

# Hoppin' Good Snack

By: Firingwall

Inspired by [tweet](#) from [@KitsuneKit](#)

A loud, drawn-out yawn left Melissa as she trudged from her bedroom. She hadn't had a nap as good as that one in a while. She needed to do those more often. She felt clearer and a bit more energized even with some drowsiness in her.

She felt hungry and that needed addressing right then.

The messy, brown-haired woman headed into the kitchen. Before she could start her hunt though, she noticed something new filling up the countertops. Several large, paper grocery bags were left out and, from what she could tell, still full.

*Come on, Rachel.* Melissa sighed. Her roomie must have gotten back from the store while she was out. And, of course, she didn't put anything away.

*Last time, I swear.* The woman adjusted her glasses and got to work. She'd find Rachel in the house later. Right now, she had to check the damage.

Luckily, there didn't seem to be an issue. Melissa checked each of the bags individually to be safe, but thankfully, it didn't seem like there was anything that would spoil.

Then, in the last bag, she did find something. Nothing spoil-worthy, but something much more nostalgic for her.

*Dunkaroos!* Melissa eagerly pulled out the blue snack box. Now, this was something she hadn't seen in a long time. Talk about your flashbacks to childhood!

Though, part of her felt it wasn't quite the same. It had that cartoony, '90s font to it, but the rest of the packaging was so plain and generic-looking. No more silly kangaroo mascots or wackiness like that. Mostly just a picture of the product, the logo, and all the health and ingredient labels on the back.

It was almost depressing if not for the silly tagline tucked in the corner: "Dunk for a hopping good time!"

*Was that the old tagline?* It had been a long time since she actually thought about this snack in particular. She couldn't be sure if it even had a tagline to begin with.

Either way, a low growl bellowed from her stomach, and she put the thought to the side. Guess she knew what her after-nap snack would be.

She opened the box and found a bunch of blue snack packs waiting for her. She grabbed one out and opened that up. There were many small cookies with the little “D” on them, another part of the pack filled with dark frosting.

She gently sniffed it. That nostalgia struck her again as the old, frosting scent wormed its way into her brain. It was just like when she was a kid.

But how about that taste? She took out one of the cookies and dipped it into the frosting pouch. Scooping up just enough, she tossed the treat right in. She chomped down.

Her pupils dilated upon swallowing it, shivering. It wasn’t the same taste she remembered, but... but...

“CRIKEY! That’s a real corker right there!”

Melissa blushed but softly giggled. *Wow*. She never had food that got such a... loud reaction out of her. It was utterly, completely delicious!

She sighed, licking her lips unconsciously. Curiously, as she did, her tongue looked a lot longer and a sharper, brighter pink to it. It sucked back into her gob before she even noticed.

She definitely had to have more of them... in a second~. First, she needed another quick sniff of her snack. She brought it quite up to her nose and gave it a gentle sniff, taking in its soft, sugary, sweet aroma and-

**SNORT!** She slammed the snack pack right up to her sniffer and gave it the hardest snort she could muster. Her entire nose shook and wobbled, skin darkening and turning rather bumpy. She sucked that scent up and up and up and-

**WOOMP!** Her nose jutted out. Her nostrils flared right up as the tip swelled immensely. Its shape completely rewrote itself into that of a big, toony roo snoot.

Snoot still wobbling as it inhaled the rest of the aroma, she bellowed, “DEEEEEELIIIIISH!”

Melissa quickly dunked another cookie and chomped down. Her ears started to wiggle as vibration rattled from her jaws into them. **GULP! VA-BOOOOOSH!** Her ears shot straight up

the top of her head and kept on stretching. Tan brown fur rolled over them as they smoothed and oval-ed out. They wiggled one last time as they formed into cartoony, kanga ears.

**SLUUUUURP!** That same long, pink tongue rolled out of her mouth and across her maw before slipping back in. “Mmmm**HMMMMMMM!** Oy could eat these all day! These be tastier than the best lollies oy ever had!”

Another cookie was then dunked and eaten. Her right foot tapped the ground once.

Another cookie was then dunked and eaten again. Her right foot tapped the ground twice.

Her right foot tapped and tapped the ground as she quivered delightfully. It tapped gently initially, then faster, faster, faster, **FASTER** until it was a blur!

**RIIIIP!** Her poor sock stood no chance between the tapping and sudden burst of growth. Her foot suddenly quadrupled in size as a wave of brown fur rushed over it. Toenails vanished as toes merged into one, leaving her with three chubby digits.

**Bap-bap-bap!** Her big, enhanced kangaroo foot smacked the ground over and over until she finally noticed the new sound.

She looked down and flinched. “Bugger me!” She rubbed her eyes and looked down again. “Well, would ya look at th-eht! Ain’t th-eht just the darndest thing!”

She wiggled her fat toes and tapped the ground more intentionally. She stared and then turned her attention to her unchanged foot. “Oye!” She huffed, starting to tap it rapidly, “Get your act together, **ya bloody** foot!”

**Bap-bap-bap!** The results were much quicker. **RIIIIP!** There went another sock and out came another fuzzy foot, three pudgy toes as well smacking on the tile ground.

“**Aye!**” Melissa smirked, returning to dunking another cookie. “**Much** better~!”

**CHOMP!** Another cookie was devoured. Her waistline expanded. **CHOMP!** There went another cookie, even faster than the last. Her flat stomach gained a little weight, dipping down and becoming a tad flabby. Even her breasts gained some weight.

**Chomp-chomp-chomp!** More and more cookies went down. Her figure suffered for it, its shape leaving its lady form behind.

Then it started leaving its human shape behind as well. She was getting rounder as her belly expanded. Her hips were stretching further out, seemingly combining with her belly for a pear shape. Her poor pants were starting to rip and tear as well.

Yet, despite it all, she could care less. She kept pulling out cookies and shoveling out more frosting.

*Mmmm, tasty~.* She reached for the next bite but stopped as her hand trembled.

**Pop!** An eyebrow raised as she looked at her fingers. **Pop-pop-pop!** Each of her fingers jolted forward, thickening up. Fingernails vanished, brown fur cloaked them, and they looked altogether more... rubbery. The only finger that didn't was the pinkie, which just combined with her ring finger instead.

“Ooooo~ Hehe~.” Melissa giggled, wiggling her fat, toony digits. So rubbery, so dense, so free and bendy~. “Hehehe **hehahahah! Ain't they ah beaut?**”

She turned her attention to her other hand and pouted. They were lagging behind like her other foot and that wouldn't stand. Setting down the cookies, she held out her normal hand away from her face and took a deep breath.

**FWWWWWSSSSSH!** She stuffed her toony thumb into her mouth and blew with all her might. **FWOMP!** Her hand vibrated and ballooned out into proper, toony form.

A grin spread across her face at a matching, wonderful set of hands, she grabbed her snack pack again. Despite the enlarged size, her thick mitts had no problems pinching another cookie and dunking it.

At that point, it did seem a bit strange. There were still tons of cookies and frosting left in the pack after all her snacking. It almost seemed endless and surreal.

But that thought was fleeting. “**Oy gotta hahave more!**” She shoveled several cookies and greedily stuffed them right into her maw. “**Sooooo good!**”

**RIP!** The top of her pants split right open at the top, followed by her underwear. Right above her butt, a big, fat tail sprouted out, growing brown fur right over it. It was kangaroo in shape and look, but it was much shorter. It only went about a foot or two at most, not even closer to touching the ground.

With that loud noise and new weight on her rear, Melissa should've noticed something was up. Yet, she was still preoccupied with her seemingly endless supply of snacks and gobbling

them up. She ate and playfully bounced in place on her large feet, soft **boings** following with each step.

**Sluuuurp!** Another smack of her lips and tongue action, she quivered. The top buttons on her shirt started stretching. Her torso was slowly expanding ever so subtly, though not at the same pace as her belly and hips.

Her arms wiggled... and grew wavy. They vibrated like a stretched-out rubber band, brown fur quickly swallowing them up. Eventually, they stopped their shaking, revealing rather noodley, toon arms.

As her messy hair shorted to a buzz coat, almost indistinguishable from her fur, a greedy, hungry spell fell over her. *Oy need moah, ooll at once!*

Rapid-fire, she dunked seven cookies in a row and popped them in. Her cheeks stretched out and away from her head, fuzz growing as she contained them. Then, she started to chew and chomp.

A strong, goofy vibration echoed from their maw throughout their entire body, causing every bit of them to vibrate and shake. Her irises bounced all around the whites of her eyes, turning to black dots after a while.

**BOOOOOOOOOOM!** In one big burst, Melissa's entire body expanded and transformed.

Brown fur sprouted over every inch of the developing toon's body. Their legs shrunk greatly as their thighs rose, shifting more to the sides of their hips. Their breasts completely flattened. Everything behind their barren chest inflated and swelled into a roundish ball, even extending down between the thighs. Their body shape was more pear than human.

**RIIIIIP!** And with that new shape came loss. Their pants and then underwear burst into confetti, fluttering harmlessly to the ground all around them. Everything was exposed.

Except not really, fully. No sensitive spots, no cracks, nothing. Their crotch and rear were just toony, smooth/furry nullness.

**Pop-pop-pop-pop!** The buttons on Melissa's shirt shot off as well, their chest and remaining torso wider, but not as much as the rest of them. The dark gray shirt turned dark green, shrinking and reforming into an adventure-ish vest. Lastly, the bra snapped right off and fell to the ground.

He scooped up two more cookies filled with frosting and stuffed them right in, giving off another big **SLURP! POP!** Another cartoonish sound followed as the budding tail behind him finally shot forward. Bigger, several feet long, and a lot fatter, the tail hit the ground with a delightful, booming **THUD**.

“Hmmm?” He looked over his shoulder. His tail wagged slightly. He looked down at himself in the front. So much belly, so much pear, so much big everywhere!

“**Crikey!**” He gasped. But then he smiled, one of his paws going down and rubbing his big-bottom belly, even giving it a good smack. “**Ain’t oy just a boomer of a roo, the-eh for bloody sure!**”

This was a form he could enjoy. He felt so big and wide and heavy... but oddly not too heavy either. He felt like jumping... bouncing for joy.

After some more eating of course! Though, that might be over with. Looking at the snack container, the bottom of both the cookies and frosting were insight. Only a little left and his Aussie snacking would be over.

Melissa shrugged. Might as well enjoy what he had while it was still there. With a **SPROING**, he hopped up into the air. His tail shot underneath him and held him in place, the wide toon casually balancing on it to finish his feasting.

He shoveled the last four cookies good with frosting, making sure each got equal amounts. He tossed into the air above and looked up. He licked his chops and opened his mouth, leaning up towards them.

**SRUUUUUNG~!** His face shot out over a foot in length, his nose zipping to the tip of it as brown fur completely coated his mug. His jaws clamped down on the treat in one big bite, and he swallowed.

His poor glasses went flying into the air with the muzzle launch. They did several spins and twists before landing on the tip of his snoot, now modified to fit it.

The new kangaroo toon was completed, satisfied. “**MmmmmHMMMM!**” **SLURP!** He casually tossed the empty package into a trash can across the room and rubbed his belly. He certainly felt a lot more full now.

**Bop-bop-bop.** He patted his belly as he looked up, his mind drifting off. *Mmm, naow the-ehht moy tummy is good, whaht should Oy do naext? Maybe go for a hop ‘round the nuybohhood?*

“OH MY!” The kangaroo’s ears twitched. His roomie finally showed her mug at long last. The lady with her long blue hair looked at her friend with a dropped jaw and several blinks.

The toon grinned. “**Oye! G’day, mate! Glad ya decided ta finally join us today!**” **Boing-boing-boing-boing~.** He hopped off his tail and hopped over to Rachel, bouncing right up to her and nearly bouncing her with his big belly.

Despite the gut pressing against her, Rachel ignored it and bluntly asked, “Let me guess, you ate my Dunkaroos, didn’t you, Melissa?”

The kangaroo scoffed, folding his arms. “**The name is Mason, littl’ Shelia. An’ yes, oy did hahve some of thaem delectable lollies.**”

Rachel huffed, poking him in the belly. It was like pressing down on a marshmallow. “I’ve been looking for those forever! You know how hard it is to find good Dunkaroos these days? I had to venture into the silly part of town to find them!”

“**Bugger me!**” The kanga rolled his eyes. “**Stop your spewin’! Oy didn’t eat theam all! Plenty of thaem left!**” **Boing-boing!** He bounced back to the bags and pulled out the box hiding behind them. “**Seeeeee?**”

“Oh good!” Rachel sighed a breath of relief. “I was worried there for a second.”

Mason smiled and took out another package. “**Go on then~. Give it a burl! Oy think yah’ll loike the results~.**”

He tossed Rachel the package and without a second of hesitation, she ripped it open. She took out a cookie, dunked, and ate it. She smiled, her cheeks rosy red. “**Ace!** Thaeese taste so bloody good! Oy could ayt thaeese ooll day!”

Mason smirked, pulling out another snack pack and opening it up. “**Oy couldn’t agree more, mate~.**”

*THE END*