine as her tail. As her lavish mane was tied into a dazzling ponytail, her lips turned black and plump, making a permanent-kissy face.

Her brown fur covered her and engulfed her face, leaving no trace of her skin behind. Her eyelashes thinned and her eyebrows grew much longer, becoming heavier and keeping her eyes half-open and giving off a rather sensual gaze. Finally, her face shot forward, forming a rather strong, but cute horse muzzle.

Meryl let out a delightful neigh and exclaimed, “I feel like a million bucks! Thanks girl! Meryl Mustang is ready for action tonight! All the fun action!”

With that final word, she zipped out of the room through a different doorway and vanished, leaving no trace behind. Emmi sat there, sitting in her chair dumbfounded. Her eyes watered, a sad voice escaping her lips, “awwwwww, why does everyone leave before they finish all my questions!”

*THE END*