

# Put a Spring and Bounce in Your Step

By: Firingwall

“Awwwwwwwwwwww!” the pink toon dog squealed, “You are sooooo adorably grumpy and sad!”

“Please go away,” grumbled the young man. Nikko was on a walk through the park this fine, lovely day. The bushy black-haired young man was in one of his usual dour moods, currently trying to get rid of with a walk through a vibrant and upbeat place.

While a good idea, the young man bumped into someone he really didn’t want to. It was a toon animal and a bright pink one with a chipper, super hyper-excited attitude at that. She wore a bright pink dress with a big nametag that read, “Jessica”, and was pushing a food cart that he happened to bump into by accident. It was all downhill from there for him.

“Awww!” Jessica whined, making the cutest dog whimper he had ever heard, “Don’t be like that! I was just complimenting your adorable looks!”

“I don’t want to be complimented about them!” Nikko huffed, folding his tanned arms and looking away from her.

“...that grumpy attitude is very mean and probably got you into a lot of trouble in the past, hasn’t it?” Nikko’s head twisted back to look at the toon, who was now wearing what could best be described as a doctor’s uniform and writing something on a clipboard. Pushing her glasses closer towards her eyes with her pudgy paw, she remarked, “Yes yes... I can see it here... you are suffering from a dangerous case of the meanie grumpies!”

“I’m sorry... what?” sighed the young man, his body limping and his face looking completely exhausted. He didn’t like where this was going.

“Doctor Jessica Snifferton has the cure!” She declared, putting her clipboard away into the cart and pulling something out from it. It looked like a small packet of Dunk-A-Roos, only bright orange and with what appeared to be a knock-off mascot on the wrapper. She ripped it open and pulled out an impossibly-large-for-the-container brown cookie from it.

“Ah... what are you...” Nikko started, before being abruptly cut off. She quickly dunked the cookie into a big slot full of orange-flavored icing and stuffed it into his mouth. Somehow, her entire paw fitted inside, shoving the cookie deep in and forcing him to swallow it whole. It thankfully went all the way down his throat without him choking.

She pulled her hand back out, shaking it to whip off all of Nikko’s drool and saliva. “And there we go!” the pink toon dog declared, “Another patient saved and it’s all thanks to the power of cookies and frosting! You’ll no longer feel down or mean you Grumpy Gus! See ya!”

He tried to yell at her, but the pink toon and her food chart vanished into a cloud of dust like the Roadrunner, a trail of it racing far off into the distance and out of sight. “I... I...” he stammered, “I just... what... what the hell did she just feed me?!”

Since there was no one else around, obviously no one answered. Even knowing that, Nikko still felt frustrated and annoyed. Huffing and storming off, he muttered, "That's it! I'm going to find an officer and report that toon! There has to be some kind of law or something that she just violated right now!"

As he stormed off, the cookie & frosting was finishing dissolving in his stomach. Its remains and chemicals started converting into an orange-ish energy. It flowed in and out of his organs and into bloodstreams, but caused no harm or damage. It was almost as if it was an invisible, barely present force.

The energy flowed up and into his hair, which shook and rustled as if a big breeze came blowing through. He scratched at his head casually as he moved along, not noticing a single thing as the color started shifting. From its roots to its tips, a bright yellow-orange slowly painted up and over his hair, giving it a bright and glossy, cartoony shine to it.

With its bright new color, his mop began to grow and lengthen, turning longer and longer by the second. Strands and locks began to flow down his neck like a waterfall, becoming curly and shimmering. It stopped just above his belt, all of his locks wavy, blowing in the air majestically and shining under the light.

Despite the bright sight, Nikko was unaware of his new doo. He did not notice its weight nor the shine that reflected off its glistening form. He just stormed towards some random direction that hopefully would lead him to a cop.

He did notice that his shoes and socks were starting to tighten on him though. With each step he took, it started to feel as if his footwear was squeezing and almost crushing his toes. He sighed and walked over to a bench, sitting down and mumbling, "great... what now?"

Nikko yanked off his right shoe and sock, freeing his foot from its confinement. It was several inches longer than before and still growing, but that wasn't the only thing different. It had its own glossy orange fur coat going over its top while the bottom had a lighter color of it. His toes had also merged together, leaving him with three toes and long claws on each of them.

Looking at his foot, Nikko sighed and mumbled, "I don't even know why I bother with shoes or socks. They never fit or work all that well for me."

He tossed the shoe and sock off to the right, doing the same to his other foot. It looked exactly the same as his right foot and was growing as well. Paying it no mind, Nikko sat up and his feet swelled. The front of them grew, his toes enlarging significantly on top of that. The back of his feet stretched just a tiny bit, but the bones started changing within, shifting the feet structure up and onto his balls and toes only.

With that, he continued on his walking, stepping away from the bench. Well... it would be better to say he was hopping away from it now, his feet springing and bouncing off the ground in unison. It made him look absolutely silly, but he didn't notice or care. He just wanted to report that dog.

**HOP! BOUNCE! BOING!** Each leap forward brought about a cartoon sound effect, one that he just couldn't ignore. His frown grew wider and he sighed.

As he was forced to listen to each bounce, his own ears twitched and shook, even more so than what each hop caused. His ears slowly shifted from the middle of the sides of his head to right on the level with his eyebrows. From there, orange fur covered the edges and back of his ears while light-orange filled the inside as its shape concaved. The bowl-shaped ears stretched and stretched, pulling into a long point before settling into their new kangaroo form.

*I wish that noise would cut it out,* he grumpily thought, *it's sooooo irritating and it's only ticking me off even more!* Strangely, just thinking that made a cartoonish, mini-storm cloud appear above his head. It didn't rain or anything, just thundering and matching his mood.

*Well that ain't helpin' either!* He thought with a huff, picking up the pace. His steps and hops began to grow longer, each leap letting him cross more distance. His blue jeans shrank up to his hips and its material turned into something far stretchier, giving him spandex short-shorts.

With each long bounce and with less coverings, his legs began to shift and transform now. His lower legs began to shrink, dropping him several inches and bringing his changed feet and thighs closer together. Speaking of which, his thighs began inflating several times over, shifting up slightly to be besides his widening hips.

Orange fur broke out all over his legs as they shifted further and further. His upper legs/thighs were now attached to his hips' sides, rounded, and humongous. His crotch and stomach region sank just a bit lower between the two legs, pushing them further apart. Somehow, his spandex shorts managed to stay on and his lower half resembled that of a cartoonish kangaroo.

With his shifted bone structure and improved legs, Nikko was able to bounce faster and farther than ever. Like before, he remained unaware of any of the changes as he moved along, still steaming and the thundercloud above his head booming.

"Come on come on!" He muttered, his voice strangely sweet and mean at the same time, "Where the sugar cookies is a copper around here? Shouldn't there be one on a horseback at least?! ...or is that only in New York?"

Stopping to ponder the thought in his mind, Nikko's torso and shivered ever so slightly. Orange fur crept out of his stretchy shorts and up and over his soft belly and back, light orange covering the entirety of his front. As the fur moved over his chest, just stopping at his collarbone, his nipples turned dark orange and the area turned pudgy. Fat and energy flowed and filled the area, pushing against his t-shirt and setting him up with a soft pair B-sized breasts.

Down south above his enlarged bottom, a small bump popped out right above the end of his spine. Tiny, almost invisible at first, the small bump slowly extended outwards just a few inches, poking between his shorts and shirt. It was pudgy, very pointed at the end and with a light orange coating on the bottom and regular orange on the top.

Nikko shook his head and he grumpily continued along, now hopping out of the park and continuing his search for a cop elsewhere. He got strange, curious looks for passersby, but he ignored them as he focused on his search. His shirt started changing itself now, the hemline shrinking up to reveal his navel and his protruded lower-half while his sleeves turned into straps. The fabric thinned as it turned yellow, his breasts bouncing up to C-cups now.

*I gotta find a cop, he thought angrily, That doggie is going to pay for shovin' food down my mouth!* Hopping more and more, the orange fur spread up his neck and over his face, flowing down his arms as well. Fur reaching the tips of his fingers, his arms and hands shrank just a bit in size, becoming more delicate and lady-like in shape.

This hopping went on for several minutes, the soon-to-be-kangaroo having absolutely no luck at all with finding any cops in the area. Not even a dang security guard either.

As he searched the entire area, Nikko's chest continued to bubble and swell underneath his yellow t-shirt. His breasts inflated to a full D-cup after a while, bouncing and shaking along with each bounce. It expanded into an E-cup, the shirt stretching and conforming to his heavy-ish mounds. They grew to F-cup sized and the t-shirt looked more like a tube top at this point.

*Stupid stupid coppers!* He huffed in his mind, looking around furiously, *where are they?! They have to be here somewhere in this large city! I just...*

Then, just across the street on the sidewalk, Nikko spotted a young police officer walking the beat casually, nodding at others walking by. Not wasting another single second, with a large **SPRONG** sound effect, Nikko leapt through the area, bursting his storm cloud, and landing in front of the officer. There was a huge **BOING** upon impact and his growing back nub sprung out into a large, several foot-long kangaroo tail.

The officer nearly fell backwards in shock. Thankfully, he didn't pull his gun and just exclaimed, "hey! Don't do that! You nearly gave me a heart attack!"

Nikko huffed, the bugle in her shorts vanishing subtly. She stated sternly, "Sir! I would like to report a crime!"

"Oh?" asked the cop, getting his footing back.

Placing her hands on her hips, she leaned in and explained, "This meaniehead doggie toon... I think her name was Jessica or something, forced some sugary treat into my mouth without my permission and ran off! That's gotta be illegal right?!"

"...this was caused by another toon?"

"YES! You can arrest her right?!" Nikko's face shot forward, cracking and shifting into that of a kangaroo muzzle. Light-orange fur covered her bottom jaw and regular orange covered the rest of her face. Her nose was bumpy and dark orange, twitching slightly as she leaned in.

“Ahhhhhhhhhhhh... I’m sorry ma’am, but... humans don’t get involved in toon affairs. It’s kind of a complicated situation, especially with how human and toon laws are very different... Maybe you should find Officer Bulllaw, the big toon bull that worked downtown. He can probably help you more than I can.”

“But I want your help!” The kangaroo complained, “This wasn’t a very nice thing that she did. Also, I’m a guy and who said anything about me being a...”

**RING-RING-A-RING-A-RING!** The toon’s eyebrows raised and her head lowered to her brand new, large pouch on her wide belly. The sound was emanating from within it. She dove both hands in her folds and started feeling around for the phone.

The cop quietly left as she searched, pulling out her bright orange phone. On it, the caller ID read: Jessica the Toon Pup. Nikko’s ears lowered angrily as she answered, bringing her cell up to one of them, “It’s you, isn’t it? You’ll pay for that! ...also, how did you get this number and why do I have you popping up on my caller ID?”

“Oh?” Answered the toon dog on the other end with a super-energized giggle, ignoring her last questions, “Are you still grumpy? Gees, I was hoping to improve that mood of yours!”

“No way that’s happening!” Huffed Nikko, her chest swelling up one last size to a massive G-cup, the bottom of her breasts poking out of her top.

“Oh well, I still improved your life regardless! Have fun and see you around!” Jessica giggled, before abruptly hanging up on her.

“What does she mean by that?” Grumbled Nikko, pocketing her phone in her pouch. She sighed and said, “whatever... I’m going home and going to bed! I had enough toon silliness for one life time.”

Puffing her cheeks out comically, she hopped off in the direction of her apartment, unaware of what happened. Maybe one day Nikko would be less grumpy... and perhaps realize what had befallen her...

*THE END*