

Toon It Up: Honey Bear Snackin'

By: Firingwall

Patron Story done for Danuki

A loud yawn echoed through the apartment as Terry lurched into his kitchen. It was almost ten o'clock. He had slept in, and it felt so good to do so.

Terry yawned yet again, stretching his arms and rolling his shoulders. *Really need to sleep in more often... if I can.* He frowned at the thought. It wasn't just the past few days, but the future as well. There were nothing but constant morning shifts that made him get up early, still so tired and not well-rested. It was a drain for him.

But that was for future him to worry about. Today him was off to a good start with getting some much needed rest. He was going to make the most of the remainder of the day.

And that started with something to eat. He went over to his fridge and opened it up, enjoying the cool breeze against his face. He looked around, eyeing the carton of eggs and package of bacon on one of the shelves. That would be good to have.

However, he ended up closing the door. *Eh... don't feel like it. Too much effort to make.*

What wouldn't take much effort was the next thing he eyed up. Over the counter was his toaster and a loaf of bread, still unopened. *Toast would be nice and simple.* He smiled, walking over to it. *I'll step it up for brunch later.*

Plugging the toaster in and popping in a slice, he moved over to the cabinet above it. *Can't have some toast without some peanut... oh.*

Terry was hit by a depressing surprise. When he grabbed the peanut butter jar and lifted it, it was incredibly light. He opened it up and looked inside. There was barely anything left. What was there was certainly not enough to cover his piece of bread.

Crap, empty. He smacked his head. *Why did I even put this back if it was like this?* He groaned at past-him's stupidity. *Well, guess that's that. Gotta add that to the grocery list.*

He put the jar to the side and looked back at the cabinet. *Gotta be something else I can use.* He reached up and felt around, hitting nothing. He reached deeper in, going far into the back where his hand was out of sight. *I'm sure I got something. Maybe some jam or-*

Terry felt his fingers jab against something made of glass in the back. *Oh, maybe this is it.* He grabbed the item, unconsciously noting its odd shape, and pulled it out. The sight wasn't anything he was expecting.

It was a glass jar of honey. It was sculpted into the shape of a bear, in particular, one with a very big, round bottom. It appeared mostly full from the looks of it. A label on its "belly" read: Smackers Bear Honey. Below that was a tagline: *Fresh as honey just stolen from a beehive.*

Weird tagline, weird jar. Terry frowned. He couldn't recall ever buying something like this. He must've at some point obviously. It could've been when he went shopping crazy and bought a lot of random things after getting some extra cash from his mom for groceries. But beyond that, he wasn't sure.

He glanced at the lid. *Expiration... a couple of months from now.* That was good enough for him at least.

There was a small pop off to his side. *Perfect timing!* He grabbed his freshly made toast and laid it on a paper towel he ripped off a roll nearby. He unscrewed the lid on the jar and lightly poured the honey onto the slice. There was a delightfully sweet aroma from it.

He took out a knife and smeared the tasty goo across the bread in a thin layer, the scent getting stronger. It tickled his nose, making his mouth water. It smelled good, but one could never be sure about the taste from just that alone.

Terry carefully picked up the toast and took a bite, just a little nibble cautiously.

Once he bit in, everything changed. It felt as if his taste buds exploded, his body quivering excitedly. *Oooooooh, this is good!*

The quivering went across his entire body, up and down and back up again. The shakes seemed to stop in his ears, which wiggled cartoonishly. They moved up and up as they shook, growing light brown fuzz and reshaping into it a rounder form. Eventually, they stopped at the top of his noggin, quite ursine-looking.

Once the shakes stopped, Terry snapped out of his tasty trance. He didn't nibble but chomped down through the rest of the slice, each bite bigger than the last.

Each bite brought something on. On that second chomp, his nose darkened and inflated into an animal one. The scent of the honey grew more potent, egging on his eating. The third bite made his face and mug grow, a few key pops and cracks shifting into something inhuman. On the fourth bite, he finished it, his face stretched into a stout bear muzzle.

The sweet bread filled his cheeks, light, honey brown fur creeping over them and the rest of his mug. He finally swallowed it all after soaking in enough flavor, letting out a pleasant sigh. *Delish! Just yummy!*

The food hit his empty stomach, which bubbled and quietly shook. His body softened, growing pudgier all around. His belly pressed against his shirt as its sleeves felt snug.

That was great! Terry licked his black, gummy lips. *So glad I found that honey!*

Gurrrrrrle. A low rumble came from his tummy, catching him off guard. He suddenly felt a lot hungrier than even before he walked in.

Ah gees, he gently rubbed his stomach. *Definitely gotta eat more than that for breakfast.* He grabbed two pieces of bread and popped them in the toaster. With it already warmed up, it didn't take long to have some more toast.

This time though, he squirted a lot more honey onto the slices, giving them a much thicker layer when he spread it out. He breathed it in, his bear snoot giving off a thick snort. The scent was so much more potent now with a more powerful sniffer. It just made him hungrier.

As such, he tore into one of the slices ravishly, devouring it in two bites. His butt wiggled, and so did a little spot above it. Its wiggling turned to a pop, out coming a small bear tail.

Sooooooooo... His toes clenched up. *Gooooooooood!* They unclenched. His bottom digits ballooned, followed by his feet, tearing through his socks. Three-toed, pudgy, padded bear feet had been freed, thick fur sprouting over.

GULP! He swallowed, his body wobbling and belly jiggling. Everything felt tighter on him from his sweatpants to his shirt. There was some relief when part of his belly squirmed out from underneath his top but not much.

Honey and toast is the best! Terry thought, smacking his chops. Brown hairs were starting to grow all over him now, thin in some parts but thicker in others. *I'm having this every day!*

CHOMP! With the next slice, he didn't waste any time. He swallowed it in one single bite before grabbing two more pieces of bread, popping them into the toaster as well. He needed more and fast! He was soooo hungry.

Scrumpti- “**BURRRRRRRRRRRRP!**” That shook something within him.

Everything started swelling or growing. Thick fur coated his entire body from head to toe. Fat with a little bit of muscle behind it poured in. Legs and arms not only felt but looked pudgy. His muffin top turned into a gut, popping more out of his shirt. His rear widened and grew hefty, part of it visible out the top of his sweatpants.

Terry was too busy to notice. **SLURRRRP!** He happily licked his gummy, furry chops with a cartoonishly big tongue, sucking in all of those crumbs and left over honey. *Sooooo good!* He started sucking on each of his fingers individually for more. *Gotta buy more of this... this...*

Oh. It all began to set in. As he worked on his second hand, licking those digits carefully, his tongue struck something odd. Pulling it away, he found thick, black pads sprouting on his fingers and palms. Honey brown fur was coming up around them.

Whoooooa! His jaw dropped, watching his hand swell and fingers combine, turning into a big, four-fingered paw. He looked at his other hand. The same thing had happened to it too!

Terry looked down, everything setting in for him. Fur was everywhere. A big gut was hanging out of his shirt. Just passed it, which he struggled to see, were big feet paws. Out of the corner of his eyes, he could just make out his muzzle.

I'm bear-ifying! His stomach gurgled again, his bottom half looking a bit rounder. *I'm... like, turning into a cartoonishly thick bear! This-*

A familiar pop echoed, his ears wiggling in that direction. His nose fidgeted as a tasty, toasty scent crossed it. His newest two slices were done.

Gurrrrrrrrrrrrle. Terry blinked. Terry smiled. *This is just fine. I'm fine and hungry.*

Without another word or thought, the bearish man turned back to the food. He moved fast, snatching the toast and smothering them in more honey than ever before. He didn't even bother to spread it out this time, just pouring the sticky substance all over the bread.

He took one slice and slammed it down in a single bite. Honey splattered over his gummy bear lips and across his fur, almost literally like a big meat-eating predator chomping into its prey. The bite sent shockwaves through his head, his hair shrinking away and becoming one with his fur. His noggin inflated and shifted until it resembled that of a cartoony bear.

GUUUUUULP! His figure widened further, seams starting to break on his sweatpants. *Honey tastes soooooo good.* He chuckled, grabbing the last slice. *Even... even if it makes me into a big o'bear...* A tear started forming in the back of his pants. *Can't get enough of it!*

Terry tossed the slice into the air, where it flew high above his head. The toss had a spin to it, sending droplets of honey about. He opened his mouth wider and wider and wider, the sight both kind of scary but also very goofy and *very* toony.

CHOOOOMP! The toast fell close, and he snapped down like a bear trap, taking it whole. The piece of bread could be heard, a low falling noise similar to that of Wile E. Coyote falling off a cliff. It came from his throat, going lower and lower until-

THUUUUUMP! The slice hit his tummy. **WOOOOMP!** His entire body inflated as fast and big as a discharged airbag. Everything below his chest ballooned round and wide, legs and hips shifted to haunches. Everything took on a pearish, big-bottom like shape.

RIIIIIIIIP! There went the sweatpants and the underwear. It'd be embarrassing if not for two important things. One was that he lived alone. Two was that there was nothing to see. He was a null, safe for TV toon now. Sure, butt cheeks were visible when he wore pants, but that was for comic relief purposes.

Terry sighed. *Ooooh, so big like a bear... a bear like Bertie. Heheheh.* He chuckled. He didn't know who Bertie was but he certainly felt like him. Bertie fitted him well, unlike his pants. Bertie was the perfect name for a doofy, hungry, food-loving bear.

The bear nodded. Bertie nodded.

Bertie belched, his pear belly vibrating. He licked his paws, getting whatever remaining crumbs and honey were left. He couldn't let it go to waste, no matter how small it was. It was too yummy after all.

Finishing up, Bertie scratched where his rear would be and looked down at himself. Just a sea of soft brown fur with a big, round, cuddly body meant for hugging. It was wonderful! Lazing around all day like this could be incredibly rewarding and fulfilling as a bear!

Though, a thought crossed his mind. *Clothing.* He owned nothing that could fit his delightfully girthy frame. Sure, today was fine, but what about tomorrow? What would he do if he was still like that then? He couldn't go into work like that, even if his bottom half was featureless. It would be rude!

Hmmmm, what to do, what to do? Bertie scratched his chin. *What a big o'bear 'uppose ta do 'bout dis lack of clothin'?* *What should I... hmm?*

His eyes had wandered back over to the honey jar. Whether it was intentional or unintentional, he focused on it. Now that the jar was half empty, he could see that there was a label that he had missed on its backside.

Drawn to it, the bear grabbed the bottle and spun it around. It wasn't an ingredient or nutrient label, but a note. ***For sudden bear mascotification, please call 555-555-8666. Fitting clothes can be provided and sent right over.***

Problem solved! Bertie grinned. ***I can get some new duds... oh!*** His eyes sparkle. ***I hope they got overalls!*** He patted his belly. ***Heheh, I'd look sooooo good in sum overalls!***

Just as he tried to imagine him wearing them, a thought hit his mind. ***Wait... I don't have ta call right away, riiiiiiight?***

The bear eyed that jar of honey and then looked at the loaf of bread. ***Gurrrrrrrgle. I don't have ta order now!*** He smiled deviously. ***Why order clothes for the size I am now when I'm still gonna get sooooo much bigger?***

THE END