

Pupper Scouts Cookie Sale

By: Firingwall

Featuring additional character, Val Floofier, owned by Vinkuro

DING DONG! DING DONG! KNOCK-KNOCK! KNOCK-KNOCK!

“Yes, yes! I'm coming, I'm coming!” Virginia Connell hurried to her front door. *Yeesh, these people are so inconsiderate! They don't have to be obsessively hammering my door!*

The older woman, hovering towards fifty, moved as fast as she could. She was just getting done pulling dinner out of the oven when the needless noise started blaring. Surely it wasn't the post office or a delivery person. They wouldn't be so inconsiderate.

When she reached the door, which rattled with each knock, she started opening it without checking first.

“HeIIIIII-LOOOOOOOOOO!”

“HIYA!” An assault of giggles and nauseating, sugary-sweet yips greeted her ears first as the door opened. An onslaught of disgustingly bright colors overwhelmed her eyes when the doorway was wide. Everything was bad.

“Da name is Jessica Pupper, but call me Jessie!”

“I'm her bestie in da whole wide world, Val Floofier!” It was toons, two brightly colorful pink and orange toon dogs.

“And weeeeeeee're...” **BLUUMP!** The two hip and butt bumped each other, their sizable bottoms shaking. They got close, side to side and boob to boob. “PUPPER SCOUTS!” Their plump, plush, oversized paws did jazz hands as a bunch of confetti exploded behind them, vanishing as soon as it hit the ground.

Toons... Virginia was absolutely disgusted. The dog named Jessie was a short, bright pink springer with pointed glasses. The other, Valerie, was a fairly tall, orange husky. The two had the brightest of smiles on their faces.

However, she paid no attention to that. *Such vulgar, whorish figures!* Both of them had huge breasts, wide hips, and probably gratuitously big bottoms stuffed into ill-fitting, Girl Scout uniform parodies. *Toons weren't like this when I was growing up.*

She internally snorted, the corner of her mouth twisting. *They also stayed on TV and movie screens where they belonged too.*

The Puritan woman felt nothing but contempt for them. *Horrible, absolutely horrible, wicked creatures.* She eyed their chests briefly, noting how much their uniforms hugged them. *What if children were to see these pornographic th-things?!*

A particular bit of anger bubbled more than the others. *What if Susie was home? Oh! They would corrupt her poor frail mind! They'd lead her down a horrible path, I know it!*

However, Virginia wasn't going to explode. Not yet at least. She cleared her throat and spoke slowly. "I'm going to have to ask you to--"

"We're selling COOKIES!" Jessie declared very loudly. She reached behind her back and pulled out a big cardboard box, nearly shoving it in her face.

"Yeppers! Yuuuuummy cookies!" Val opened the box and pulled out two smaller, seemingly knock-off-looking boxes of Thin Mints and Samoas. "All cookie profits go to supporting our fellow Pupper Troops and local community volunteer services, like food pantries and shelters for those less fortunate!"

"Eat sugary delights and feel good about yourself at the same time!" Jessie added.

The duo sighed, their tails wagging eagerly. "Awww, its livin' the dream, we tell ya!"

Hrrmph, such a mockery of real Girl Scouts, I swear! Virginia remained disgusted. Her heart hadn't been moved one bit.

Though, there was one thing that caught her attention. "Shelters?" she muttered, "Mrrumf, what kind of shelters exactly?"

"Oh yes, of course! Specifics!" Val's eyes sparkled. "This time, a part of our sales go to raising money for Jennifer Welcomes. If you don't know, they're a place that--"

Disgust became contempt. Virginia knew of that place well. *Raising money for such a vile place full of freeloaders and degenerates?! Her hands clenched. They're trying to raise money for people who would corrupt my daughter into an unhealthy, immoral lifestyle!!*

There was no more trying to be "nice". "Leave right now!"

For the first time, the two toons looked surprised. Their tails slowed down, confusion settling on their faces. "Is something wrong?" Val asked.

"What's wrong? WHAT'S WRONG?!" Virginia spat, "How could you possibly not know what's wrong?! You two groomers are trying to corrupt the good children of our country by funding freak organizations that'll indoctrinate them with vile, filthy beliefs! You two are just public meances!"

The two dogs said nothing. In fact, it felt as if all noise simply died. The world was eerily silent. The two stared at her, their tails frozen in place.

Virginia could feel a cold chill in the air. *Wh-why are they looking at m-me like that?*

Their stares lasted an uncomfortable, eerie amount of time before they eventually looked at each other, frowning. "Well," Jessie huffed, "Someone's being a grumpy, meanie, ugly pants!"

"Indeedie doo, Jessiepoo!" Val nodded, folding her arms.

Virginia felt some of her nerves return when they looked away. "Wha-what did I *just* say? I-I want you hussies to leave!"

The orange toon looked back, her expression much softer and with a big grin. "Ahem!" she giggled, "It's *Husky*, not hussy! Silly billy, wrong doggie!"

"She's soooooo disrespectful!" Jessie added, shaking her head. "She's... she's soooo many mean things all rolled into one that I dunno what to mention first!"

"Sh-shut up!" The lady was at the end of her ropes. The toons weren't leaving at all! "You two horrible, vile scum need to leave my premises at once! Take your stupid cookies and skanky clothes with you, or I'll call the police!"

"LE GASP!" The two yipped at once, their ears twitching while Jessie's shut up. Did they finally get the message?

The dogs looked at each other. "Stupid and skanky?! Why I never!" No. They did not.

Before Virginia could do or say anything else, the air seemed to change. Jessie's eyes narrowed, a heavy snort leaving her snoot. "Sounds like someone needs some non-grump cookies, I say!"

“Couldn't agree more!” Val shoved her cookie boxes back into the big one and pulled out a new one. This time, it was a bright, rainbow box. It positively glowed under the sun's rays.

The sight of it brought pause to Virginia. She knew that whatever was in that box or whatever they had in mind couldn't be good. She started to close the door.

However, a puffy, pink paw foot blocked the door. Jessie grinned. “Na-ah! Missy needs some cheer. You may not deserve this super special cookie, but everyone who has to be around you does!”

Val broke open the box and pulled out a frosted cookie, one with rainbow icing stripes. Virginia felt her heart skip a beat, and she tried to turn away. However, an orange paw stuffed itself and the cookie into her maw, cartoonishly fitting in without trouble.

POP! Val yanked her paw out, leaving the treat behind. Virginia trembled. She could taste the cookie on her tongue and then all over. The sugary sweetness was overwhelming. It felt like her teeth would rot away!

Yet, they did not. The sugar was merely absorbed into them, bleaching them pearly white. Then, they grew. Sharpening a little, they stretched and morphed into teeth more fitting for a dog.

T-too... too much! Virginia trembled again. *Need... need to get it out.* She tried to move her jaws, lips, and tongue. She needed to spit the cookie out.

However, her mouth betrayed her. Her teeth bit down and chewed the cookie up. Her senses exploded, pupils dilating. Cartoonish shivers and vibrations ran down her entire body and into her feet. Then, the shakes bounced right back up, flying straight up into her head like they hit a trampoline.

POING-POING! The shakes hit her ears, and they blasted up. Dark purple fur grew over them in the blink of an eye. Their shape turned pointed and triangular, almost similar to Val's. Eventually, they rested comfortably at the top of her noggin.

GULP! When the ears settled into place, Virginia swallowed automatically. The shaking continued, though the vibrations sticking to just her head now. Everything was a blur, and she could barely think straight.

Need... need to stop! **SLAP!** She smacked her hand against her face. Her cartoonish rattling stopped thankfully.

But tooniness continued. Once her hands struck, the quivering went straight into them and passed by. Her fingers ballooned out into pudgy, puffy, purple-furred digits. Pink pads popped out on them and then her palms, fur growing fast behind. Her hands doubled in size after, digits merging until only four remained on each paw. It was a miracle that her wedding ring grew to fit.

“Oooooo, what was that?” Virginia spoke, feeling a bit dizzy after everything. *“Why did... oh mah sugar!”* She yipped herself, looking at her fingers. *“What did you do to mah... my voice!”* It was delightfully airy and cute.

The toon puppers merely giggled, tails wagging. *“This isn’t funny, gals!”* whined Virginia, her voice almost a doggie whimper. *“Why do I-EEP!”*

BOOOOOSH! The shaking had continued down her arms and back into her feet. Her slippers exploded into confetti as big, puffy paws came out. They were just as purple as her hand paws, with pink pads and four digits each. The only difference was they were pudgier and shaped more like the back feet of a dog.

“Oh me, oh my!!” Virginia yipped, looking at her feet. *“Oh goodness me!”* She really liked those slippers, the loss of swearing was certainly off-putting as well. *“This is horrible!”*

Her dog ears twitched. She heard snickering. She snapped at the duo, *“What’s so funny?!”*

“Nuuuuuuthin’!” Jessie giggled, holding a paw over her maw. *“It’s just... your tail says otherwise!”*

“Tail?” **RIIIIIIP!** Virginia quivered, pupils dilating yet again. The back of her sweatpants tore open. A very fluffy purple tail with a very light purple end had come out, wagging away like a dog being presented a treat.

“EEEE!” Looking over her shoulders, her heart raced at the sight. Without even thinking, she grabbed her tail and stopped it in its tracks.

In return, she cartoonishly vibrated and shook, a blur to almost anyone who saw her.

“Oh phooey!” Virginia sighed, letting go, *“This is... so poo! So RUUFF!”* She slapped her paws over her mouth, furry sideburns growing alongside her face. She just barked.

“Awww, but all of this is, liiiiike, totes sweeter and better scented than poo!” Val explained, her tail wagging in rhythm with the changee’s. “I mean, it’s just as sweeeeet as that collar ya got!”

“*Collar?*” Virginia reached for her neck. She couldn’t feel her necklace anymore, but something thicker and more like nylon rope. She tugged on it, finding it as stretchy as taffy, and brought it to her face.

It was a bright pink dog collar. It had the phrase, “Mommy Doggie” embroidered across it with hearts. There was also a dog tag shaped as a heart, though it was mysteriously blank.

“*Awwww, that is sweet!*” Virginia yipped, “*Just me, darling!*”

There was a quiet pause. The collar started slipping out of her pads. Her eyes widened, jaw dropping. “*WHAT AM I SAYING?!*”

YIIIP! The dog collar snapped back into place, smacking her neck and sending shakes upward. **POP!** Her scrunchie broke, and her hair bun came undone. The locks fell down.

And they kept cascading down, stretching all the way to her bum. It grew in volume and thickness, an elegant shimmer coming to it that was glossier than a shampoo commercial. From the roots down, neon green invaded, a sharp contrast with her furry parts.

“*My... my hair!*” Virginia whimpered, taking some of it and looking at it. “*My boooo-tee-fuuuul hair!*” She cringed at the way she said it, hating how naturally it rolled off her tongue.

“Awww, but green is so you!” Jessie stated, setting down her box and stroking the woman’s hair as well. “It’s soooo well-groomed and taken care of!”

“I’m almost jelly too!” Val declared, inching in for a feel too.

“*St-stop that!*” Virginia pulled her hair back, whisking her head back to yank it all behind her. “*You... you... you dubious, diabolical, duplicitous doggie dames!!*” The duo giggled, applauding her verbiage. “*Why did you do this to me?!*”

“Wellllll, ain’t it obvs?” Jessie shook her head. “We are de-grumpifying you!”

“*De... de-grumpifying me?*”

“Mhm! We're helping you become a happier, nicer person instead of some bitter, ugly-personality-driven meaniepoo!”

Virginia huffed, baring her fangs. “*I’m not being a meaniepoo, darlings! I’m being real and truthful!*”

“Is that what it's called, Valliepoo?” Jessica whispered.

“Maybe to *some*, it is.” Val whispered back, “Poor lady, doesn't even really get it.”

With that, Val stretched a foot up to Virginia's side and snapped into place beside her. She placed an arm around her and pulled her in even tighter.

Bloooof. Virginia's face went red as a cushiony feeling was pressed against her. *Oh wow! Her mammaries are marshmallow soft! Hehe, must be nice to have such melons!*

No! Don't be like that! Her teeth gritted, hands clenching tightly. I'm a super, loyal pooch to my big, strong, daddy hubby... arrrgh, I mean, I'm not gonna let my mind be swayed by those vile, voluptuous, pupper pillows!

“Come now!” Virginia snapped back to attention, looking at Val. Her face is close to her face. “You're becomin’ soooo much better, both inside and out! Have a lookie at yourselfie!”

Val reached behind her back and pulled out a hand mirror, holding it to the mom's face. “**LEGASPI!** Dun-dun-dun-duuuuuun! Dramatic music blared from out of nowhere. “*My face is so...*”

Young. Time had melted away. All of her lines, wrinkles, blemishes, and more were gone. She looked as if she was back in her early twenties once more. Her eyes were alive with a joy she hadn't seen in them for a long time.

So cute! Absolutely darlin’! Virginia stroked her face, feeling where the lines should've been. “*I’m so gor-ACHOOOO!*” Her nose puffed out into a light purple, canine snoot.

“*Oh dear! My nose!*” She could see her bumpy sniffer perfectly in the mirror. It was a little plumper than either of the toons while still rather sweet-looking. She nervously reached her hand over, rubbing a soft pad against it. She pressed into it.

BOOOOP! Giggles flooded out of her mouth, her body tingling with delight. *Wowsers, that felt goooooo!*

She slouched forward, eyes rolling back. Her jaw went slack as a long pink tongue drooped out. Her tail wagged away, almost a blur. All of it was embarrassing, something that should've pissed her off. She knew all of that despite how blurry and blissful her mind was.

I should... should be veeerrry angry at these pups. Her mind tried focusing on that. *I'm turning into them. I'm turning into a hussy!* Her eyes fell on Val. *Or was it husky? Like, maybe I said it wrong like she-*

Virginia pushed herself away from Val and her mirror. She slapped her cheeks a few times, shaking her head. “*No-no-no-no-no! Virgy, focus!*” She huffed and glared at the toons, pointing accusingly with her puffy paws. “*You two!*” Question marks appeared above their heads. “*You two stop this right now! I wanna turn back to normal!*”

“Turn you back?” Jessie asked.

“Stop the changes?” Val inquired. The two exchanged glances, bemused and giggling.

“Oh honey, why would we ever do that?”

“You're becomin' a tooootal sweetiepie!”

Jessie zipped up close to Virginia, dropping her box and taking her paws. “Why would you wanna stop the sweetness and go all sour?”

“*I... I, ah...*” Virginia took her hands from Jessie but couldn't answer her. The words wouldn't come out. No matter how hard she mustered to form them on her tongue or even in her mind, nothing negative followed.

For the first time in a long time, she couldn't feel hate or anger within her. She felt something kinder and pleasant brewing. Looking at them and stroking her toony features, there was a bright, blooming feeling within that was overflowing.

“*Hmmmmmm...*” There was a sparkle in her eyes as she began to stroke her chin. “*What do I want? Well...*” She cocked her hips to the right with comical force.

Ba-BOOSH! Her hips widened while her waist narrowed. “*I could go back to sourness...*”

“*Oooooorrrr...*” **BA-BOOOOSH!** She threw her hips to the left, widening them even further. Her rear also got a lift, years melting off as it firmed up. Her sweatpants tightened on her as they gained leopard-print. “*I can stay an absolutely stunning woman of a dog!*”

FWOOOOMP! Virginia jerked her head around. Even looking over her shoulders, she could still see her bottom. It had ballooned to super size, cartoonishly Pixar-Mom sized with her hips, thighs, and especially her butt. It stood out even more with how ridiculously narrow her waist had become.

“Ummmm...” Virginia's head tilted. “*When pondering such marvelous, sweet, warm thoughts...*” Questions marks started floating off her head. “*...I really think... think...*”

Welllllll... if you ask me, said a familiar voice in her mind. *I, for one, do not want to be a cartoonishly silly, fluffy, adorable, beautiful pupper with motherly mammaries and a booty that everyone admires!* The voice went quiet. *Umm... ah... why... why don't I want this again?*

Dunno, darling! Frankly, take a rest and let me handle things! The voice quieted, Virginia smiling. “*Maybe you gals are right! Perhaps I should be just like you!*”

The mom quivered, her rage and disgust dissolving away. Across her body, with the puffy sound of **FLOOOOF**, purple fur of various tones and shades sprouted. No trace of humanity was visible now with her, not that she would care.

“You wanna be tooooooootally like us?” Jessie's eyes fluttered, sparkling. She thrust out her chest proudly, the soft mounds jiggling in her dress. “Ya want big honkers like these girls?”

“*Ah-huh!*” Virginia nodded furiously. **Psssssssssst.** The sound of an air tank filling a balloon blared, her chest jiggling in her top. It slowly rose as her collar dipped and widened. A valley of cleavage formed and grew vast.

“You wanna be kewt like us?” Val rested her muzzle on her paws, giving a few fluttery blinks herself.

“*Mhmmmm!*” **SWOOOMP!** Her face jittered and shot forward like a bullet before snapping right back. A cute, dazzling toon muzzle was formed, its fur white-ish purple while the rest of her head was deep purple.

“And you wanna be totes sweet and be super nice to everyone you were a total grouch too before?”

“*Yes yes yes!*” That she especially wanted to be. She had been such a nasty, mean old lady before. How could she say or even believe such evil, vile things like before?

Now, the sugary, toony sweetness was coursing through every fiber of being. The old her was melting away, and she couldn't be happier!

"I'm not gonna be the old me anymore!" Her breasts swelled, the top of her mounds popping out of her wide cleavage window. *"I'm gonna be a darling, gorgeous pupper mom, starting right now, honey!"*

Virginia thrust out her chest and struck a pose, putting her paws on her wide hips. Her breasts jiggled and bounced to the sound of drums before ballooning more. D to E and then to even F, just a perfectly mother size for her that was bigger than her fellow puppers. Her shirt hugged her mounds tighter, almost form-fitting around them. The phrase "Best Toon Mommy" was splattered across the chest.

"Wonderful!" Val grinned, clapping her paws, "Just marvelous! Now that you've been de-grumpified, let's get down to business again. Can we interest you in some?"

"COOKIES?!" Virginia barked, her pupils dilating and turning bright pink. Her tail wagged so hard that it was a complete blur.

"Ahem..." she cleared her throat. *"Errr, yes, sweeties. I would very much like some of your delectable cookies."* She reached behind her back and pulled out her purse. She was sure she left it back in the kitchen, but did such a thing really matter here?

She got out her checkbook and scribbled something on it. She handed the check to Jessie, who took one look and gasped. Her glasses flew off her snoot, up into the air, before falling back down and landing on it perfectly. "WOWZERS! Are you sure about this?"

"Mhm! Gimme as many boxes of whatever as that can get me. Anything left over, consider it a big tip to where you're donating money too. I need to make up for the unpleasant behavior I've exhibited somehow."

"Yes, ma'am!" Val reached behind her back and pulled out a small box of mint cookies. "We'll have to run back to base to get everything, but you can have this box right now for being such a nice pupper!"

"Thank you!" Virginia took the box, opened it, and in one single motion dumped all the cookies down into her maw. **CHOMP! GULP!**

"Oh dear!" The orange husky cried out, slapping her paws against her cheeks. "You should really savor those... plus, they'll all go to your butt!"

Without missing a beat, Virginia responded, “So?” **Psssst.** Her ass plumped further, fully heart-shaped, firm, and jutting out farther from her body. She gently stroked it. “*The cookies are scrumptious and frankly, my dear, a big rear isn’t so bad, especially when it would please your hubby.*”

“True!” Jessie nodded. She looked at the check. “So, we’ll bring more boxes to Mrs... umm... Golly Mollie ByCollie? That’s what you signed it, right? I’m bad at reading signatures.”

“*Hmm?*” Virginia tossed her box aside and took a look at the check. Sure enough, that was the name that she signed. She checked her collar too, finding Golly on the nametag.

And frankly, it all sounded right to her! *What a charming, lovely name!* “Indeed, dears. That’s moi. But, please, Mrs. ByCollie was my mother. Call me Golly.”

“Okie-dokie, Golly!” Jessie chimed, stuffing the check into her cleavage. Golly giggled haughtily. That name sounded even better when hearing someone else say it. “We’ll bring back tooooooons of cookies later!”

“Great! I hope they are as yummy and sugary as the ones I just had.”

“Oh sure, but less transformy! Those are only for grumpy grumps!”

Golly nodded, smiling away. However, on the inside, she was cringing. The past stung her again. All of those years of hatred and ugliness made her feel miserable. She had inflicted so much pain on people, especially her precious kid and husband. She needed to start making right.

Though, while she could mend fences with her loved ones at home and in her community, there was less she could do elsewhere. Her friends, certain co-workers, and other family members... their ugliness went deep. The thought of them made her purple coat almost dim.

Unless... A lightbulb appeared above her head, turning on. “*Saaaaaaay...*” She took the bulb and hid it behind her back. “*I’m acquainted with many people who could do with a rainbow cookie themselves. They are quite sour and could use a bit of cheer. Maybe I have some?*”

“Well, we can’t just give those out,” Jessie explained, “Only official Pupper Scouts may administer them.”

“Oooh? May I join? I may not be as young and vibrant as you pups, but this doggie can certainly be a Den Mommy.”

“Only if the people who you give them to join as well,” Val yipped, her hips wiggling with excitement, “More puppers mean a better world!”

“*DEAL!*” Golly knew this was what she had to do. She needed to spread the sugary, puppy love to all of her besties and family. Turn those frowns upside, brighten their hearts, and give their chest a big, furry boosting.

Val was right. She was going to make the world a better place filled with fellow puppers just like them, one cookie at a time!

THE END?