

Toon It Up: Permanent Neigh

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Commission done for ChinchillaChris67

A sequel to [Toon It Up: Beach Horse](#)

“Oooooooooooooo!”

Somewhere on a beach, a soft moan is heard from a changing room. There is silence for a minute or two after. Then, the door swung open, and a young man stepped out, very wobbly and face all red.

“Whooooa... th-thanks babe!” He smiled, looking back through the open door. “That w-was awesome!”

“Awww shucks, y'all weren't so bad yourself! Th'nks for th' wonderful time!” He waved at someone in the booth and walked away, his legs shaky after that rigorous experience.

“Have a good day, y'hear?” There was a loud smack of a kiss being blown, a red, pulsing heart floating out after the guy.

Moments later, AJ Appaloosa stepped out of the booth. The yellow furred toon horse adjusted her blue one-piece swimsuit one last time, making sure it was properly covering her large breasts. No need to look indecent after engaging in some fun indecency.

The pony stretched and rolled her shoulders. She was beat and a bit sore after all of that. *Phew! Th't was th' last of'um!*

Though, despite all of that, AJ couldn't help but snicker. She was satisfied with all of that “exercise”. Sure, playing volleyball was fun, but staring at all of those “hawt” bods? She quivered. It was enough to get a horse like her all excited to be mounted and rode!

After a while, she needed release. She had pulled some of the willing members aside for a little private riding session. Some of them were surprised by her forwardness and eagerness, but they all ended up enjoying riding their southern fried gal.

AJ rubbed her face, ears bending back. *Ooh, th't was sooo much!* She nickered, whisking her head about as she dealt with a burst of pleasurable shivers. *Soooo much fun! Havin' adult fun feels sooo much bettah lahk th's!*

AJ didn't have a lot of experience with such activities when she was her old, former self, mind you. However, she knew it was different as a toon. Everything felt so electrifying! Plus, her nerves and reserved disposition that stopped her from throwing caution to the wind felt distant.

In fact, it all felt like a thing of the past as far as she was concerned. She had confidence, self-assurance, and desire for miles! She was a whole new person/pony!

And a new pony with the figure of a goddess to boot! She gave her vast cleavage a smile and squeezed her breasts, smooshing them together. They felt incredible. She slapped her big bubble butt as well, quivering. That felt pretty dang great too!

AJ sighed, stretching her back and cracking her neck. "Pheeew doggie! Ah'm beat!" She looked back up towards the beachfront buildings. Her eyes fell on something in particular, a nice-looking restaurant she remembered passing on her way down originally.

"Time to 'restle up some grub!" She began her lunch journey with a skip in her trot and an empty feeling in her stomach.

After lunch and some time to rest, AJ was going to hit the beach again on that lovely day. To do what? She wasn't sure.

However, as a toon, the sky was the limit and maybe even beyond. Her confidence, pride, self-assurance, southern attitude, and beautiful form opened so many doors for the once reserved girl. The future was looking so bright that the horse couldn't help but smile.

Uuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuugh. It went on and on and on!

Angela Jean chucked her barista apron in the passenger seat as she plopped down into her car. With a heavy groan, she slammed the door shut, started the engine, and... just sat there.

Angela just sat there, breathing heavily. Her body felt a bit twitchy at points when it didn't feel exhausted. She was tired, so very, very, very tired. Work was hell, draining the absolute life out of her. Between the crabby customers, insane amount of orders, a lack of other employees around, and a very unhelpful, aggressive manager, she was done.

It shouldn't be like this. Her hands clenched tightly. It shouldn't have to be like this! Not at all. Things should be different!

Two weeks have passed since her trip to the beach. Two weeks since her incredible experience. Two weeks since she had last been AJ Appaloosa.

It had been two weeks of disappointment ever since.

After a long day of toony shenanigans and “fun”, AJ had gone to bed satisfied and in complete bliss. She was ready to continue it all tomorrow, almost unable to fall asleep.

But she did and when she awoke, Angela was back. She was back in all her old, plain, unexciting glory.

And that meant back to her life, which included that hell. The hell that was her unexciting, emotionally-draining job at the local coffee shop. It was unending amounts of crap from everyone and everything that walked through the doors or worked there.

Why... Angela's hands fell onto the steering wheel, nails digging into it. Why can't I be her? Why did it all have to end?

She sat there for a few minutes, not saying or even thinking about anything else. Eventually though, she let out an exhausted sigh and put her car into drive. Without a word, she drove out of the parking lot and began her journey back home.

...could be doing something else now. Angela's mind drifted to better thoughts. If I was still AJ, I could be doing something better. Maybe still be partying and living it up, right?

Angela began to smile but frowned just as fast. *Well, probably not. Toons still have their own lives and jobs. I still would probably have to work somewhere. ...though, I could still be doing something in a far more fun line of work, right?*

If I was AJ, what would I do? Her cheeks reddened. *Maybe...* Her smile formed again, though it was crooked, wobbly. *Maybe she'd want to do something more **adult**?*

She couldn't help but quiver. She was AJ and AJ was her. AJ's experiences were hers as well and all of those “experiences” were so vivid, so positively thrilling. It awakened something deep within her that remained even though toonhood was gone.

Maybe I could do that?

The thought immediately was shaken away as her face got even redder, even her body heating up. *I can't do that. N-no way. Not me. I'm... I'm not AJ.*

...but if I was her? Angela gulped. No, it's pointless. Why think about what I could've been? It's not going to change a thing. She sighed. I just... I just need to go home and rest. I start it all over tomorrow.

Tomorrow. Angela could feel it, her heart sinking. Great... just great. Another day...

As the feeling became almost too much, something caught her eye. She was coming past the park not too far from her home. Her eyes glanced over to it without much thought, lingering on the parking lot beside it. There, she saw a flash of something very, VERY familiar.

There was a food cart attached to an ATV. The owner was hopping off the vehicle and unhooking the two. Despite the distance between them and being in a car, Angela could hear faint whistling and even see a physical musical note or two float away from the person. Said person was incredibly, pink, furry, and-

It's Jessica! Angela remembered her very well. After all, how could she forget the toon that transformed her via root beer in the first place?

As if driven by instinct and desire, Angela's heart soared as she recklessly swerved. She zipped straight over into the parking lot and came to an abrupt stop a few feet from her. Jessica flinched by the sudden arrival before springing/tumbling over her cart for cover.

Angela didn't care where she parked or the fact she left the keys in the ignition, she burst out of the vehicle. She rushed over to where the toon was hiding, slamming her hands on the cart. Leaning over it, she realized the commotion she had caused. She scrambled out an apology first, "Sorrrysorrysorry! I-I-I just had to stop right away!"

The pink dog slowly peeked out from behind her cart. "Oh-okay!" Her brow furrowed. "Jeepers lady, you nearly made this poor pupper's heart go ka-put!"

"S-sorry!" Angela apologized again, bowing her head several times. "I just wanted... err... wanted to..." She cleared her throat and tried her best to explain. "An-an-anyways, I-I saw you and had to stop over. I needed to talk to you."

The toon's floppy ears rose. She popped up to Angela's face, leaning over the cart now herself as her tail wagged eagerly. "Ooooooh? A fan of moi?"

"Well." Angela twiddled her fingers. "Ah, do you... remember me?"

“HMMMMMMM!” Jessica hummed, her brow getting furrowed again. She leaned her face right into the human's, getting a big blush from her. The toon stroked her chin carefully as she looked over every inch of her mug, silly squeak sounds coming from it. “Remember... remember... remember... HMMMMMMM!”

“R-r-r-right,” stammered Angela, taking a step back. “Been a bit and y-you probably had a lotta customers since. I, ah, bought some root beer from you.” Her voice was a faint whisper yet again as the last words stumbled out. “I turned into a horse?”

“OOOOOH!” Jessica's eyes glowed the brightest of pinks. “AJ Appaloosa! Rightie right!” She clapped her puffy pink paw gloves together as her tail wagged faster. “Now I remember! Did you enjoy your horsie time?”

“I did... a lot.” Angela blushed. She started to say something but briefly hesitated. She wasn't sure if she wanted to explain the situation to the dog. Would she even get it? Toons were very silly beings after all. Would she understand her depression, deep desires, wants, and other serious matters?

She decided to approach the subject a bit more casually. “S-so... I came over because... because I was wondering if you had any more of that root beer.”

“Oh...” The pink dog frowned, scratching the back of her head. “N-no. Sorry. I'm outta the drink and regular food biz.” She bounced back with a beaming smile. “I'm all in on ice cream, all the time, everytime now!”

She looked very proud. “I'm now *Jessie* the Toon Pupper of Frozen Treats!” She placed a paw on the handle on top of the cart. “How about some frozen goodness instead?”

Angela frowned but on the inside. *Guess things can't b-be that simple.* “Umm... well, in that case, is there... anything that can turn me back into a horse-”

“Of course!” Jessie grinned, opening the cart's lid and looking inside, a gust of cold air bursting out. “We got Barnyard Berry, Neighzel Nut Delight...”

“And... and maybe something... something more permanent too?” She managed to muster out the words despite how awkward it felt.

And she felt like regretting them too. Jessie's tail stopped, and her expression went flat. “Permanent?” She looked back up at the human, head cocking as she closed the hatch. “Mmm, sorry! I got something to horse-ify you, but I don't offer long-term changes here.” She looked

serious, nodding her head. "I like limited, small experiences! It's no fun if you can only change once after all!"

"But I really need to change back for good!" Everything blurted out of Angela in a panic all at once. She regretted them even more than her last words, gasping and slapping her mouth shut in shame.

However, Jessie's expression softened as her eyes filled with curiosity. "I sense a big story here! Something very big!"

"I... I just... I'm not sure... you probably wouldn't g-g-get it or-"

"Nonsense!" Jessie pulled two bar stools out from behind her back and slapped them down on the ground near them. "Sit and bark with me! Imma good listener and understander!"

Angela looked at the seats and then at the toon as she took one. Her look was growing even warmer and quite inviting. She felt so pleasant and sweet that the human's fears felt as if they were melting away like ice cream on a blazing day.

With that, Angela nodded and took a seat as well.

"And... and that's why I want... want to be AJ all the time!" Angela flinched, clenching her eyes shut. Her heart was racing intensely. Once she started explaining, she kept going faster and faster, unloading everything. She didn't hold back once, telling the toon everything about her life, feelings, and wants.

Jessie, for her part, spent her time, true to her word, listening. She mostly nodded along, adding in an occasional "ah-huh" and word of agreement. She never looked bored or confused by Angela's feelings dump on her. That was nice.

Though, by the time she finished, Angela still felt very embarrassed. "S-sorry..."

"Tis cool, girlfriend!" Jessie giggled, waving her paw. "Nuthin' to be sorry about! I totes sympathize and understand!"

"Ev-even the adult stuff?" Angela's face went all red.

“Welllllllllll, maybe not relate to *that* as much!” Jessie shrugged. “But I understand what you want! You want a second chance to do things in a more fun, less restricting and draining way! You wanna do things the toony way from now on!”

“Y-yeah... something like that...” Angela tensed. “B-but you can't really help I-like you said, so I don't-”

“Na-ah!” Jessie pressed a finger up close to Angela's face and wagged it furiously. “Just ‘cause *I* can't, doesn't mean you can't get help!”

“Wait...” Those words echoed in Angela's head, the world seeming to slow down. There was a chance? “What?!” Her heart felt almost like skipping a beat. “You mean I-”

“If you wanna be AJ and go hard and long...” Jessie giggled, blushing herself and wiggling her hips, “Term, I think I know a toon that could help ya!”

“So, you wanna be a star, honey bunny?”

“Errrr, yes?” Angela Jean blushed intensely, desperate to keep her eyes on the person's face and not anywhere below that.

“Well, I can definitely make that happen, darlin’!” the toon giggled happily. With each giggle and chuckle, the yellow cat's breasts jiggled and wobbled like Jell-O, almost hypnotically. “Here, we can make any hawt dream come true!”

Angela was a long way out of her comfort zone. She gone right to where Jessie had recommended, Catthy the Party Cat. She was the owner and big (in more ways than one) star of Purrfect Petting Purrductions. The entire place smelled of lemons and was a visual eyesore with how much yellow and gold was used in the decor.

However, this place was what Angela wanted. Purrductions was an adult film studio made and run by toons. Jessie knew Catthy from catering them once and had a direct line to the owner, who had propositioned her to join the studio then.

“You do want to be a star, right?” Catthy asked, her tail up and swishing excitedly behind her.

“Errr, y-yes!” Angela nervously answered.

“No no, you gotta show some enthusiasm, gurl!” Catthy chuckled, playfully waving a puffy paw that was even bigger than Jessie's. “No, “errrr y-yes”, please! Show me a big **yes!**”

“Y-yes! I want to be a star!” Her words were still on the weak side.

Catthy's tail stopped its swishing. “Ehhh, we'll work on that. You'll get into the right groove when you go full toon.

“Now then!” Catthy reached under the table. “I get what ya need, totally! No toon could blame you! The thrills and excitement of toonhood are wonderful!” She wistfully sighed as she dropped a large scroll on the table.

Her eyes turned hungry, a certain spark in them that made Angela flinched. “And all the adult, sexy stuff you can do as one is intoxicating.” The cat licked her lips. “It truly awakens who *you* are “under the hood”. I want to help you achieve that, Angie.”

Angela gulped, shivering. She certainly wanted what was to come, but in the meantime, everything felt a tad much to say the least.

So, she tried switching topics for a moment, eyes narrowing on the scroll. “What's that?”

“This is the standard contract!” Catthy smiled and lifted the scroll. With a whisk, she let it unroll, the paper tumbling onto her desk.

Then it kept going, flowing off her desk and onto the carpeting. It kept rolling and rolling and rolling, going up and all around the office, including on the walls.

Eventually, the contract scroll came to a stop onto Angela's lap. “Now,” Catthy explained, “This is all super binding, guaranteeing the toony form you want, a new star for me, and, most importantly, fulfilling your dream of permanency all in one go!”

She leaned over her desk, eyes looking serious. “Like, just remember, yah can't go back after you sign it! You swear to be a toon, nothing but a toon, so help you dawg!”

Then, the cat smiled warmly, leaning back into her chair. “Now, you should probably read the whole thing and do some more thinking. You can't exactly rush important, life changing, color-filling stuff like this! As much as I would want ya, do carefully consider everything first!”

Angela looked at her and then at the overly long contract. Her eyes looked at some of the wording, but she didn't really read it. *Consider... consider what exactly?*

Her hands dug into her knees. *A dead-end life with no friendly family, actual friends, a crappy career, and... and being me?* She bit her bottom lip, her body shaking. *This... this isn't for me at all.*

A fire lit within her. There would be no consideration or thinking it over. She took a deep breath and released it. “No. I know what I need to do. I want to sign this. I don't need to think about it. I... I need to do this!”

“Well, if you feel that strongly!” Catthy smiled. “But, do feel free to read it tho-”

“I'll sign it!” pleaded Angela, “Just let me sign it so we can move on!” She was not going back. She wasn't going to consider it. Despite everything in her, she needed to push forward.

“My my, how impatient!” the cat giggled, “I like the spunk at least.” She reached into her vast cleavage and pulled out a blue gel pen. “Here you are!” She handed it over. “Just sign at the bottom of the contract, and we'll be good to go!”

Angela took the pen, trying not to notice how warm it felt. She signed on the line and took a deep breath. She clenched one of her knees, biting the bottom of her lip. She waited.

And waited. Nothing happened.

Angela sat there quietly, looking down at herself and at her hands. She was so quiet that Catthy eventually broke the ice. “Something wrong, doll?”

“Oh...” The human blushed, realizing how awkwardly silent she was. “Well, I just thought I would... would suddenly start “tooning” out or something after signing.”

“Oh, that comes later!” Catthy grabbed her end of the contact and spun it. The scroll zipped all around the room back to her mitts like a tape measure. “This was just the paperwork, darling! All the fun stuff doesn't happen now. It happens later when you're settled in!

“But before that, let me first congratulate you!” Catthy reached over the desk and took Angela's hand. Her paw was so puffy and huge, almost triple her own. “Welcome to the studio, Miss Appaloosa! You're on your way to stardom!”

The two of them shook. Angela couldn't help but smile. She felt... good? Her nerves had seemed to have quieted down, anxiety almost unnoticeable. Even though she hadn't changed yet, the big step towards toondom had helped her already.

Catthy took the pen from her and stuffed it back into her cleavage. "Now, let's get you to the fun stuff!" Catthy hit a button on her intercom and leaned into it. "Miss Pennysmarts? I need you to prepare a fresh, standard trailer on the lot for our newest bumpy-bump actress!"

"Standard trailer?"

"This is standard?!" If she was a toon at that very moment, she knew her jaw would've comically hit the ground.

The trailer she was standing in was a shock to the system. It was like a movie trailer, though seemingly bigger on the inside. It was done in bright colors with plenty of nice gifts and trinkets provided for her to dig into. There was a fancy bed to sleep up with heart pattern sheets and quite the glamorous makeup table with tons of beauty products already stocked.

"Mhm!" Catthy gently patted her shoulder. "Welcome to the high life of mature toon filmmaking! This is all done for all our new big stars."

The trailer certainly was fit for a big star. Did she even deserve it? "B-but..." Angela nervously said, "I never done anything like this before! Don't I need to work up to this or-"

"Not to worry!" Catthy smooshed her breasts together, groping them tightly, "I can sense it in my bewbs!" She released them, letting the mounds bounce and jiggle. "You got all the toony makings and gumption to be a huge star here!"

"I-I mean..." Angela looked down, blushing. "Thank y-you, but I'm not sure I'll be *that* huge. I just want to join and feel like I belong somewhere I can enjoy."

"Don't you worry your pretty little head!" The cat gently patted her noggin then. "Just lighten up and you'll soon have your big break!" She took her hand and led her over to the makeup table.

"Here you'll find a tube of lipstick. This will be the key. Apply it and you'll be ready."

"R-ready?" The soon-to-be former human looked at the table. "Y-you mean..."

“Mhm!” Catthy's tail swished eagerly. “It'll be toon time for you!”

With those words, she headed for the exit. “I'll leave you be. This is all personal you-time. I don't want to be a bother! Just come out once you're done, and I'll guide you through the next phase of your new life!”

Without waiting for a word, the owner was out the door. Angela was left to herself in the trailer. She looked at the makeup table, eyeing a silver lipstick tube laying out. That was it.

I'm doing this. I'm really... really doing this.

Angela stood there. She stood there stationary, unmoving for what felt like an eternity. She wanted this. She knew that. Though, with the change right before her eyes, it was almost a bit scary admittedly. Her life was about to be reborn essentially.

She took a seat at the table and gazed into the mirror. She wouldn't be seeing her anymore. It would be gone. The thought made her linger, taking in her features one last time. *Goodbye to me. Goodbye to everything before.*

Her mind drifted over her life and everything up until this point. She wasn't going to lose her memories or anything, but she knew it all wasn't going to matter. She remembered her family, former friends, the jobs she had, and so much more. Some of it was good, but most? Most of it was depressing and exhausting.

This was all for the best. I can do this. I know I can! She took a long, deep breath and released it. *I'm not going back!*

She could still feel a bit of anxiety and nerves in her, but she was going to push past it. *No hesitation! Let's do this!*

Angela took out her phone and snapped a selfie of herself. Just a little reminder of the past and what she used to be, in case she wanted it.

With that final act, she took the lipstick and uncapped it. It was bright cherry red. It wasn't really her color, but that was fine. It would pretty fit her toony self more anyways.

With a few strokes, she applied the lipstick. She smacked her lips and smiled at her reflection. Almost instantly, she felt a numbing sensation come to her face. *Here we go!*

The numbing slowly turned into a tingling as her mouth twitched. Her lips slowly inflated into a cartoonish pout, the bottom one especially puffy. Her maw opened, revealing her very pearly white, twinkling teeth.

The tingling rose up into her cheeks, feeling quite weird and off-putting almost. She lifted her hand up to touch, only stopped when she noticed another thing about her reflection. Her nostrils were flaring up, stretching and widening. The tinge of them turned yellow as the nose crept forward slowly.

WOOMP! Then it wasn't so slow anymore. Her face shot forward, stretching all the way up to the mirror and leaving a big kiss mark before snapping back. Not all the way though. Just long enough so that she would have a familiar equine muzzle.

She blushed, reaching up and feeling her snout. *I look cute.* The words that came out of her mouth sounded a touch different. “Gosh dang, ah look cute!”

She looked at her hair in the mirror, seeing it wobble and bounce. Her ponytail positively glowed as her locks turned into a beautiful honey brown. They grew thicker, popping her scrunchie off and letting her hair fall. It flowed down her back, looking like such a flashy, elegant mane that looked even better than it did before.

Angela smiled, stroking it. She could feel her heart raising, joy flooding it. *Looking good so far! Ooooooh, it'll be so good to be AJ again!*

Fiddling with her hair long enough, she pulled her hand back out. There was also yellow fur sprouting over it, her fingernails looking thicker and darker for a more hoof-like feel.

She took a moment to examine them, not giving anything else a look or thought. As such, somehow, she managed to miss the tight feeling and release of her shoes breaking apart into scraps on the ground. Her feet had morphed into elegantly trimmed, shiny brown hooves.

Fur in general was sprouting everywhere. Sunny yellow fuzz was already sprouting above her hooves and going up her legs. The coating was leaving her hands and crawling up her arms. She couldn't exactly see anything after the pelt went under her sleeves, but she could feel it. That warm, pleasant, comfortable feeling was everywhere.

A gorgeous coat for a gorgeous mane! Angela shivered and giggled, wiggling a little in her seat.

Yeah. A nub sprouted out above her rear, pushing her pants down. I'm... I'm totally going to be gorgeous! The nub grew longer, deep golden fur sprouting over it. It feels so good to be gorgeous for now 'n' forevah!

Her tail whisked about, her cheeks warming. *No longer plain. Goin' ta be one fine mare 'n' ooooooh!* The warmth blazed hotter, this time in her chest.

And for good reason. Her chest surged forth. The buttons on her blouse stretched as her breasts jumped up an extra size or two. "Ooooh, right! Big curves!"

Her jeans felt tight as she began to lift into the air ever so slightly. Her butt was inflating, filling out her pants fast. Her hips widened to better fit, thighs thickening right after.

Everything was getting rather uncomfortable. Angela (AJ?) squirmed a little in her seat, trying her best to get comfortable. *Not working.* She frowned. *Gees, gonna need a wardrobe change 'n' stat!*

She twitched, feeling warmth brewing throughout her body. She stifled a moan and got to her feet. She rose and rose, now reaching over six feet/two meters. Shivers broke out, the heat rising. All she could do was bend forward, grasping the makeup counter and panting.

WOOMP! Without even thinking, the soon-to-be horse shoved her ass out. The already expanding bump ballooned like an airbag before snapping back. She sported a firm, big, bubble butt that made her jeans look like they were painted on with how they clung to her. The top of her furry buttcheeks poked out as the zipper pulled down, making room for her even wider hips.

"Oh... YEAH!" Angela/AJ stood back up and shoved her chest out. The top buttons on her collar broke, blasting away and bouncing off the mirror. Her breasts hit a heavy pair of double D's, her shirt also looking rather painted on now.

"OOOOOOOOH BABY!" Her heart was beating a mile a minute as her hands grasped her chest. "Look at 'ese bazongas!" Her fingers dug into her shirt puppies, feeling every inch and layer of them. She moaned slightly but couldn't help doing it. It felt so right to do.

Hehehe, guess ah ain't so shy anymore! Her cheeks reddened, still visible as fur completely cloaked her mug. There were a few pops and subtle shifts, her noggin looking more and more equine by the second.

So... Her ears bent back, pulling into golden pony ears. *Sooo good!* Her eyes closed, clenching shut. *Sooooo...* Their eyelashes grew longer, thicker. *Sooooo goooooood!* A permanent splash of bluish green eyeshadow slathered her eyelids.

“Oooooooh, SUGAH!” Her hands were shoved aside as her breasts expanded in one final big boost. Two more buttons went flying as her chest hit F-cup size. They felt almost weightless and were pure soft, like holding two huge marshmallows.

The transformee collapsed back in her chair, panting and sweating. *Ooooh, doggie! Whatta rush!* Her eyes weakly opened.

In the mirror, she saw only AJ Appaloosa. No more Angela. Just a beautiful, glorious pony now, just like before.

No... wait! Not just like before. AJ leaned in, taking in her sultry reflection. All that extra makeup and subtle touches in her mane and figure made her smirk. *Ah'm even better naow!*

And she loved it.

For AJ, this would be it from now on. No more human nonsense with all the drama and hardships. Just the thought of before peeved her. She was this now. She was a southern fried, elegant, hawt, “hungry” mare with a love for life and the certain fun things in it.

“Ooooooh, ah'm happier th'n a hog in th' mud!” AJ wiggled in her seat, blowing her reflection a kiss. “Ah could just jump! In fact...”

AJ stood up and jumped for joy. Though, not easily. Getting up with a struggle with how tight her clothing was, restricting all movement and bending. Even standing up and trying to muster a small hop felt like a challenge.

No more of th's nonsense, thank ya very much! She let out a huge horse snort as she grabbed the center of her shirt beneath her hefty breasts. *Plus, 'ese here clothes are sooo drab!*

With a yank, the shirt came off and was tossed into a pile. Even her jeans somehow were yanked off and thrown away. Beneath them was a low-cut, sexy blue gown that went down to her ankles and glittered in the light. This was far more dazzling and fitting for a star as herself!

Plus, it did highlight her important features. With each bit of movement on her part, her bewbs and butt jiggled and bounced very well in her dress.

Still, as nice as it was, AJ couldn't fully appreciate it from just looking down at herself or staring into that small makeup mirror. She reached behind her and grabbed hold of something. She yanked it out and slammed it down beside her, revealing it to be a full-length mirror.

“Well, hooooowwwdy!” AJ declared, fanning herself as she ogled her visage. “Ain't y'all just a mighty fine, tall glass of water! Dem boys ‘n’ gals are gonna eat y'all up when ‘ey getta look at yah. Ah mean, with a body as hawt as a summer's day, y'all gonna knock some socks right off!”

Her reflection grinned, pulling out a southern belle-esque fan. “Oooh la la!” She fanned herself. “Y'all givin’ me th’ vapors, darlin’! Frankly, you're gonna knock ‘em city slickers for a spin once ‘ey get a look atcha more th’n me!”

“Awww, thank ya! Ah do have the kindest thangs ta say!”

“Ah do, ah do!” Her image shook her fan at her. “Noaw, what are y'all doin’, wastin’ time here talkin’ ta yourself? Go gittum!”

“Ah-huh!” AJ nodded and headed for the exit, trotting gently with a skip in her steps. Cathy was outside waiting, playing with a large Game Boy made for her oversized paws.

With the cat looked up, she nearly jumped several feet into the air. “WOWZERS!” She stuffed her handheld into her cleavage. “You're purrrfect! Just purrrfect!” She did circles around the new toon, sizing her up and taking everything in. “I see it now, nya! The saucy, spicy, yummy western stories are all pouring outta my mind! You'll be perfect for all of them!”

“‘n’ ah'll take ‘em all too!” AJ declared, putting a hand to her chest, “Cowgal, heartbreak fugitive, southern belle queen, ‘n’ more! Ah'll show you mah stuff!”

“That's the spirit! I sooooo see a bright future for mew!”

“So do ah!” AJ grinned. That bright future? It wasn't just the adult roles that she was going to take on. It wasn't becoming the best adult toon star the world had ever seen or got hot and bothered over.

The bright future was freedom. It was the joy, the fun, the pleasure. It was here and all her's. This is what she wanted, and she couldn't wait to take it by the reins and ride it as long and hard as she could.

THE END