

Chew Time: Pupper Popsicle

By: Firingwall

Click.

A lovely, blue-haired woman sat alone at an empty table. Only herself from the mid-waist up was visible in the shot. The empty wall behind her had some shelves set up with a few blurry food boxes on them. Her hands were held together, arms spread out as they rested on the table surface.

The woman smiled brilliantly. “Hellooo! This is Rachel Groves here with another classic episode of The Transformative Chew. We ain’t selling out today, everybody! You don’t have to skip ahead, you naughty skippers!”

Rachel rolled back slightly in her chair. “Today, hangry viewers, I bring to you something that hits close to home!” She reached down, disappearing beneath the table. “It’s a treat developed by someone VERY dear to my heart!”

With a loud grunt, the lady lifted a large cooler onto the table. She patted it gently, looking straight ahead. “Yes yes, this is shameless plugging for them. Buuut, I assure you all, you’ll love the results nonetheless!”

Suddenly, images of beaches and the burning sun flashed repeatedly, replacing Rachel. “Now, it’s summertime and that means it’s super hot outside! At times like this, you’ll want to coooool on down so you don’t melt away, riiiiight?”

The scene cut back to Rachel as she opened the cooler. “And for that, you’ll want something chill, something nice that you don’t have to be constantly drinking or eating to beat that heat.”

She reached into the open cooler and pulled out a pink-wrapped popsicle. “Ta-DA! I present to you the Pupper Popsicle!”

The scene shifted again. Now, an unwrapped, orange popsicle was on a slowly spinning display tray. Rachel’s voice was heard. “The Pupper Popsicle was developed by my number one pup, Jessica the Toon Pupper, or Jessie Pupper if you wanna be fresh!

“The Pupper Popsicle is an exclusive treat only found at her ice cream cart in our neck of the woods. It comes in a variety of flavors from strawberry to your tasty creamsicle! It’s packed with toony vitamins and chilling calories that’ll keep you cool throughout a scorcher of a day!”

Rachel, her popsicle, and her table reappeared again, this time without the cooler. “And yes, it’s probably obvious what the effects of this are, but don’t you worry!” She waved her popsicle. “A new, fuzzy coating won’t increase your heat! You’ll remain all coooool!”

With a giggle, she ripped open the popsicle’s top. The image zoomed in on it briefly, showing that the treat was white with dark spots. Zooming back out, she let out a low “oooo”.

“I recognize this!” She tore off the rest of the wrapper. “This will bring out a certain breed in me. No colorful fur for this one, but that’s fine! The results will still be satisfying!”

She brought the popsicle close to her nose and gave it a sniff. There was a stock sound effect of a drum roll as the camera slowly zoomed in, this time on her nose.

However, it zipped right back out as fast as it started. She gently rubbed her plain, normal nose. “Unlike many of the foods we’ve tried, there’s no scent effect this time. No fun changes happen from a simple sniff.”

She nodded. “I know, I know, disappointing. But, the zany fun all starts in the licks. Watch closely!”

She turned her head to the side. The camera went back in, keeping her head fully in the shot as she brought her popsicle close. She held its stick end to her mouth and stuck her tongue out. Its tip touched the end, her face twitching.

Slowly, she ran her tongue from the top to the tip of the icy treat. The reddish pink tongue brightened as it did, growing pinker and pinkier. Any bumps or color variants vanished as it turned solid, flat pink. It grew as well, getting longer and longer until it was almost a foot long.

Once she reached the top, Rachel pulled away and faced the camera. Her tongue still hung out, low panting coming from her. She began to speak, but her words were messy and mushy, almost impossible to understand.

Thankfully, a helpful caption appeared that read, “And now, we begin with the first change! That delicious taste is sucked right into it, so of course it gets bigger to hold more and more of that yummy sweetness!”

She gave her face a lick, a loud, cartoonish **SLURP** following. The pink, wet tongue slid across her mug from one end to the next, getting a goopy coating of drool over it. It quickly dried, though something replaced it.

White fur began sprouting from around her lips. Small at first, it spread out to every part of her chin and cheek that she licked up. It almost looked like a beard if not for how fluffier and softer than facial hair it looked. Even her lips weren't spared, though instead they turned black and glossy, almost gummy like an animal's.

"And now, another lick!" the next caption read.

Rachel turned back into her profile view shot and licked again. This one went quicker than before, her dog tongue longer than the treat itself. Her face again twitched and shivered, some hairs sticking up before vanishing into the flat splash of white fur on her face.

There were small pops. Her face lurched forward despite her head staying in place. It grew longer and longer, jaws shifting as visible teeth turned bestial. Her nose was dragged along, turning coal black and glossy. It swelled and inflated, nearly tripling its former size as its shape took on that of a dog's.

"**Mmmm!**" Rachel cooed, looking forward once more. Her tongue slipped back, her new muzzle fully capable of taking it all in. "**That's some goooooood white chocolate taste!**"

She snickered and smiled widely, really showing off her canine teeth. The camera shifted slightly over to the popsicle. It was already beginning to melt, a drip of it sliding down its back. It fell off and onto the back of her hand.

The melted droplet lingered on her skin briefly before curiously thickening. It turned white as fresh snow, but dense like a marshmallow. The substance then began to spread over the back of her hand and all around it.

"**Oh!**" Rachel seemed to have noticed what was happening, quickly shifting the treat into her other hand. She held up the changing mitt, the camera focusing on it.

The soft "liquid" moved all around her hand, onto her fingers, and even her wrist. Eventually, her whole hand was covered. From there, the material swelled and grew into a puffer form. Her pinkie merged into the finger beside it, giving her four digits. The area around the wrist especially grew, turning into a cuff.

Rachel smiled as the camera zoomed out. "**Besides ingesting it, anything melted off the popsicle can also trigger the transformation effect as you can see.**" She wiggled her fingers. "**Yeah, not the most puffy of gloves you've seen me wear, but they do still look good on me!**"

She shifted the popsicle back into her glove and immediately pressed the melting treat against her other hand. It swiftly grew and swelled onto another toony glove just as dextrous and soft. **“Ah! Symmetry!”**

“But enough of that! Back to eating!” She went back in for another lick and then another right after that, not even bothering to turn her head.

Fur began to grow and grow again over her head. Her entire muzzle and cheeks were bright white now, the same fur circling her eyes. However, at her brow just above her eyebrows, it turned black. That coating went over her forehead, along the sides beside her ears, and beneath her hair.

Speaking of which, her hair quivered as if a breeze came through. Her long locks slowly climbed up her back and left her shoulders. It went up her neck, the blue tint fading to a snowy gray. Eventually, it was her ears when its style and texture turned dirty and wavy.

“Mmm, so tasty!” She sighed, looking lovingly at her dessert. **“It makes me wanna... wanna have some fun.”**

Her eyes looked at the camera as a devious smile crossed her mug. She opened her maw and suddenly deepthroated the whole popsicle!

Almost instantly, Rachel froze in place as if the video had been paused. However, one thing didn't freeze: her ears. They wobbled and shivered, getting faster and faster. They were almost a blur with their shaking until...

FLOOP! They shot up to the top sides of her head and stretched. Their shape turned into a rounded, pointy one, the insides smoothing out. Fur rapidly sprouted, starting with bright white fur on the insides. It shifted to black at the edges and over the outside portions.

Her canine ears twitched and flickered, her eyes eventually blinking. She yanked on the popsicle stick in her maw and yanked. Her neck thickened, her adam's apple slightly more visible until fur coated over it.

POP! Out came the treat, Rachel's eyes spinning. **“MmmmmHMMMMMM! Dat's some goooooood popsicle! Heheh, betcha all loved that one, didn't ya? Sorry, only one sexy tease per video, folks! ...even though I just wanna, like, suck on it so much and OH!”**

She grinned again. **“Mmm, dat bass! I sound hawt!”** She licked her chops. **“Betcha Jessica would loooove listenin’ to me!”**

“Yeeeeeeeah... Jessica... mah pinkie angel!” Rachel sighed, sinking into her seat. **“She’s so cute with her pinkness, lovely eyes, adorable snoot, big bewbs...”**

She began to ramble as she openly daydreamed. Though, whether intentionally or acting on its own, her hand brought the popsicle up to her face. Her tongue went out automatically and started eagerly licking it despite her still talking.

Her body quivered as it shifted. Fur was the most obvious until it vanished out of sight due to the table and her clothes. Black fur got her sides and part of her arms, while white cloaked the rest. No trace of skin was left after a bit.

Then there was the more subtle. Her shoulders broadened, raising and extending a few more centimeters. Her torso widened with it, her narrow waistline vanishing. Her chest region especially expanded, growing broad and wide while also pushing her breasts out. The growth seemed to make her heavy mounds look smaller.

“Dat butt especially is cute!” Rachel rambled, **“It just makes me wannaOOOOOO!”**

Her eyes went crossed as her tongue drooped out, heavy, cartoonish panting following. Her chest heaved up and back, her breasts slightly jiggling. That is until they stopped and began deflating. They stretched further out as they were pulled back, their shape turning squarish and broad. Eventually, she only had a pair of pectorals befitting her swollen figure.

“Phew!” Rachel brushed her forehead. **“Sorries! Got distracted thinking ‘bout dat hawt babe that I’m tight with! What happun?”**

She looked down at a furrier, buffer, more masculine figure. **“Ah! That’s what’s up!”** She looked at the camera. **“Kewl, isn’t it, dudes? Besides havin’ a more radical, awesome doggo look, Pupper Popsicles can also flip one’s physical sex. It’s, like, random and stuff on the first pop, but the more you like the new physical you, the more likely you’ll get it on the next pop, even if it’s a different flavor!”**

“As such, I’m a tubular bro, bros!” Rachel chuckled, pushing his chest out proudly. **“I’m feeling bro, bro! Though...”** He looked at his arms. **“I’m thinking some extra swollage is needed here, dudes and dudettes!”**

Rachel turned back to his popsicle and gave it multiple licks at once. He then clenched his hands into fists and lifted his arms. **“So, let’s bring it! Time for a little KAPOW!”**

He gave his arms a mighty flex and they ballooned. They grew dense with muscle, matching his powerful torso at long last. His biceps bulged magnificently, over double their original, puny human width.

“Awwwww, yeah!” He leaned an arm in, still flexing. **“Look at that beef! Drink it in! Dat’s goooooood beef there! Grade A Toon quality!”**

The husky-looking toon chuckled, bringing his arms in and wiggling happily in his seat. His top began to bulge on his stomach, showing off a six-pack set of lovely abs. **“Ooooooh, I loooove Pupper Popsicles! The tooniness taste is goooooood! It’s flowing all over and filling me ta da brim, duuuuudes!”**

He wiggled more and more in his seat until a new sound broke out, **FLOOOMP!** A big, puffy tail with black fur and a white tip popped out. It wagged like mad, almost a blur behind him. “So much toon and floof! All da toon and floof!”

Rachel sighed, rubbing his face. **“Oooooh, I loooove dis... oh! Oh oh oh oh! Guess what, bros? Dis bro is feelin’ it! He’s feelin’ that special feelin’! Time for some of your favorite footage! Time for da Paw Cam!”**

The camera immediately cut to below the table. Rachel’s legs and feet were in full view now. His blue jeans were looking rather tight and bulgy, no doubt filled with their own upgraded muscles. White fur was sticking out of the jeans’ leg holes, spreading down onto his feet and disappearing beneath his socks.

His feet trembled and twitched, growing longer at first. Then, they popped and cracked, the back half of his feet lifting and shifting his stance onto the balls of his feet. Socks began to tear after, white fur poking through as they grew on the sides.

Then, the front tips of his socks tore. Stubby, black claws poked out, four on each foot. The openings split the socks down the sides and caused an avalanche of more tearing to follow. Large, canine feet with thick black pads came forth, replacing the last trace of his former humanity and leaving him changed fully.

With another cut, the camera was back on the husky toon. The toon was finishing licking up the popsicle with several loud **SLURP**s, eventually tossing the stick to the side. He let out a happy bark, his tongue drooping out as he panted.

“Oooooooh yeah!” The husky sighed, rubbing his face. **“I wuuuuuuub dis, bros! I luuv this sooooo much! I’m so, like, fluffy and strong! I’m made for lovin’ and snugglin’! It’s rad, bros! The popsicle makes me into the perfect boyfriend with increasin’ my toony happiness and need for pleasin’!”**

Hearts floated off his silly canine head, causing him to lurch forward. **“Heheh, it’s radical! Pupper Popsicles are the best not only for keepin’ ya keeewwwl durin’ the summer but also for lighting up your romance! It makes you into the perfect pupper for your true love or, if ya don’t have one, the perfect potential pupper partner!”**

He chuckled as cartoonish **THA-THUMP**s radiated off of him. He sat up and pulled out a photo of a pink dog toon. He looked at it carefully, sliding a finger over it. **“Oh, hawest Jessica! We could make such sweet ice cream together! Just call me your goodest boy, and my tail will wag forever for you!”**

“Rachel” sighed before looking at the camera, chuckling. He put the picture off to the side. **“Sorry! Bro is being all silly! Let’s get on with da reviewin’ now, bros!”**

He put a paw over his heart, looking up to the ceiling as more hearts floated off his head. **“Though it’ll, like, be hard when I’m blinded by love for da perfect pooch, I am totally confident that I can give da popsicle a fair review!”**

He cleared his throat, shushing away the remaining hearts above his noggin, and looked straight at the camera. **“Pupper Popsicles gets a BARK out of ten!”**

The toon pants eagerly, his tongue drooping out again as he talks. **“Pupper Popsicles is one of the most happy-infusing, toony treats out there geared to both cool you down and make your romance more fun! Yeah, there’s, like, an element of randomness, ya know! What physique and gender you get or feel after each pop may vary. However, each flavor does provide one specific doggo you can become, so that can help steer you towards what ya wanna be!**

“This swolle bro gives this a Rare Chewification!” The words appeared below him in Arial Font. **“Due to how the treat is made and sold in only one area, it can be ruff ta get one’s paws on it. While it’s a delight and TF dudes and dudettes shouldn’t miss out, the travel expenses needed to reach my lovely love might not make it worth it.”**

He shrugged. **“Still, dis Husky bro still says you should try it if ya can! You won’t regret it! I say...”**

Off-screen, suddenly, there was a low, faint voice being heard. Rachel’s ears perked up as his head jerked in its direction. A new caption appeared, **“Helllllllloooooo! I’m home! Still filming your special show?”**

Tha-thump! Tha-thump! The toon’s eyes turned into cartoon hearts as copyrighted, romantic music swelled. **“My love, my bae, my dudette... my Jessiepoo! She calls for me to snug and shower her in slobbery love!”**

He shook his head, his eyes returning to normal as he turned to the camera. **“I must be off! Hunky Hugo Husky must tend to his soulmate!”**

Hugo’s head began rapidly looking between the camera and something off-screen as he rapid-fired out the final words. **“Thanks for watching! See ya later! Follow me on Twitter at @TransformativeChew or become a Chewer at my Patreon: Transformative Chew Show.”**

The captions for those addresses appeared on screen just as quickly as he rattled them off. **“Smash dat like button and be sure to subscribe, if you haven’t already, to get more lover dog goodness like this! Every little... ah screw it! Your beefcake is coming!”**

ZIP! With that, Hugo vanished, leaving a smoke cloud in the shape of him behind. The cloud would eventually disappear, leaving the room empty and quiet.

There was a hard cut to a black screen with text on it and silly, royalty-free music playing. “In his loving haste, Hugo forgot to turn the camera off. The empty room was filmed for several more hours before it was eventually turned off.”

Then, the black screen was gone.

“It’s a new era and working from home remotely doesn’t mean you have to-” **Click.**

THE END