

Chew Time Participation: Digi-Pop

By: Firingwall

Commission done for IceWolf91

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The scene opens onto a mostly empty room with white walls and floorboards. In the center of the room are three things. One, a small, round, tall table with a single, bright blue soda can with illegible red text with how far away it is. Two and three, two individuals standing on opposite sides of it.

On one side is a woman with long blue hair, currently smiling and waving ahead to the audience. The other individual was a blond-haired, moderately fit man with blue eyes. He looks rather eager and excited about something, looking between the woman and the camera.

“Hello, my lovely Chewers!” the blue haired-woman declares, the scene slowly zooming in on the middle. “This is Rachel Groves, coming at you with, for the first time ever, a special presentation of The Transformative Chew!”

She grins. “I’ve been wanting to do this for a long time with my lovely fans, patrons, and some *very* interested parties. Allow me to explain! This, and hopefully more like it in the future, will be a special show where guests are invited to try one of our previous foods and drinks that I have had before. It allows people to get in on the fun they’ve only been able to see!

“And, with that in mind, allow me to introduce to you my first guest ever: Colin!”

The camera shifts its focus to put the man on the right more in the center. He smiles and waves now, looking even more eager. “Hi everyone! I’m Colin, and I’ve been a fan since almost the first video! It’s so exciting to be part of... well, all of this!”

“Glad to have you on board!” The camera pulls out again as Rachel continues talking. “So, what are we having for the very first show? Why, this! Reintroducing: Digi-Pop!”

Rachel motions her hands towards the soda can on the table. Not a few seconds after, there’s a very abrupt, closeup cut to a similar can of Digi-Pop in a different location. Its logo is clear and visible in red text as the drink slowly turns on a little disk.

Rachel can be heard narrating, “The basic jist, for those who hadn’t seen my video, is that Digi-Pop is a special soda that’s been appearing in random vending machines across America, and sometimes Germany. No one knows why or who made it, but everyone knows what it does...”

Another abrupt cut happens, and the scene returns back to Rachel and Colin. Both them are grinning and waving their hands eagerly. “Digimon Transformation!” they said in unison.

A small caption appears below them: *Be sure to check out the link in the description to see Rachel's Digi-Journey!*

“DigiPop induces all kinds of unique Digi-transformations in the people who drink it,” Rachel continues, “You already saw the effects it had on me and that was amazing!”

“Buuuuut that was only one transformation. It's more fun if we get to see other kinds of TFs than just that.” She holds out her hands towards Colin. “That's why Colin is here today! He'll be bravely stepping up to provide us some quality, changey goodness today!”

“As such, let's turn to the star of our video and watch him undergo his Digivolution!” The camera slowly pans to the side and zooms in, putting only Colin in view and from his knees up.

“Thanks Rachel!” He gives her a smile and then focuses ahead. “I'm super pumped for this! I've never tried Digi-Pop before so I don't know what I'm going to be! This is so cool!”

He took the can and cracked it open. He slowly sips it at first, leaning further and further back as it evolves into a gulp and then a chug.

After a bit, he puts the can down and sighs. “Mmmm,” he hummed pleasantly, wiping his mug, “That tastes really good. Kind of like orange soda...”

Then, he visibly shivers, his arms jittery and hunching back and forth. “Phew! Heck of a punch too! That's not too bad either.” He licked his chops. His tongue is redder and long, pulled into more of a point at its end. It slides across his chops before diving back in.

“Soooo, when do these changes star-”

A sharp tear is heard, causing him to flinch, eyes widening. He yanks his head down, and the camera follows suit. His sneakers have broken open in their fronts, the toe caps ripped away from the soles. Three clawed, orange scale toes were sticking out.

Sticking out and clawing forward, sharp ends scratching the floorboards. His feet were growing and quickly at that, more of the shoes breaking apart. Large, reptilian feet were coming out, wide at the front and narrow in the back. The scales looked rough, almost like dinosaurs from Jurassic Park, or, perhaps from Digimon in this case.

“Sweet!” Colin is heard, his feet clenching and unclenching, toes scraping the floorboards more. “These look so cool!”

There's another tearing sound soon after, the camera pulling back out a little and raising up. There's a tail extending out from his lower back. It isn't too long yet, but it whips about eagerly and happily, tearing off more and more pieces of his pants as it does.

With that done, the camera goes back to showing Colin from above his waist. He's smiling and looking over his shoulders. “Very nice... but I should probably take off my clothing at this point?”

“Not necessarily!” Rachel calls from off-screen, “People do love some clothes tearing! Give the audience what they want!”

“Fair!” He looks back, his eyes looking a tad fiercer. Perhaps it is the fiery shade of red that his irises had now.

He doesn't notice of course, merely quivering. His short blond hair is starting to grow now, leaving the comforts of his head and dropping down his neck and onto his shoulders. It grows messier in style and a touch spikier. Streaks of red run through it one at a time until all the blond in it is gone.

Some of his hair falls in front of his eyes. He scrunches his face, reaching up and tugging at it for a better look. He starts smiling again and brushes it away. “Hmm, I think I know where this is going!”

As his hands part his hair, it trembles. On the back, orange scales begin appearing, spreading across and onto his palms. His fingers jerk and twitch, fingernails slowly growing longer and pointer. One of them gently scratches his forehead, and he yanks his hand away.

Colin looks at it, turning it over and around, showing everything off. His middle and ring fingers merge into one as his hands swell in size. Fingers get a little longer, the nails becoming almost claw-like. “Heh, gonna have to be careful with these in the future.”

He looks down at his other arm, still limp against him. He raises it and brings his other hand into frame. It had changed as well with its own strong scales and tough power.

“How are you feeling so far?” Rachel asks.

“Pretty good!” Colin admitted, looking between both hands. “I’m still a little tingly from the drink, but I do feel... powerful? It’s like there’s something within me that’s getting stronger and stronger!”

“Hmm, sounds like that calls for some good indulging! Feel yourself out. Clench those fists. Flex those arms. Do what feels right here!”

Colin nods, his fingers gently wiggling. With that, he grips both hands into fists tightly. The nails dig in but thankfully do not penetrate his scales. His arms throb, skin pulsing in different spots as something seems to course through him.

That’s when the orange scales start spreading from his hands onto his arms. They disappear out of sight as they slip underneath his black tee’s sleeves, but not for long. His arms throb and swell, splitting the fabric open and revealing his powerful orange biceps.

“Phew!” Colin starts panting in between chuckles. His cheeks are reddening. “This feels rather... what’s a fancy, professional word? Invigorating?”

“Oh, don’t worry about being professional here!” Rachel chuckles off-screen. “Just enjoy yourself and show the audience the goods!”

Colin grins, sharp-looking fangs filling his maw. “You got it!”

The camera tilts back down at this time, showing his waist to his feet now. His toes are clenching, digging more into the floorboards. His legs shake and begin to bulge with defined musculature. The only difference is that his jeans don’t rip, managing to hold his legs in while still highlighting their shape.

The camera pans out to show all of him again. His body has gotten bigger. He’s taller and wider with a broader frame from his shoulders to his buffer torso. His t-shirt is much tighter, clinging to his sculpted muscles.

“Ooooooh yeah!” Colin pants more, the camera slowly moving in on his face. “That’s goood. Keep... keep on growing, me!”

With his head centered, he licks his chops again. Orange scales appear around where he licked and spread out over his mug. His nose widens, nostrils melding into his head and leaving behind slits. His jaws crack and pop, pushing forward.

As orange scales appear out of his collar and crawl upwards, his head twitches and grows. More and more of it shifts, moving from human to something more reptilian/dino-esque. A few more pops, and now he has a familiar, fierce Digimon head.

Colin reaches up and feels his snout, running his strong fingers over the top of his muzzle and across his nose. His eyes narrow in, trying to look at his mug. "Wow, this feels weird. I never had a muzzle before."

Then, there's a weird, pixel effect. It appears over his face, or, at the least, the top half. The pixels are grey and begin to turn solid. Slowly, an equally familiar helmet appears over his noggin with sharp horns that make him look extra intimidating.

Colin blinks, only his whites and red irises visible in the dark eye holes of the helmet. He reaches up and feels his helmet, touching the horns and tracing its sharp edges. "There we go!" He knocks on it, making a satisfying clunk sound. "I'm Wargreymon! This is so goddamn awe-"

The camera rapidly pulls out to show his entire body as he freezes up. The digital, pixelating effect has returned, appearing all over his body wherever there was clothing.

However, instead of adding to it, things vanish. His torn shirt and hanging-in-there pants are gone in seconds. His rather buff, firm body is left fully exposed. The only thing besides his helmet that he wears now is a new pair of red tights with a sun symbol over his crotch.

There is a sharp whistle from off-screen. "Looking good, hot stuff! We're turning this up to a PG-13 now!"

Colin chuckles awkwardly, looking down at himself. "Thanks! Was not expecting any of this." He places his clawed mitts against his pecs and gently squeezes them. "This is pretty awesome. Kind of wished my shoes didn't break though."

"I'll say!" Rachel calls, "What a mess!"

The camera slowly pulls out to show the host again. "So! I say Digi-Pop did some wonders today, wouldn't you agree, Wargreymon?"

"Mhm!" Colin nods happily. "I think that I oooooOOOOOO!"

The camera quickly pulls back onto Colin alone as he pants again, hunching over. His body is quivering and shaking, his toes and fingers and clenching repeatedly.

“Is something wrong?!” Rachel asks, now out of the shot.

“So... so fucking **hot!**” “Wargreymon” cries out, licking his chops again, now more feral like. “Feels... feels sooooo **good!**”

At that moment, his crotch throbs and his tights start to stretch... and stretch... and stretch some more. The camera tilts down a little, showing the bump in his tights getting more noticeable. It slowly swells to cantaloupe size, the fabric hugging and caressing it.

“Oh... **oh man...**” Colin looks down now as well, his pupils dilating. His crotch bulge gets bigger and bigger, moving past any semblance of normal and into basketball proportions.

“**H-huge!!**” Colin cries out, a claw slowly moving in, whether intentionally or not. It strokes the hefty bulge, which causes it to quiver and tent. It tents more and more until...

It broke. The tights burst open and fell to the ground in a heap. From it, a huge pair of leathery, orange balls hangs loose while a large, pointed, barbed cock thrust out. It stood erect, quivering gently. It is more than two feet long and thicker than a soda bottle.

Colin pants more and more, the rod throbbing hard. Pre begins to drizzle out, balls churning below. “It’s... **it’s...**”

“**FUUUUCK!**” The cock blows its load, sending thick, creamy seed into the air. The camera pulls out as Colin throws his head back and bellows loudly like a beast.

After a few moments, his rod goes limp and shrinks down, though still remaining super-sized. The Digimon man pants and chuckles, rubbing the underside of his mug.

“**Goddamn, this is awesome!**” Colin ran his hands down his pecs, across his six-pack abs, and down onto his cock. His smile shifts into a devious smirk, shivering when his rod is stroked.

He looks back into the camera. “**What do you all think?**” He puts his arms behind his head and pushes out his pecs. “**I think I turned out pretty awesome.**” He spins around, lifting his tail and showing his tight butt. “**Wouldn't you say?**”

The camera slowly pulls back out, showing Rachel once again. She is looking at him, her face very red and eyebrows very high. “W-well... wow!” she speaks, struggling to think of the words as she scratches the back of her head. “Now that... that was... that was something we definitely can't show on YouTube!”

Rachel looks at the camera. “Looks like this will be a video for our exclusive members only. Hope you enjoy it.”

“**Exclusive only?**” Colin shakes his head as he turns around. “**Heh, such a shame. Not everyone is gonna get to enjoy this show, eh?**” He flexes both of his arms, his biceps bulging quite tantalizingly.

Rachel claps a little, chuckling. “Well, I can guarantee plenty of people will still enjoy the show over... and over and over again. She winks, and the two of them laugh.

The host looks back at the camera, hands on her hips in a triumphant pose. “And with that, I think that brings today's special presentation to a close!” She looks downward towards the ground ahead of Colin, just off camera. “Gonna need to get this all buffed and fixed for next time.

“Thank you all for joining the first ever guest show of The Transformative Chew with our special guest star, Colin!” The two of them clap. “If you're interested in becoming a guest yourself, do keep an eye on the Patreon for when my new Guest Show Tier goes live!

“With that, thank you so much my lovely Chewers for tuning in!” Rachel gives a polite bow. “I'll see you all in the next video!” She turns to Wargreymon Colin. “Any last words for our hungry viewers, handsome?”

“**Oh yeah!**” The camera, for the last time, zooms in on the Digimon, showing him now from the chest up. He reaches to the side and holds up the soda can, making sure to show its logo. “**Be sure to drink Digi-Pop if you want to look this good!**”

A caption appears below him momentarily. “*Results may vary upon consumption.*”

Wargreymon winks, puffing out his chest again to show off his impressive pectorals. The shot slowly blackens until nothing is seen.

Click.

THE END