

Chew Time: Orangina Fresh

By: Firingwall

Click.

In a white, mostly empty room, there sat a long-blue-haired woman at a table. With how it was presented, she could only be seen from the belly button up, the table taking up a fifth of the screen. Her arms rested comfortably on it, her hands together.

She smiled brightly, a certain glint in her eyes. “Hello, everyone!” she spoke with the most cheerful, energetic of voices, “Welcome back to the another fabulous episode of The Transformative Chew! I am your lovely, blue host, Rachel Groves!”

Her grin broadened. “Ooooh, I got something really different today! It both is and isn't something I'd cover on the show!” She chuckled softly. “Frankly, I might've just avoided it like in most cases.”

Her eyes turned serious, and she dramatically held up a finger at the screen. All that was missing was a silly “**HOLD IT**” sound effect. “HOWEVER!” she declared, “This is still food & drink related, and, most importantly, it holds a very special place in my heart!”

Her expression softened, a pleasant, dream-like sigh leaving her mouth. “I had a very special experience with it nearly fifteen years ago!”

She drummed her fingers on the counter. “As such, allow me to proudly introduce you to this!” She reached off to the side, out of camera range, and pulled out a cold glass bottle. She held it to the screen, “This is-

“Orangina Fresh!” There was an abrupt, hard cut there. There was now just the glass bottle on a rotating, glass tray. It was clear and with a roundish base, almost like a potion bottle in a way. The liquid inside could be seen through the clear glass. It looked and had the thickness of orange juice. The cap though was a spray nozzle.

As the bottle turned, the blue label became visible. Written on it was “Orangina Douce”.

Rachel could be heard. “Do you remember those old, weird, furry-focused commercials from the olden, 2000's era? I think they were from France.”

There was another cut. This time, a montage played, showing various commercials cut up into three seconds each. They were old, low-resolution videos, but they all showed the same

thing. Furry characters of different species doing odd things with or around orange juice. There was one clip of a bunch of zebra riding glass bottles that “ejaculated” their juice, while another clip showed a giraffe woman chasing down a guy on rollerblades.

“Mhm! Lots of sultry, sensual oddball ads from the land of romance!” Rachel chuckled, “All of them meant to get you steamed up to buy some OJ! Can't say how well that ad campaign did, but it certainly got my attention as well as many more.”

The scene cut back to Rachel, who held the bottle with both hands now. She looked at it dreamily. “I got one of these bottles back in 2010 and the results were pretty... “transformative”. She looked ahead and winked at the camera.

A caption appeared very briefly: Editor's Note: Please Do Not Laugh and Encourage Her

“Very horsey to say the least!” she continued, the caption vanishing, “It seemed like I had gotten my hands on a special bottle at the time inspired by those ads. I think that drink might've been the first time a company had ever done anything transformation-related with a product of theirs!”

She placed her bottle down and sighed. “However, it seemed like that was it for them. One round of that orange juice. They hadn't done anything like it since, the cowards.” Her words had a bitter sting at the end.

However, she bounced right back with a big smile. “That is until recently!”

The camera panned to the side, putting more empty space on the left side. A window appeared in that space, showing more of the ads again. “If you recall,” Rachel said, “A bunch of those ads had some of the anthros using Orangina in ways that weren't for drinking, like for shampoo or laundry. Not sure how that sells orange juice, but I'm not gonna argue with France.”

The window vanished, and the camera recentered on Rachel. “Still, those ads must've been popular or had a resurgence of interest in them recently.” She picked the bottle up again. “It seems like Orangina decided to honor them with this special promotion.”

She looked at the back of the bottle, squinting. “I can't read French, but from what I understand and researched, this “OJ” acts as two things from the commercials: aftershave and deodorant while providing the fresh scent of squeezed oranges.

“So, there you have it! This both is and isn't drink-related!” She twisted the spray nozzle cap until the nozzle popped up. “This will be an exception to my rule, so I hope you understand and don't get all complainy in the comments.”

“Now then, let's give this a try!” She gave the bottle a firm shake. “Let's see what a little freshening up can do for me!”

She aimed the nozzle at her hand and gave it a good spray. Almost a second after, it started jittering. She placed the bottle down and slapped the hand that was holding it against the other, rubbing the liquid into it and soaking it up nicely.

“Oooooo! I'm feeling it already!” She clenched and unclenched her hands a few times before looking at them. Her smile grew, and she turned her hands around to face the camera, which zoomed in for a closer look.

Both of hands had sprouted pads out of her fingerprints and palms. They were swollen, soft, squishy, and black. Her fingernails had moved more towards the tips of her fingers, thickening and shifting form. They were now darkish, stubby claws.

Holding them like that, her hands jittered softly. Brown fur sprouted all over them, moving between pads and around the claws until all her skin was covered. They tensed briefly, swelling in size and power until they were quite beastly.

The camera pulled out as Rachel turned her mitts back around to look at them. “My, my!” she chuckled, wiggling her digits and clenching her paws into fists, “These feel really strong.” She looked forward, snickering, “I better not break the nozzle!”

The host took the glass bottle and sprayed both of her palms this time, neither of them shaking or trembling now. She brought them to her cheeks, gently smacking them before moving under her chin. Her eyes closed, the woman biting her bottom lip.

“Oh, that tingles.” Brown fur began sprouting over cheeks and across her face. A lighter coating of brown grew around her mouth and up to her nose, fur markings similar to that of a cat. She stroked her face, running her paws through her fur. “Well, I'm certainly feeling refreshed!”

“And now, to apply it like deodorant!” Rachel chuckled, “This should be a lot easier with a spray nozzle than how that bear did it in the commercial.” She lifted an arm, baring her armpit. She brought the bottle to it and sprayed.

The liquid struck her smooth skin, brown fur quickly sprouting in the area. She brought the bottle around to the other pit and sprayed there, more fur growing in. The fur did not stay in those spots, quickly spreading up and around to her shoulders and then down her arms.

“Viola!” Rachel leaned into one of her raised pits and sniffed, the camera zooming in. Her nose tingled as she sniffed, the skin turning reddish brown. Nostrils flared and the tip rose, her sniffer's shape turning quite feline-looking. “Yep! Freshly picked oranges there!”

She paused for a moment, her brow furrowing. She pulled her head away and awkwardly scratched the back of it. “Eh, sorry. Bit crude there... but some of you probably enjoyed that so it all balances out, right?”

She playfully stuck her tongue out, which was looking rather pink and rough. Her face creaked and twitched, slowly pushing out with it. It formed a sturdy, blunt muzzle on par with that of a puma.

“But now that we have applied Orangina Fresh in all the right spots, the results should start really speaking for themselves!” Rachel grinned, flashing some impressive fangs. Fur was crawling all over, spreading to her shoulders and across to her neck. Her shoulders broadened and thickened, her top's spaghetti straps digging into them.

She quivered, taking a few breaths. She lifted her right arm, looking at it. “Mmm, I'm feeling it good now! Watch this!” She clenched her paw into a fist, lifting her arm higher. Fur completely coated it from top to bottom, the limb pulsing at times. Muscle mass built slowly, growing denser and thicker until it looked like she lifted weights every day.

“Not bad!” Rachel brought up her other arm, which was already fur-ified. She gave that a firm flex too, muscles bulking up quite well. “Hmmm...” She looked at both of her beastly arms. “I know I applied the OJ... perhaps I could put a little more on.”

Rachel winked. “The commercials did imply it would be good for the hair!” She brought the bottle up and sprayed it over her long blue hair, from tip to scalp.

Some of it got onto her ears, barely noticeable at first amongst her mop. However, they wiggled gently, poking out of her strands. They traveled up to the top of her head, brown furred with white fuzz insides. The feline ears flickered gently once set into place.

Not long after that, her blue hair waved, like a calm breeze blew through. Her locks slowly shrank, leaving her back and chest in a blink of the eye. It left her shoulders, crawled up the back of her head and reached her dome. At the roots, the hair turned brown as it shrank more and more, soon nothing but fur.

“Hmmm...” Rachel felt her head as she placed the bottle down. “Guess it doesn't work with my hair!” She sighed. “Oh well! It hrmumph...” Her eyes clenched, a tremble coming to her skull. Slowly, its shape shifted, morphing into something more feline than human now.

“Ahem.” She cleared her throat, a deep voice coming out, **“I mean, oh well, it doesn't really fit the rugged cat that I am, does it?”**

She smiled, breathing deeply. Her eyes closed again, her shoulders clenching tightly in. Her breasts pushed out doing so, her breaths getting quicker. With each one, her chest receded, pulling back and back. Light brown hairs sprouted over them, slowly cloaking her tan skin.

Eventually, her breasts fully pushed back to her chest. However, instead of staying completely down, they stretched and widened. Their shape turned squarer, puffing out into dense musculature. She now had a pair of pectorals that her top tightly highlighted.

Rachel slowly released a long, deep breath and opened her eyes. They were strikingly feline and green. She looked down. **“Hmmm, guess I'm not even going to be a lady this time. They added some gender-swapping elements to their products now.”**

He smiled. **“Well, it's not like I dislike being a handsome guy!”**

“So, how about a little more action?” Rachel sat up more in his chair, showing his broader waistline. He took the bottom of his shirt and slowly rolled it up, the fabric so tight and clingy to his body. The faint trace of abdominal muscles could be seen.

He ran a paw over them, tracing their shape. **“And now, I got a good, powerful core to go with the rest of my other gains!”**

He stopped his tracing, his body quivering. **“Ooooooh!”** His eyes widened. **“I feel it going down now! Y-you gotta see this!”**

Rachel stood up, her head, shoulders, and even chest out of view. The camera focused solely on hips and crotch. At least, until he spun around and showed his rear.

His jeans seemed tighter in the back, but that wasn't the point. The point was above them, the top of the pants being pushed down slightly. A brown tail sprouted, narrow and slick, short fur. It grew longer and longer, falling onto the table and occasionally whisking about.

“And there's some tail action! Lookin' oooOOOOO!” There was a deep moan, followed by a few pants. **“Mmmrumph, lookin' good me!”**

Rachel turned around. The crotch of his jeans was bulging pretty decently with a big bump in it. **“Gettin' a bit tight there!”** His paws came down and adjusted his belt, even popping

the button on them and letting the crotch area stretch. **“Much better! Big guy like me needs all the room I can get!”**

Rachel sat down, looking more puma and man than human and woman. He looked under the table. **“Pants are getting pretty tight in the legs. Might need to slide out of these soon and... oh! Better switch to Toe Cam!”**

There was an abrupt cut, showing his still human feet in some blue sandals. In the corner, the label, Toe Cam, was printed. His feet slowly grew, fur sprouting over them and toenails turning to stubby claws. Pads sprouted on his soles, his feet widening by the second.

There, the straps snapped on each as his feet grew too big. Toes swelled and morphed down to four per foot. The feline man kicked the remains of the broken footwear away, gently resting his paws on the floorboards.

Another abrupt cut, and the scene was back on the puma guy. He rolled his shoulders, a satisfied smile on his mug. **“Phew! I believe that's everything! Quick, simple, to the point, and frankly, the results?”**

Rachel lifted both arms and flexed them together. His biceps bulged, throbbing and showing how dense they were. A pleasant, amused purr came from him as he eyed both of his limbs eagerly. **“Mmmm, totally feeling fresh, if I do say so myself!”**

After a bit of posturing and posing, he rested his arms on the table. **“Sure, I'm not as beefy as you've seen me reach before in past episodes, but that's fine. Still pretty strong, and I'm liking this hunky cat look!”**

He felt his chin, a puzzled look on his face. **“Though... I'm not sure if I'm a puma, mountain lion, or something else. Never could tell the difference. ...eh, I'll go with puma until told otherwise.**

“So, let's get down to business! I give this One Happy, Beefy Feline out of ten!” He smiled, giving a very saucy, bedroom-eye look to the camera as it pulled in closer. **“Using orange juice like this is strange, but the results are great! Body odor has been fully replaced by the scent of oranges completely. Not sure how well this works as aftershave given you just grow fur in place of facial hair, but whatcha gonna do?”**

“My rating is...” He gave his table a solid drumroll with his paws. **“Ta-da!”** He held his paws out. Above them, in Arial font, a caption appears: **???? Chewification**

“Yeah, this is gonna be different from usual!” He awkwardly scratched the back of his head. **“I can't actually give my usual Chewification rating when the product isn't something that I can actually consume.”**

Rachel shrugged. **“Still, I'm gonna recommend it if you can order it. It is from France, so it will be difficult and costly for the non-French. I had to personally ask one of my witch associates to teleport me a bottle for this video.”**

The cat man nodded. **“Well, I guess that brings us to the end! I hope you enjoyed this unconventional episode of The Transformative Chew! It was a fun time, and, once I'm done here, I'm gonna snuggle on top of my boyfriend~.**

“As always, follow me on Blusky at TransformativeChew. Become a fellow Chewer at my Patreon: Transformative Chew Show!” The text for those appeared briefly below him. **“Don't forget to subscribe, like, and share the vid if you enjoyed it! Especially for those transformation fans who haven't found me yet!**

“With that, I wish you all a happy, changey, feely day!” He waved goodbye with both of his paws, making sure to hold them out to show off his bean pads.

The screen faded out as he waved, soon nothing but blackness.

“Are you spending too much money on apps that you don't remember? Try Rock-”

CLICK.

THE END

Inspired by this commercial here!

<https://youtu.be/2BKOC4zaB6I?si=TQhPDon0btZuXKgR>