

Toon It Up: Purrfect Secretary

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Commission done for [ChinchillaChris67 of DeviantArt](#)

“I’m not sure about this.”

“Awww, c’mon, babe! You so got this!”

Valerie Seville wasn't too sure if she “got this”. Her stomach felt like a mess from all the anxiety and nervousness that plagued her body and mind. What she was about to do was very much outside of her comfort zone.

“You’re a natural, babe!” Her boyfriend insisted, patting her on the shoulder gently. “You, like, got tons of experience already as a secretary and done lots of office job stuff. You’re a total shoo-in for this!”

“I know.” She said it so quietly that it didn’t sound believable. She loved all of the support and his attempt at a pep talk, but it didn’t seem to make much of a difference.

Valerie looked up at the skyscraper before her, high up where her meeting was supposed to happen. She took a deep breath and reflected on her past.

She did have the experience. She had done some minor secretarial work in the past and had worked under some higher-level managers and boss-esque figures in her past jobs before her current unemployment stint.

Her experience and capability were not that much of a concern. It was everything else.

“‘Cuse me!” “Pardon me! Goin’ to an important meeting!” “On my way to lunch!” “Business business business! Gotta business!”

Valerie dipped and dodge all around herself, her face getting red. She was truly out of her depths in this environment.

She and her boyfriend were standing in the middle of the business park of her city’s ToonTown District. All around were toons of all shapes, sizes, and genders. They went about their day trying their best to look official and important in their business suits and holding their briefcases. They rushed about, going from one building to the next or to some food stand outside for their lunch.

Her destination was a skyscraper that belonged to Silly Looks. They were the largest distributor of toon gloves and shoes in that part of the country. She would be meeting and interviewing for the secretarial position of a literal fat cat, a Mr. Lance Furrikins, the boss.

“Don’t stress yourself out, babe!” Her boyfriend leaned in and gently nuzzled his face against hers, purring. “I believe in ya!”

Valerie smiled. She always did feel better after hearing that lovely purr. She leaned in and kissed him, scritching gently under his muzzle. “Thank you.”

Her boyfriend, Keith, was a toon as well. A furry caracal, he wasn’t overly silly-looking or as out there as many toons were. His goofiness was mostly confined to being a super sweetheart who loves getting petted and scratched. She was lucky to have him as a boyfriend.

Keith was even the one to get her to this point. He found out about the job opening, being a follower of toon news. He arranged the appointment and even got a resume together for her. He was determined to help lift her spirits after her devastating layoff weeks back.

Valerie appreciated his concern and encouragement. He was very kind, constantly looking out for her best interests. Why a cat like him wanted to be with a shy, mousey girl like her was a mystery.

Yet, she remained unsure about this whole situation. The support was nice, but she didn’t intentionally seek out this job. It was thrust into her hands without any consulting. There was a bit too much pressure put on her due to this.

At that moment, Keith seemed to be sensing that feeling from her too. “Hey, I know this is, like, much and still wild, but, ya got this! You’re gonna slay this, no prob!” Valerie didn’t say anything, looking around at the toons and toonscape.

The caracal nodded. “Okay, time to pull out the big guns!”

““Big guns”?”

His face lit up with a gleaming smile. He reached behind him and pulled out a small box. “Prezzie time!”

He opened the box, revealing a piece of jewelry. It was a cute necklace with a silver chain and a golden pendant. The pendant was shaped like a cat’s head, its eyes bright green from some kind of stone embedded into it.

Valerie blushed, taking and looking it over as he spoke. "I know, I know. I kinda screwed up. So, I got you this!" The caracal's tail swished, his hands clasping together. "It's a good luck charm! Ya know, just so things go well."

"R-really?" Valerie had to admit; it did look very nice. How it would match with her outfit, she wasn't exactly sure, but the toons were probably not going to really care.

That was really sweet. "Thank you." She slid it over her head, carefully centering it on her chest. "It's very-"

At that moment, a tingling sensation began trickling throughout her body. She shivered oddly, tensing up before relaxing again. The nervous twitches within her faded, her mind and heart slowing. The concerns and doubts she had started to fade, seeming almost quaint and small.

Confidence began to grow. *Maybe he's right.* She nodded to herself. *I'm being too hard on myself. I could do this, no problem! I do have the experience, and I'm...*

A thought occurred to her suddenly. She checked her phone and flinched. "OH! I mustn't be late! I must be punctual or it'll reflect badly on my image and reputation!" She leaned in and kissed Keith on the tip of his muzzle. "I must be off. I'll see you after the meeting."

"Okie-dokie! Knock 'em dead!" Keith kissed back and waved goodbye as she rushed towards the building.

Valerie hurried for the front door as fast as she could. Her steps and lunges were manic and panicked, not a trace of grace or calmness in them. She was panting after only a few steps with that rush.

But then, something shifted. Her movement began to adjust itself, her pace slowing to a degree. Her steps became less wild and more purposeful while still keeping a decent speed. Her walk turned to more of a strut, professional-appearing in its leg and shoulder movements.

Helping it along were her shoes as well. Her black shoes morphed, sprouted heels in the back and merging the laces into the leather. The fabric and material became thinner and harder, the shape turning more pointed at the end. Soon, she was strutting in a pair of black high heels.

Valerie entered the building and looked around. The lobby was busy with somehow even more toons scurrying around. They were carrying briefcases and coffee cups, and many were yapping into oversized cell phones with big antennas. The words "business", "money", "profits", "maximizing," and other office jargon echoed continuously throughout the large room.

However, their overwhelming presence didn't phase Valerie. She ignored them and found her target, the front desk where a receptionist was sitting. She perked up, her rear shaking slightly.

Pop! From between her pants and jacket, a tail sprouted. It was long and thin, swaying about eagerly. Orangish yellow fur ran all the way down it, a series of black stripes following it to the very tip.

Unaware of the swishing behind her, Valerie walked over to the desk. Her steps shifted slightly again. Her hips were swaying far more. There was purpose and emphasis in them like she was intentionally doing it instead of it being unconsciously done.

Arriving there, the interviewee got a better look at the receptionist. It was a toon mouse handling several different calls from her twenty different phones laid out behind the counter. "Please hold!" "I'll connect you!" "Good morning; I'll be with you soon!"

Valerie felt a kinship with her almost, remembering all the calls she had to handle. While she rather not interrupt her though, she had an important interview to attend. She cleared her throat, the clearing getting louder at the end.

There was a twitch in her eye, then her other, and even in her lips as she finished. Her eyelashes grew just a bit longer and curved, giving them a more notable flutter to them. The eyeshadow that was lightly applied grew more pronounced and darker. Her lips plumped slightly, turning into a striking red as if she was wearing lipstick.

The mouse gal looked up from her latest call and nearly bounced out of her seat. She struggled with the phone, slipping and bouncing out of her hands for a little bit before she could greet the new arrival. "Oh hi! How may I help you today?"

"Yes!" Valerie cleared her throat again and calmed herself of her last nerves. "I am... ah, Valerie Seville and..." She lifted her arm and glanced at her white business watch. *Wait... did I always have th-*

Valerie twitched. "I have a very important interview with Mister Lance Furrikins that I cannot be late for! It's about the opening regarding a secretarial position."

"Oh, right!" The mouse nodded and pointed over toward a hallway further into the lobby. "Just take one of those elevators there to the top floor. I'll phone ahead to let him know you've arrived and will be with him shortly!"

“Thank you.” Valerie politely nodded and headed over to the hallway, a series of elevators lining both sides of it.

Okay, good first impression there, she thought, I sounded pretty formal and pleasant. I can do this. I can be even more professional when I get there.

She stepped up to an elevator and pressed one of the buttons. She looked up, seeing the floor number begin to fall back to one. *You can do this. Be professional.*

Valerie waited... and waited... and waited. The elevator number was still coming down, but it turned so slowly. Her foot began to tap the smooth marble floor as she checked her watch again. She shook her head with annoyance. *I’m going to be late at this rate!*

Her head tilted. *Wait, why am I looking at this instead of my phone?* Her fingers twitched. Her fingernails thinned before shifting to the tips of her tips. They turned black and curved slightly, looking more like claws. *This feels-*

DING! Valerie twitched, a vibrational wave running up from her feet to her ears. Her ears especially wobbled and shook, shifting up to the top of her head. They stretched and morphed, turning into long, angular points. They grew orange fur over them, the very pointed tips of them gaining a splash of black.

More vibrations followed, but not from her. They came from the elevator as a wave of toons flowed out like a tidal wave. Valerie dodged to the left at the last second, barely avoiding being swept away. “Business!Business!Meeting!Coffee!VerySerious!” the wave called as they flowed out of the hall in the lobby, breaking apart into individuals and going their own ways.

Valerie huffed, brushing her skirt. She placed her hands on her hips, which were slowly widening and turning rounder. “Humph! How rude to a potential new co-worker! I must speak with HR about this inappropriate behavior later... if I get the job.”

Her cheeks turned bright red. *Oh my. Where did that come from?* Those words came out of her mouth so naturally. It sounded so normal for her, so professional. It was weird but also oddly right?

It was simply too confusing to ponder, especially when time was growing short! With the elevator now vacant, the young woman slipped into it. She hit the button for the floor she needed and took a deep breath. The doors closed and the room lurched. She would be riding alone.

After that rush, she needed it. She needed the time to relax and compose herself. She rubbed her face gently, closing her eyes. *Focus, Valerie.* She breathed in and out. *Think, calming thoughts... think, peacefully. Things are fine. Things will be good.*

She smiled. *You will have a good interview. You will be hired. You will be an exceptional secretary. You will enjoy filing paperwork, taking calls, and scheduling things with your boss. You will enjoy it. All will be good.*

Valerie sighed pleasantly, reaching a state of zen. Her waistline narrowed as she thought about it, making her hips and chest look bigger.

Her rear also changed, expanding. It protruded further out, turning round and global, like a big bubble butt. Her clothing clung tightly as she shifted, highlighting her curves.

Ding! Valerie stood at attention, the doors before her slowly opening. She stepped forward and peered out. The elevator had opened to one long, narrow hallway that led to a single door at its far end. The lights were dim, only the light from the hazy window of that door being particularly bright and noticeable.

How ominous. Valerie took a long, deep breath, a hand clutching her jacket. Her heart beat nervously, a few trembles coming through her. Black, fur stripes appeared across her body from her fingers to her limbs.

She released her breath and stepped out into the hall. She approached the sole door, faint noises coming from behind it. She could just see the hazy shadows of figures in the fogged glass.

Here we go. She slowly reached for the knob, yellow-orange hairs appearing on her hands and wrists. “You can do this!” She took another breath, closing her eyes. Her hand crept and crept towards its destination, but it crept so subtly that it was like watching a snail move.

“No.” Her eyes opened, distinctly feline now. “Valerie, you are a capable, strong woman who is more than ready to handle whatever is behind this door. You are a professional. Show them you mean business!”

With one quick self-assuring nod to herself, Valerie grabbed the doorknob and turned it, stepping quickly through. She found herself in a large, open office room with cubicles, water coolers, copiers, and other office staples as far as the eye could see. There were tons of toons working at their desks or chatting casually.

Paper airplanes were flying about the room too. Some of them even circled her head a few times before flying off. Valerie shook her head. *Such mischief and tomfoolery around here! Such unprofessionalism! They're business toons for sugar's sake!*

Suddenly, there was a soft sensation striking her head. Another plane flew by but didn't make its circle, crashing and getting stuck in her hair. She reached up and yanked it out. **Pop!** Her brown hair turned thicker and puffier, its color darkening to a striking ink black.

"Oh! Thanks, toots!" One of the office toons hurried over eagerly. "I need to get dat memo to the manager on the-"

Valerie gave him a nasty look, the toon freezing up. "Ahem! I believe memos are to be delivered properly through email or by hand delivery, not by paper plane. You must be better than this. Understood, mister?"

The toon cartoonishly shivered and saluted her. "Yes, ma'am! Understood, ma'am!"

"Good!" She unfolded the plane and handed it back to him. "Now, where is Mister Furrikins? I have an interview and all of this foolishness has slowed me down quite enough!"

"Oh! Bossman is over dere!" The toon pointed to the far side of the large room, over an office room with an empty desk out in front of it.

"Thank you." Valerie gave him a polite nod and headed over with a fierce strut, her hips swaying cartoonishly and tail swishing like mad.

With each step, her outfit slowly morphed. Her black skirt went up her legs, leaving her knees and rest at mid-thigh length. A few buttons on her white blouse popped at the top, showing some orange fur cleavage. Curiously, a dark pink power suit materialized over her blouse, having a rather low neckline to show off her cleavage.

The business-looking woman reached the empty desk and office door. She looked over the desk first, running a finger along the top and glancing at all the papers laid over. She examined it and shook her head. *Humph, so dusty and unorganized! How dour!*

Things are gonna have to change around here! Yellow-orange fur began sprouting from her chest, spreading rapidly across her body now. Every trace of skin was covered in it, carefully moving around her stripes. *Better talk to Mister Furrikins about this during the interview.*

With that, Valerie faced the closed door. She could hear a voice coming from behind it. He was there, waiting for her. She centered herself one last time, her hair shortening and puffing up further into a retro-style pixie cut style. She reached and turned the doorknob.

The cat-ifying woman stepped inside and froze. There was Lance Furrikins at his desk, his furry feet paws on it while he slouched back in his chair. He was on a giant cell, laughing with someone on the other end and playing paddle ball. The office was a mess with paperwork, discarded clothes, crooked furniture, and more.

One of Valerie's eyes twitched. *S-serious?* She took a long deep breath and let it out in a big, loud huff at once. Her chest ballooned, turning almost globular with her outfit form-fitting to her breasts in an impossible manner.

"This simply will not do!" She cried out, strutting over and shaking her hips from side to side. "This is completely unprofessional and reflects poorly on this company!"

BAM! She slammed her hand palm first onto the desk. Her hand vibrated, sending waves up and into her face. Her mouth and nose snapped forward into a short, cute muzzle, whiskers sprouting. She was completely cat-ified.

Mister Furrikins nearly bounced out of his seat, his phone slipping out of his paws before he snatched it. "Umm, I'll call you back," he said to the person on the line before hanging up. He sized up Valerie. "Ah, what now?"

Valerie huffed again. "Is this the way the boss of one of the most elite businesses in all of Toondom behaves? Paws on desk? Paddleball? Messy office?! You must have a bit more decorum and professionalism in you! Think if one of your rivals saw you!"

The fat cat blinked a few times, heading tilting. "Who are you exactly?"

Her tail swished about eagerly and with pride. "My name is Valerie Seville, interviewee for your new secretary, but if you are too busy chatting and playing games, I believe my skills are not needed here and-"

"Whoa whoa!" Mister Furrikins got up and hurried out from behind the desk. "Hold it dere! Your spunk, attitude, energy, moxie... oh!" His eyes sparkled. "That's just what I need!"

"Pardon?"

"Yes yes!" The toon boss clasped his hands, rubbing them together. "I love this, this aura you have, Mrs. Seville! This is the kind of go-getter, no-nonsense attitude I need to keep me on track! You're hired!"

“That simple?” The professional, business, toony side of hers was miffed. Surely he wasn’t just hiring now, was he? How seriously was he taking this by not conducting a proper interview and examination of a potential candidate? This was wrong!

However, every other aspect of her was the opposite. Glee and excitement were bubbling up within! She got the job!

To make sure he didn't change his mind, she got to it. She looked around the room. Scanning his desk, she spotted his planner and calendar laying out. She swiped them and flipped through their pages in a blur, her pupils spinning as she absorbed all of the information.

“Hmm! I see!” She put the items back and looked at Furrikins. “You mustn’t waste time here! You have a meeting coming up that you simply must attend shortly! Once you’re done, we can discuss the paperwork, filing, and typing that must be done.”

“Of course!” Furrikins grinned widely. He looked very pleased with what was happening. He hurried over to the coat racket and grabbed his business jacket. “We’ll discuss more soon! I’ll be back from Marketing in a jiffy to discuss your future!”

He hurried out of the room, the new secretary waving goodbye to him. She sighed and looked around at the surroundings and then outside at her desk. *Well! Time to spruce everything up! A business look requires a personal, professional touch!*

“Mmmm, today went splendidly! Thank you for your assistance in getting me ready for this line of work.”

“Heeheheh...” Keith dopily chuckled, hearts floating off his head. He had met up with Valerie after everything. She stood before him in her professional, fresh, feline look that he couldn’t take his eyes off of.

He only barely processed her words in his lovestruck state. “My... my help?”

“Yes, **your** help!” Valerie smirked, her paw tapping the necklace still around her neck. His eyes went to look at it, briefly distracted by her enhanced chesticles. “Your work, I assume? Don’t try to deny it. I assure you, my new level of confidence and intelligence made it quite easy to figure out why I had this new, lovely secretarial look.”

“Heheheh! Ya got me!” Keith chuckled, his heart cartoonishly beating out of his chest before he held it down in place.

The caracal couldn’t be happier. He loved Valerie with all of his heart, but she needed that boost. She was such a stunning beauty as a serval cat, possessing such an alluring aura with her elite, business-minded sona and attitude now.

“Is this permanent?” Valerie asked, looking over her shoulder and tugging at her tail.

“No. You can turn back later when you want.”

“Mmmm, good!” She leaned in and kissed him on the cheek, leaving behind a red lipstick mark. “I have much work that must be done as a human and as my proper, professional self. I have quite a lot of files that must be tended to immediately.”

“Well, why not wait on that? We gotta celebrate!” Keith threw his paws into the air, confetti exploding behind him. “Let’s celebrate your new job in style. Just you and me, at home, having a little alone time together to-”

“HMMMMM! Party? Alone time? Let’s see...” Valerie reached into her jacket and pulled out a large planner from one of its pockets. She flipped through, her tongue sticking out as she scanned the pages. “Sorry! There really is no time. I have to go over these files and documents Mr. Furrikins has sent me tonight!”

She pulled out a pen and licked it, quickly writing in the planner. “I can, however, schedule you in for some snuggle buggle time tomorrow.”

“Oh... ah, sure! Whatever works.” Keith felt like frowning on the inside. That professional attitude was a bit much. She wasn’t quite the girl he usually loved.

However, he only felt that way briefly. He was ultimately fine. He smiled both in and out. *She’s happy, confident, and doing better. That’s all that matters! She’s my super sugar secretary sweetheart, and I can’t wait for snuggle time tomorrow!*

THE END