

## *Toon It Up: Tigress of the Beach*

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Commission done for ChinchillaChris67 of DeviantArt

The car rolled into the parking lot and took one of the few spots open near the entrance. *There it is.* Maureen Ming sighed, looking at her destination. A finger or two twitched with anxiety. That always happened in a new environment or meeting a new client.

Today was a double header. She was at a place called The Jungle. It was an open-air bar & grill that resided on the beach. It had been around for a while now but was only open during the summer when the weather was nice. It sounded mostly nice, but she hadn't the time or interest to go until fate pretty much made her.

She got out of her pricey car and could already smell the food in the air. *Smells good, at least. Not sure about-*

**“PHEEEEEEEEEEE!”** A large donkey toon strolled by with two other toons, **“Reckon it's time for sum good eatin' before ah waste away!”**

**“Oh Bubba, ain't no way you wastin' away!”** The rooster toon snickered, patting his buddy's belly. The trio laughed and headed inside.

Maureen frowned. The thing about The Jungle was that it also was a toon establishment. It was run by toons, employed toons, and serviced mostly toons. Even just being out of the parking lot, seeing all the brightly colored cartoons under that thatched roof, it made her feel out of place.

Yet, she still approached it all the same. She was there for business, after all. She had a client who wanted to discuss their new “business relationship”. Why they would want to discuss such an important topic in an unserious place confused her greatly. Still, she wasn't going to be judgy about it.

She took the steps up onto the raised floor. It was a pleasant-looking place with its wooden furnishing and tiki-esque theming. Off to the left was an area filled with tables and chairs for dining. However, her destination lied to the right at the circular bar.

“Hellllloooooo!” A pink flamingo girl skipped up to her, holding a menu under her wing. “Welcome to The Jungle! Insert song joke here, hehe! Now, is this a party of one, or will more be joining you?”

“Well, there will be another person, but for now, I'll just be sitting at the bar, if you don't mind.” The flamingo gave a standard, business-forced smile and stepped to the side, holding out her free wing in the direction she needed to go.

Maureen found an open spot at the bar with plenty of empty seats between her and the other toons. She had no interest in interacting with them outside of when it was absolutely needed. Their bright tones and colors were an eyesore.

So, she got out her phone, choosing to spend some time by checking the news. Though, she took a quick look at her texts first. *...still no message. Hope they show up soon.*

She looked up around her again at all the toons eating and drinking at the bar and passed it over in the dining area. Despite how much she stood out, a dull, drab individual in a sea of gaudy color, no one seemed to be looking or even glancing her way. That made things a little less awkward.

Still, it did get to her a little. Maureen brought her eyes back to her phone and dived into the current news headlines. *Really hope they get here soon. I just... just why here, of all places? This is important-*

“**Good day, ma'am!**” A smooth, deep voice greeted her ears, suddenly making her heart thump with longing. She looked up, finding herself eye to eye with a wolf. A white wolf in a slick, flat-looking bartender outfit. He slyly smiled, a glint appearing on one of his fangs.

Maureen wasn't into anthro, toons, or anthro toons, but she had to admit, this was one handsome wolf.

“**So, what would the single lady like to drink?**” he asked.

“Oh, nothing. I really can't drink... not until my client shows up.” She had a strict policy when it came to drinking. No drinking before her new partner showed and even when drinking with them, keep it manageable to maintain control of her faculties.

“**Hmm... client, eh?**” The wolf stroked his chin. “**Can't say we get many business meetings in a place like this, even when we had business toons visiting.**”

“Well, my line of work is very different.”

**“Alright.”** He gave a wink and a slick finger gun. **“I’ll be around if you change your mind, doll.”** With that, he moved away, smoothly sliding over to another set of patrons down the bar. She couldn't keep her eyes off the wolf until she eventually forced herself back onto her phone.

*People here are so... much.* Maureen took a deep breath and released it. *Are they always this on?* That feeling of being out of her element was getting stronger again. When was her client going to show up?

*“Excuuuuuuuuuse me, Mistah Wolf-Hunk!”* A pippy, squeaky voice drilled into her left ear. A new patron had shown up, a toon fox girl. She was only wearing a bikini, one that didn't cover much of her orb-shaped breasts.

*Must've come up from the beach entrance,* Maureen thought, watching her talk with the wolf. She took the fox in, looking her up and down, lingering on a few spots. *“...”* She returned to her phone without another thought.

A few minutes passed. **“Excuse me, miss!”** The wolf bartender had returned. **“This is for you.”** He slid a martini glass up to her. In it was a bright orange liquid, a fruity scent wafting off.

“Oh, I said I didn't...”

**“A customer bought it for you.”** He glanced to the right and frowned. **“Oh... they were just here. Hmm... well, they were a nice-looking lion.”**

Maureen stared at the drink, her brow furrowing. **“Oh, now now!”** the wolf added, shaking his head, **“Don't be so suspicious. I made it myself, and nobody has touched it but me. I would never risk my reputation on serving someone a bad drink!”**

That wasn't Maureen's problem there. Again, she didn't want to drink before her client arrived... whenever that would be. Her mouth felt dry, and her patience was getting tested. She looked at the wolf, who flashed her a much warmer smile than that waitress did, and back at the drink.

*It'd be rude not to at least try it.* She took the glass, guiding it to her lips. Its fragrance was strong up close to her nose, almost numbing to it. She took a small sip.

Her fingers jittered, toes clenching. *Oh, that is pretty good!* The flavor was intense, a slight, warm, tingling sensation against her tongue and throat. The wolf made one tasty martini!

She ran her tongue over her lips unconsciously. As it slid over them, her lipstick deepened. The lighter pink brightened into a brilliant, ruby-red that made her lips positively pop. Then they popped out further when they inflated into a cute pout, like they've been given a bit of a collagen boost.

**“Did you like it, ma'am?”** the wolf asked, scratching his chin. **“Sometimes a toon drink can be a bit much for a human, such as yourself.”**

“Oh no no!” Maureen cooed, pushing her lips out as she did. Whiskers sprouted from her cheeks. “It’s divine!”

She looked at the glass, swirling it gently. She licked her chops again, her tongue pinker than usual. “Its taste...” She brought the drink in again, giving it another sniff. Her nose numbed more, its shape twisting and widening into a feline sniffer. “And that fragrance! Oh, exquisite!”

**“I'm glad to hear that!”** The wolf flashed a fang-filled smile. **“I'll leave you to enjoy your drink. Plenty of customers to help and all of that.”**

“You do that now.” She took another sip, shoulders tensing up. The taste felt punchier now, packing a certain hit that she couldn't describe. It was sweet but tingly, her mouth and then her whole face feeling like it had fallen asleep.

With that numbness, her cheeks wobbled, and jaws chattered. At once, it all shifted. The sides of her face widened, long, fluffy white fur sprouting. The fuzz ran along her bottom jaw and around her lips and nose. Her face jutted forward into a short but cute feline muzzle. A hint of orange fuzz appeared above her nose and ran along the border of the white coating.

“So delightful!” Maureen smiled to herself, her teeth looking sharper. “I wonder if all toon drinks are like this?” She took another sip, tensing up and clenching her eyes shut. *Mmm, I hope more of my clients invite me to places like this in the future.*

Her eyes weakly opened, yellow and more slit-ish like a cat. *Maybe I can find the time to go to one on my own.* She scratched her face. *I should check my planner for... oh?*

Her fingers touched her unchanged cheek for a moment before sliding into her bristly fur. They slid down across her jaw and onto her short mug. *What the?*

She pulled her hand away and went to grab her phone from the bar but stopped before she could. Her fingernails had pulled out into short, red claws that lay at the tips of her fingers now. White fur was sprouting on her digits, running to her hands where orange sprouted instead.

More and more, it shifted. Small pops followed as black pads ballooned out on her palms and fingers. Two fingers pushed into each other and became one. Her hand puffed up, giving a cartoony, plushie vibe. Looking to her other hand, it had done the same as well.

*Oh my!* Maureen's head tilted to the side, ancient dial-up noises running through her brain as it slowly processed what she saw. *Well... ain't this just...*

**POP-POP!** Her heels flew off, bouncing off the bar and flying off into the distance. Out of them were two three-toed, puffy white paw-feet. They had doubled in size, plush pink pads on their bottoms.

She looked underneath the bar and then back at her hands. She looked back again, wiggling her toes, and returned to her handpaws, wiggling those digits too. *Totally real!*

*I'm turning...* Maureen took a drink, smacking her lips and taking in that flavor. *Yum! ...err, I mean... I'm turning all furry!*

**RIIP!** The back of her skirt split as a long tail shot out. Bright orange, it had black stripes all the way down to its tip. It swished about eagerly as her body grew warmer and thoughts airer.

The woman glanced over her tail, seeing it moved about like a hunting house cat, and giggled. *Sooo cute.* Her eyes glazed over, a goofy grin plastering her mug. *I'm, like, becomin' a furry girl and stuff!*

“Ooooh, you see that?” Her ears twitched. “*I see that alright!*” Her ears twitched again, shooting up to the top of her head. “She's getting all keeeeeewt!” Ears wobbled and inflated, turning into cute tiger ears. “*I say she's getting all hawwwwt!*” “*Oh, you would like that, wouldn't ya, Mistah Payboi?*” “**She's gonna be one fine toon!**”

She could hear it all. Every whisper, comment, and giggle from all around the area. They weren't looking before, but now, everyone's eyes were on her.

Yet, that awkward feeling wasn't coming to her. *I'm goin' all-* “HICCUP!” ...*all toony, huh?* “HICCUP!” Her long, black hair bounced with the hiccup, whipping back up to her shoulders like a wind blind. Its color brightened, gaining a bluish sheen in it.

“Heheh.” Maureen wobbled on her seat, looking at the drink she held. “Maybe you *were tooo strong forah silly huueeman like me.*”

Her mouth pulled into a wide smile. “*Buuuuuuuuut!*” **GULP!** The drink went down in one single chug. “*It's soooooooo tasty!*”

**FWOOOOMP!** Just as she slammed the glass down on the bar, finished with it, her breasts launched forward. The top button on her blouse popped, rocketing and bouncing off the glass with a **KLINK**. Her breasts jumped two full cup sizes, a valley of fluffy, white fur cleavage displayed.

*Ooooooo!* Maureen quivered, gripping the bar. Shakes vibrated through her, coming to rest in her rear. It inflated into a big bubble butt, lifting her up in her seat. *Sooooo... sooooooo...*

Her cheeks burned red. *Sooooo delish!* “HICCUP!” **FOOSH!** Fur sprouted across her entire body, painting her in a lavish tiger coating and doing away with her boring complexion.

“*Ooooh, mama!*” The tigerish lady tugged at her collar, popping another button on her blouse. “*Feelin' a bit warm under the collar there!*” She fanned herself with her paw, but it did nothing.

*Need to cool off now!* She eyed the glass on the counter. It had a few tiny drops left at the bottom that didn't go down with her chug. *Waste not, want not!*

Taking the glass, she brought it to the tip of her muzzle. Her tongue started lapping it up like a cat drinking from its water dish. *Mmmmm, good!*

When the last droop went down, she clenched for the final time. Her chest rumbled and heaved forward, laying on the bar top as she leaned over it. Her breasts hit F-cup level, one final button snapping off and her blouse raising to show off her midriff.

Placing the glass down for the last time, Maureen sat there, blinking slowly. That martini really made her feel a bit loopy and out of it. However, now that it was all done, she felt a touch better, like she finally adjusted for it.

She licked her lips and fangs, taking in one last hint of fruity flavor. “HICCUP!” Several bubbles floated off her mouth, popping above her head. With them gone, her mind was clear and fully aware of the world.

In particular, she was aware of how incredibly uncomfortable she was. Her boring outfit was far too tight. The remaining buttons on her blouse refused to pop while her bra dug into her furry bosom. Her skirt was form-fitting, highlighting and digging into her posterior's wide form.

*Mumph... She tried sitting differently on her seat, but it didn't help. Dress my best, toon out, and no longer dressing my best! Whatta pain! Needa switch into something comfy!*

“*Well, well!*” Maureen's fur bunched up, her ears twitching. A delightful, warm coo floated to her from behind. “*I see someone is enjoying the drink I got them.*”

The new tigress turned, coming face to face with a new, bikini-wearing toon. This one was a golden lioness, her eyes striking and enticingly inviting. Her breasts and curves were on par with the newly made toon, jiggling with each subtle movement.

*She's kewwwwt!* Maureen's heart turned to mush. Cartoony hearts started floating off her head, bright, pulsating pink. Even with all her fur, her blush popped right out on top of it.

“*H-hiya there, cutie!*” the tigress squeaked. All inhibitions faded, and feelings kept deep inside spilled out. She couldn't hold back her love for pretty toon gals like this.

“*Mind I sit down next to you?*” The lioness asked simply, cocking her head to the side. Maureen rapidly nodded, her face redder by the second. “*Thank you!*”

The lioness sat down, leaning her back into the bar. She fussed with some of her elegantly red hair, twirling a lock of it with one of her puffy digits. “*So,*” she cooed, snatching Maureen's attention even harder, “*How are we doing now?*”

“*D-doing? Oh, ahhhhh... great!*” The tigress nodded, brightly smiling, “*I'm doin' stuupendous!*” She giggled, rubbing her cheek, “*That drink was sooooo good! You... you said you got it for me?*”

“*Mhm... it wasn't too strong, I hope.*”

“*Oh, it was, but I got used to it!*” Maureen stodd up straight eagerly, bouncing her chest without really thinking. “*That was soooo sweet of you! I feel grrrrrrrrreat!*”

*“Well, I’m glad to hear that. I’m glad I invited you here.”*

Maureen flinched, all of energy and cheeriness instantly pausing within her. She stared at the lioness, looking at her closely up and down. *Wait... that can't be. “But... ummm, I'm pretty sure it was a guy named-”*

*“Oh that?”* The lioness waved her hand dismissively. *“That's just a little identit I cooked up. I got your deets from another client of yours. My real name is Cindy Pride. Thought it would be fun to invite you out for the best time of your life: toon time!”*

Maureen emitted a few more hearts, giggling and wiggling in her seat. At this point when meeting a client, she would discuss ground rules and how things would proceed in their upcoming days together. Now? Her goofy heart was skipping all past that. “Sure, hun! I'm up for whatever youuuu want!

“What do you have in mind?” Maureen leaned in close, her eyes flashing and pulsing with hearts in them.

*“Something special.”* Cindy leaned in, her eyes narrowing and flashing something in them as well. The two felines leaned in closer and closer until their muzzles were an inch apart. *“What I want to do is...”*

*“~~PLAY VOLLEYBALL!~~”* Cindy cheered, throwing her paws into the air.

“Oooooooh, volleyball!” Maureen gasped, snapping back. She smacked her paws against her face as her entire head went red. Images, hauntingly beautiful visions filled her mind. All kinds of toon cuties and hunks were playing volleyball in their skimpy, revealing swimwear.

**TH-THUMP! THA-THUMP!** “I'm down to play!”

*“Glad to hear it!”* Cindy took Maureen's paws and held them to her face. *“Will be the best, unstoppable, super kitties!”* Both of their tails swished about.

*“Buuuuuuut!”* Cindy's eyes went down to Maureen's clothes. *“That outfit ain't gonna work!”* The tiger looked at her outfit and nodded. Her clothing was far too fancy and formal for sandy fun. Plus, it was still way too tight.



“No prob!” The orange toon grabbed her blouse below her breasts and yanked. With such a pull, she suddenly spun like a tornado on her bar stool. Round and round she went, her blouse, bra, skin, stockings, and even underwear flying out in all directions. They hit the ground and patrons before vanishing into thin air.

As soon as all the clothes were gone, the stool abruptly stopped. Maureen grinned, leaning against the bar herself. She was now in a turquoise one-piece swimsuit. It hugged every inch of her curves and mounds, light years less suffocating. “I’m ready!”

“*Yes... yes, you are!*” the lioness swooned, fanning herself. Hearts were floating off her head too now.

Cindy took the tiger's hand and led her down out of the bar and onto the beach. *Her paw is soooo plush and soft! I could hold it alllllll day!*

After a bit of walking, they came up to the volleyball court on the beach. A couple of fellow cat toons were there, wearing their own tight swimwear. “**Heya Cin!**” a panther man called, “**Is that the babe you invited?**”

“*Mhm!*” Cindy pulled Maureen in close, breasts bumping into each other. “*This is my new bestie and bed partner: Maureen Ming!*”

“Bed partner?” The tigress giggled and leaned in, nuzzling her gently. “Ooooh, you!” Cindy did the same, the two sharing a soft kiss.

When they broke away, Maureen took a moment to size up the court. All of the other toons were a sight to behold. Incredibly sculpted bodies, godly curves, and certain features that made her blush all over.

Cindy was certainly wonderful but perhaps she could be besties and “partners” with them as well? If so, this would be the most productive client meeting she ever had!

**THE END**