

Chew Time: Digi-Pop

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Commission done for Anonymous

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A woman with long blue-hair appears, sitting at a white table, a blank, empty wall behind her. She has a smile on her face, her arms resting on the table and hands clench together.

“Hello! This is Rachel Groves, and I welcome you back, once again, to your favorite, changifying video series on the Internet, The Transformative Chew!” She waves her fingers all jazzy-like, grinning bigger.

Hands go back onto the table as she declares, “Are you thirty, because I sure am!” She licks her lips to make her point.

“Thankfully, a lovely Patron of mine, who wishes to be anonymous, decided to help me quench that thirst! He told me about this delightfully tasty drink that should be just what I need!”

Rachel starts reaching for something off-screen. “And what drink is that, you may ask? Why, it's something you all might be familiar with already if you follow the online buzz around food and drink TFs like me!

“Introducing...” She pulls a bright blue soda can out, one with red font in a very pixel-styled font stretched out at an angle. “Digi-Pop!” She holds it up towards the camera.

There is an abrupt cut. The can is now on a rotating tray, turning slowly to show off every inch of it and its various labels. Rachel can be heard narrating. “Now, this is a curious drink with not a lot of info out there, surprisingly! No one knows exactly where Digi-Pop came from or who makes it. It started randomly appearing in various vending machines across America... and in Germany for some reason.

“Seriously, no rhyme or reason for it! No one and no company have come forward saying they made it. Toei Animation definitely hadn't licensed it out either given what it does. It's a complete enigma! It's like it mysteriously spawned into existence!”

There's another abrupt cut, this time back to Rachel. The can is on the table now, Rachel is waving her hands around, wiggling her fingers. “Dun-dun-duuuuuunnn!”

She chuckles and puts her hands back down. “So, since there's not much backstory or much else to build up to here, I say we get straight into it, don't you think?” She winks. “I'm sure you're eager to see the results like I am!”

Rachel cracks open the soda, a light fizz and hiss coming from it like any normal soda can. She leans in and sniffs it. “Hmmm, smells like blue raspberry to me. I've heard reports that the smell and taste are random. Adds to its mysterious allure, doesn't it?”

She reaches up and pats her nose. “Hmm, no sniff changes, but drinks very rarely ever cause that sort of thing. If we want the results, I gotta chug for ‘em! Or, for now, sip!”

Rachel takes the can and slowly sips from it. “Hmmm...” She licks her lips. “Yep! That's definitely blue raspberry! Not a bad-OOOOO!”

The lady suddenly shivers visibly, shoulders tensing as she bites down on her bottom lip. On the sides of her head, her long hair shakes and parts. Two, triangular ears appear, growing blue fur over them with icy blue fuzz at the very tips. They flow up the sides of her head, white fur growing on the insides as they reach the top of her head.

“Ooooooh!” Rachel shudders, “That's a lotta sugar in it! I feel so jittery!”

“Should... should put this down before I spill it all over!” She places the can down and then looks at her shaky hands. “Looks like we got some results here!”

She holds out her hands to the camera, and it zooms in. Black pads are sprouting out on her fingers and palms, blue fur growing out around them and spreading out. Fur flows over onto the top side of her hands, which she flips over. Her fingernails are blacker, jutting out and pulling into sharp points, forming claws for her.

“Very nice!” Rachel says pleasantly, wiggling her fingers, “I feel the sugar soaking into them and, even if they don't look bigger, they feel stronger!”

At that moment, there's a strange sparkle around her hands. Following that, it seems like the image begins to rapidly pixelate around them, red appearing here and there. It only lasts a few seconds but by the time the image clears up, she's now wearing red battle gloves with openings for her fingers to stick out of.

“Liking these too!” Rachel carefully clenches her hands into fists. “I feel like a badass with these on!”

The camera pulls back again. “So, far, the changes are simple, but I'm sure they'll-”

Rachel flinches, eyebrows raising. She scooches out a little from under her table and looks underneath. “Oh! Looks like we're getting some more changes down below! Time to break out the shoe cam!”

The scene switches then to her feet in her open-toed blue sandals. Well, they were there for a moment. The digitizing effect was happening and, after a few moments, the sandals vanished from her feet.

Though, it is for the best and for comfort. Her feet grow, a toe on each foot merging with another. Blue fur sprouts over her digits and across her feet, which pop and crack. Toenails jut out into black claws and black pads sprouted beneath. Her feet shift onto their balls, their stance like that of a dog's.

After the changes finish, her toes wiggle, claws scraping through the carpeting. “Now that's some beastly feet! Better make sure everything matches!”

There is some light gulping, and the camera switches back to Rachel. She is drinking down the rest of the can, her sipping long over.

Her body shakes with each gulp, her eyes twitching. Slowly, her figure begins expanding too. Her shoulders lift and broaden, her top's straps digging into them. Her frame widens, her narrow waist vanishing as her breasts stretch out, protruding a little less than they do now.

“Delish!” She crushes the empty can and tosses it over her shoulder without a thought. “Now that's some **good pop!**” She grins to the camera, revealing sharp fangs and canines.

As she takes a moment to lick her chops, her hair quivers as if a breeze flowed through it. It begins to shrink, her long locks drifting up off her chest and from her shoulders. Hair in the back can be seen flowing up the back of her neck too.

Soon, her hair is at her head and shrinks further. It keeps going, seeming to thicken at the scalp. It soon becomes a soft, fuzzy layer of blue fur encompassing the top and back of her skull. There is a fluffy tuff above her forehead, but that is.

Rachel reaches up and feels her head, sliding her tough fingers through her fur. “**Well, so much for that, but it's all good. Less time to focus on haircare and more time to focus on muscle care, duuudes!**”

She sits there momentarily quiet, staring off into space. “**Huh, that just came out of me. That drink really affects the mind a bit too... but...**”

She scooches further back with her chair. **“But I do feel like a little muscle care... with a dash of showing off and flaunting what I got!”**

Rachel stands up, the camera tilting to keep her in frame. However, she keeps going up and up, her head going out of the shot. She does not address it. **“So, it's time for a full body shot of this, brahs!”**

Another abrupt cut happens, showing Rachel standing in the middle of the now open room. She can be seen from her feet to her head in one full shot. Her body and frame looks a lot more traditionally masculine, and the blue jeans she wore are now a pair of blue gym shorts.

She is looking down at the start of the cut before looking forward again. She quivers. **“Ooooooh man! Look at me grow! Heheh, this feels great. I can still taste that pop in my mouth, dudes!”**

Her hands tighten, her arms shaking. **“I really... really need to show off and show you all how radical I look!”**

There's a sharp **pop** and fluffy blue tail with white backside pops out from behind her. It curls up more than a shiba inu's tail, wagging away eagerly.

Then, she lifts her arms up, hands still gripped into fists. **“Check this out, bros!”** She does a bodybuilder pose, a Front Relaxed, bending out arms and bringing her hands in.

Her arms quake. Muscles start building and bulging as blue fur rockets up from the hands and across the limbs. The fur flows up and onto her shoulders, spreading across and meeting at her neck.

Rachel grins, looking between her buff arms and taking a moment to feel her biceps. **“Sweet! We can do more than this though, riiiiight?”**

She switches up to a Front Double Biceps, raising her arms up higher while pushing out her chest. Her large breasts quickly deflate back and back, leaving her chest flat for a moment. The area sprung back to life as two large pecs inflated out

As white fur spread onto her pecs and down her tummy, she quickly transitions to her next pose, the Front Lat Spread, bringing her fists back down to her core. Thick, light sky-blue fur spreads over her neck and between her pecs, forming a puffy, pseudo mane of sorts. The digitizing effects return then, two ponytail-esque tufts held in by golden bands that appear out of the fluff and hang over her pectorals.

“Phew! Getting hot!” Rachel chuckled, “And not just because of body temperature, duuuudes! Let’s keep those poses going!”

They rapidfire several different poses without stopping, occasionally turning and showing off their back muscles and glutes. In return, their body rapidfire several different changes, such as more body swelling and height. All of their clothing looked tight on their broad, muscular form, threatening to rip off. Their spaghetti strap top switches into a whitish gray tank top, quickly averting potential tearing.

Turning back around once more, there was one subtle change to Rachel. Their gym shorts now sport a slight bulge in the crotch.

“And time for the finisher, duuuudes!” He pulls off an Abdominal and Thigh pose, putting his hands behind his head. He pushes out his chest while pushing one leg forward. Both of his legs quiver, beef filling them at long last as blue fur flows down.

“Ooooooh, yeah!” The canine-looking Digimon growls delightfully, grinning. **“This feels great!”** His eyes tightly shut. **“Like, sooooo swolle, duuude!”**

His face slowly extends forward, fur rushing over the front of his head. Blue covers the top and sides of his face, white fuzz over most of his muzzle. Lips turn black and gummy, mostly invisible due to the fur. His nose blackens and turns bumpy, sitting at the end of his snoot.

His eyes reopen, a bazing, bright yellow highlighted by thicker, fiercer eyebrows. His grin turns devious, a yellow star mark appearing between his eyes. **“Gaogamon is feeling it!”**

Anthro Gaogamon looks down at himself before sliding his paws slowly down his sides and over his hardened muscles. The camera zooms in on his paws as they trace his body. **“Now that’s what I’m talkin’ ‘bout, bros!”**

The camera pulls out again as the canine flexes both of his arms normally. He eagerly looks between them, clearly admiring how his biceps bulge. **“That’s some serious swollage! This is just as good as Energy’mon, dude!”**

Gaogamon Rachel chuckles, shaking his head. **“Well, maybe not AS good! This form still seriously rocks! I’ve been missing out on looking this good!”**

“However, it’s no guarantee to happen, which is such a bummer!” He looks serious. **“While there isn’t much info on Digi-Pop, one thing is clear, the results are totally random! I may look this good, but there’s no guarantee you’ll be a buff Digibro. I’ve seen many**

videos about Digi-Pop when doing research. There's lady TFs, chubby TFs, scrawny TFs, and, like, soooo many others!"

The canine smiles again. **"But, like, what do you gotta lose by trying it, ya know?"**

"As such, my radical bros and broettes, time to review! I give Digi-Pop a big Digi-Device outta ten! Sure, the results may not be what you expect, but that doesn't mean you can't digivolve into something awwweesome, brahs! You might miss out on lookin' this swolle by not trying it!

"I give Digi-Pop a Swolle Chewification!" "Swolle Chewification" appears in Righteous Font below Gaogamon. **"Definitely drink up if you can find this! Just check every vending machine in your area, especially the shady parts, to see if you're totally lucky!"**

The camera pulls in, showing the changed host from above the waist. **"With that, Rachelmon is signing off on another bodacious episode of The Transformative Chew! Thanks for checking out..."** He lifts his shirt and strokes his abs, winking. **"...the goods."**

He laughs, dropping his tank top back down. **"Become a big Chewer at my Patreon: Transformative Chew Show."** The text for that appears in place of the rating. **"Smash that Like button and subscribe, if ya haven't already, to get more handsome content like this!"**

Rachelmon flexes. **"Have a changey, feely day, bros!"** He flashes one last smile, showing off his sharp fangs. The screen slowly fades to black and silence.

"This Friday, check out the movie audiences are raving about! See how a cub becomes a kin-"

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THE END