

Digi-Pop: Hard for Dragons

By: Firingwall

“Since when the hell was this here?” Peter mumbled, passing by a secluded alleyway. The young, white-haired man was walking back from the local convenience store just outside of his neighborhood, deciding to grab a few pieces of food to snack on for the coming week.

He was about a block away from his house, taking the usual route as always, when he passed by the strangest thing. It was a lone vending machine, just down a dirt road smacked in between two rows of fenced off backyards. It was quite the sight, one that he swore wasn't there when he went by earlier.

Curious, Peter walked down the dirty road and over to the machine itself. Despite seeing no indication, it was plugged in, the machine was on and was showing off various soda cans and plastic bottles. They all looked like normal brands at a glance, but...

“Sweet Energy Sake?” he mumbled, his face twisted, his expression bizarre. “Horse Power Drink? Strawberry Belly Swig?! What the hell is this stuff? Who makes any of...”

Just as he was about to turn away, or pull out his phone to take a snapshot, something curious caught his eye. It was two slots that held two curious drinks in them, packaged in aluminum cans. One was neon blue with a chibi Agumon on it named Digi-Pop. The other was a black can of the same brand, but with a chibi Leomon and called instead Digi-Pop Hard.

The man looked in between the two bizarre-looking soda cans, an eyebrow cocked ever so gently as he gazed between them. “What's this?” he muttered, squinting his eyes and looking in as close as he could. He couldn't make out any of text on the cans, giving no indication of what they tasted like.

Probably tastes some weird crap, he thought. He turned to walk away, but only barely moved his shoulders before looking back at the Hard variant. He stared at it and its chibi character, the sight of it just so out of place to him.

Well... it's not like there's an official art or merchandise with Leomon anywhere, he thought, a small smile appearing on his lips. *It won't hurt to give it a try. Worst case scenario, I just end up dumping the drink. I can keep the can then.*

Peter whistled pleasantly as he stepped into his house, kicking the door closed behind him. In his plastic bag, he now held a can of Digi-Pop Hard, one that surprisingly costed about 75% less than what a usual soda would run him in any other vending machine.

He stepped into his kitchen and tossed everything away into the cabinets and fridge, leaving the mysterious can on the countertop. *Let's give you a try right now,* he thought happily, *hope I don't end up just spitting you out everywhere.*

He chuckled and popped the top of the can, taking a small drink from it. The taste was very sugary and sweet, like a mixture of Mountain Dew and some generic cherry cola. It also had this extra kick to it as well, one that came a few seconds after drinking it. It made his mouth feel like it was burning almost, but for just a few seconds.

I guess it's not awful, Peter thought, but don't think I'll be getting another one of these anytime soon.

Regardless, Peter shrugged and headed for his living room to kick back and relax. He let out a small yawn, stretching and cracking his jaw a little as he did. Unknownst to him as he did that, the teeth within his mouth twitched. From his front teeth to his molars, each tooth grew and sharpened. Their shapes turned to that of razor-sharp fangs, each one carefully shaped to fit each other.

He chuckled softly as the inside of his maw toughened, able to protect itself from cuts by his sharpened teeth. "Feeling tired? Gees, that soda really doesn't pack much punch, does it?"

He stepped into his living room, stretching his shoulders and cracking his head to the left and to the right. Around his lips, the skin slowly dried and roughened, coarse to the touch. However, it also turned dense as well, the skin taking on a more scaly-look and quality to it.

Wonder what's on? he thought, unaware of the changes occurring to his face as he dropped onto his sofa, still clutching the soda. The scales brightened to a faded ruby red as they spread out from his lips and across his jaws and cheeks. Skin and blemishes slowly faded away as his new, reptilian coat made its way over him.

His face twitched as his cheeks flattened, hollowing a little as the scales passed over to his nose. His sniffer flattened, his nostrils flaring and growing wider in a way. The holes shifted in position, moving and curling to more of a straight line down instead of at an angle. The bridge of his nose collapsed in, most of his tip shrinking at as well, except for one bulging area between his sunken nostrils.

Peter yawned again, flashing his fangs casually as he reached for the remote on the table beside him. He leaned forward as he reached, his face ever so subtly doing so as well. His mouth and the remains of his nose stretched forward, just by a few centimeters, giving him the vague semblance of some kind of lizard snout.

He grabbed the remote and leaned back into his sofa, resting his head against the soft back. Turning on his television, he blinked once, his irises darkening. He blinked twice, his pupils narrowing to more of an oval. He blinked thrice, and the whites of his eyes took on an odd, light green to it.

The scales covered most of his mug and forehead, but they stopped their covering right at edge of his hairline and ears. The changes had come to a halt... but only for a moment. Peter brought the can to his scaly mouth, accidentally bumping it across his snout before taking another sip from the can.

His brow furrowed at the bump, but he paid it no mind otherwise. He merely took his sip and set the can back down. His face tingled for a moment, but again, he paid it no mind as he flipped through the channels.

The red scales began their move again, slowly climbing his head and flowing through his silver hair. Locks fell out as they were overrun by scales, each one disintegrating as it fell. His head changed its shape as the scales ran rampant, flattening in the back and losing its rounded shape. His brow also thickened, protruding gently out and giving his eyes a sterner look.

As the scales reached the top of his neck, they came to a stop once more. All was still with his head and face, Peter letting out another yawn. He brought his hand to face to cover his mouth, not that it really mattered given he was alone. *Sheesh, this soda is putting me to sleep. Gotta say that this stuff really isn't... huh?*

His hand brushed his face and for the first time, he realized something was off. It had touched the coarseness of his mug, feeling the tough scales. He also quickly felt his grasp being pushed away ever so slowly as the tingling sensation came back to his face.

His face was stretching forward once more. His nose flattened into the face as his nostrils flared, stretching into large, flat ovals at the end of his snout. His maw pulled and pulled, more teeth filling it as his tongue grew longer and forked. Eventually, after growing several inches more, he sported a large, reptilian snout.

Peter could see his new muzzle with his eyes, shocked by its new look. However, he'd only be able to process that new edition for so long as his face tingled again. At the top and bottom of his new muzzle, two silver bumps sprouted into these long, pointed spikes. The one on the bottom was pure silver and only stretched a few inches at most. The one on the top was almost a foot long with gold trimmings and circular rubies on its front. It was a stunning sight.

All the man could do at this moment was pointlessly feel his new editions, trying to process what exactly was becoming of him. His new horns weren't the only ones he would sprout, but they were the only ones he could see. Two more horns sprouted out the top half of his muzzle. Three spikes emerged on the back sides of his head, all very sharp and long. Finally, from the top of his head in the back, two final horns grew. Both were incredibly long, a few inches more than the one on the top of his muzzle and were coated with gold trimming and red jewels.

With those final editions complete, Peter's head was completely transformed. It was not human, but monstrous, a beast for sure.

It was also then that Peter finally was able to come to his senses, pushing the shock from his mind. "Need," he muttered, getting up, "need to see myself..."

The man quickly got to his feet and charged straight towards his bathroom down the hallway. He dived in and pushed up against the bathroom counter, gazing into the mirror before him. His new, beastly visage greeted him, looking just as surprised as he felt.

“No way,” he mumbled, the dragonian maw moving to match his words, “This... this is... I-I look like Examon!” It was certainly fair. Peter looked just like the dragon Digimon with his monstrous maw, sharp claws and horns, and striking red scales. His entire head had fully become this character from what should have been a fictional series.

Peter began to bring his hands to his face, but an unusual weight to one of them stopped him. In his right hand, the Digi-Pop can laid. In his rush, he must have accidentally snatched it. He didn't know exactly why he took it, but here he was now with this drink randomly in hand.

He frowned and looked at the can, the gears slowly turning within his mind as he gazed at the aluminum container. “Why am I holding this?” he muttered, “It just doesn't make sense.”

But then, a weird thought popped into his head. The timing of this transformation and the timing of buying this drink... could it be? His frown grew wider as his gaze harshened, staring long and hard at the can. Another thought popped into his mind soon after, one that he had to indulge, whether he thought it was good or not.

Peter carefully brought the soda back to his maw, and he took another drink from it. Not so much this time, but enough so he could feel it going down his elongated mouth. It felt strange to drink like this in its own way, but he decided not to focus too much on it.

The sugary liquid passed down his tongue, dripping right into his stomach, which gurgled and bubbled. His shoulders tensed, his neck following shortly after. Looking carefully into the mirror, the white-haired man watched as the scales from his face began to descend down his neck. From beneath his bottom jaw, white scales slid down the front of his neck and to his collar. Ruby red scales covered the rest of his neck, coating it the same layer of protection as his face.

Peter blushed, sensing his new, coarse skin sliding underneath his shirt. He could feel the scales run along the top of his shoulders and to the very ends of them. The feeling of cotton and scales brushing against one another felt so foreign to him, but it wasn't unpleasant.

Just as the scales reached the ends of his shoulder blades, the feeling of growth came to a close. Carefully stretching the collar, he could see the scales having stopped moving, the rest of his body staying human and intact. While he was relieved on some level, part of him, deep down within, couldn't help but feel a touch disappointed.

Peter sighed and looked at the can in his grasp, mumbling, “**humph, this damn thing is really causing everything.**”

He flinched for a moment, rubbing his Adam's Apple. His voice had changed as well, deeper and having this strong, authoritative tone to it. It was a far cry from his original, completely surprising him. However, he couldn't help but also like it. It had a power to it that would make people turn and listen, even if they somehow ignored his exotic, dragon head.

He took his hand from his throat and look at himself again. His new mug was a sight to be seen to say the least, his changed shoulders only adding to the overall experience. *This is really frickin' weird*, he thought, looking back to the can in his grasp, *what is this?*

He turned back to his face, a small smile forming. Despite... not even looking human in the head department, he couldn't help but like the look. He was always a fan of the character and dragons in general, so this wasn't the worst thing ever.

Probably should figure out how to turn back... after one more drink first! Peter chuckled softly at the thought and brought the can back to his muzzle. One more sip couldn't hurt at this point after all.

Instead of taking a light sip, Peter took a big one, much bigger than any of the ones he had down before. Taking it all in, it was strange. The can didn't appear to be getting lighter as more and more soda drained from it. Maybe it was part of the transformation aspect of it?

Either way, the thought did not linger within the man's head for long. After taking his drink and setting the can down, a strong, powerful sensation struck him in his groin. His eyes went crossed and entire body shivered. His muscles pulsated, his body twitching as goosebumps broke out across his skin.

"Holy crap," he muttered, his eyes rolling back, **"this... this feels... feels..."**

The sensation flowed throughout his body, slowly coming to an end in his crotch. He felt his rod pulsating and shivering, lust burning rapidly through him. Sure, he had felt horny or excited before in his life, but the feeling was stronger this time.

The bulge within his pants pulsated, swelling more and more as his jeans tented. Peter began to pant, sweat forming on his scales as his hand inched towards his zipper. The problem had to be dealt with before it grew worse.

His hand reached across his bulge, sliding against it ever so gently. Peter shivered, the sensation almost too instant to bear. **RIP!** His top button of his pants tore right off as the bulge swelled even further than before. It looked almost like he was packing a cantaloupe in his crotch.

Peter wiped his scaly brow and without further hesitation, pulled down the zipper of his jeans. He didn't even need to pull it down all the way, his male parts more than capable of shoving their way out and doing the job.

His eyes widened as his breath grew deeper, a thick, growly moan escaping his maw as he looked upon what he was packing. Out had popped not one, but two dicks. Two large, thick cocks that pulsated, growing in length and width with each throb, extending out from him now. They were bright red with sharp, pointed heads and ridges that ran up their undersides, giving a dragonian appearance. Beneath them sat a large ballsack, leathery in texture and silver in tone, also growing and pulsating itself as it grew to accommodate his new, oversized rods.

Peter panted more and more at the sight. His mind felt fuzzy and warm, a new feeling of pride and excitement filling his form as he gazed upon his new dragon cocks. **So big,** he thought, *soooo huge. I'm sooo big...*

He brought the hand that unzipped himself to one of his cocks, both incredibly erect and ready to be pleased. Much like the gentle stroke from before, his rod throbbed ferociously, pouring oodles of lust and pleasure through his veins. Peter threw back his head and let out a vicious, lustful roar of delight. It still sounded partially human despite his new voice, but it was getting there.

Soooo fucking good. Need more. Now.

Peter's eyes looked back to the sink, the can sitting down on the ridge. He snatched it back up and began guzzling it down, pouring much of the mysterious soft drink in.

The feeling was almost instantaneous, his body shaking rapidly as his muscles twitched. Red scales began immediately flowing down his shoulders and straight onto his arms, engulfing his skin and rushing to his wrists. His hands throbbed as the scales climbed over them, drinking from the can growing difficult for a few moments. However, he refused to slow down, even his grasp strengthening on the can, fingers melding, growing long claws and thickening.

The shaking eventually stopped in his arms as they finished their transformation, Peter pulling the can away from his mouth. He gasped for air, setting the container back down again. He had gone a little overboard in his zeal, but it would all be worth it soon enough.

Licking his chops, he felt a pressure building within his torso. Looking to his reflection, he saw his shirt tightening on his body, almost like it had shrunk a few sizes. But that wasn't the case remotely. Peter smirked, observing the outline of visible, refined muscles beneath his top, begging to be released.

Gleefully, Peter grabbed his shirt and tugged. The shirt ripped apart like wet toilet paper between the yank of his hand and swell of his torso. His chest ballooned out into a heavy, dense set of pectorals, thick abs and toned stomach pressing out as well. Coating them were a fine layer of silver scales, hard as steel and adding perfectly to his amazing look.

Peter chuckled softly, sliding a scaly hand down his bulky muscles. As he took them and their magnificent shape in, he felt a new, tingling sensation on his back. His head turned back to look, but the sight of what was happening laid just out of his eyesight, much to his annoyance.

He huffed and turned his back to the bathroom mirror, looking over his shoulder at his reflection now. From it, he could see two, bulging, thick bumps pushing their way out of his back. The more they swelled, the more transparent the top layer became, revealing some flat, thick, ruby and silver skin beneath it.

With a slight tremble that rose up his spine, the bulge burst open and the layers of skin and scale within stretched outwards. It was then that Peter recognized what he had gained. Two large, silver trimmed, epic wings had bloomed, two smaller ones beneath them following after. They fit the Digimon dragon perfectly and would serve the new beastman well.

Peter grinned, his cocks throbbing in delight as he gazed at his new appendages. He watched as they twitched and wiggled, flapping a little and stretching. They reacted perfectly to his thoughts as if he always had them.

“Perfect,” Peter growled, his voice teeming with raw excitement and pleasure, **“I’m so perfect... but, I need more.”**

The scales continued their descent down from his waist to his hips and onto his thighs. The silver scales covered his crotch before vanishing out of sight, surrounding his new balls and dicks before the rest of his lower region was swallowed whole by the ruby scales. His thigh muscles bulked, muscles and tendons swelling and tearing through his tattered jeans to make room for themselves.

Peter shivered again, his eyes rolling back. The tingling sensation from his back had traveled down to just above his shapely, dense buttock. The feeling built up at the end of his spine, bone beginning to grow and push against his back. Soon, a small nub began to stretch from above his rear, slowly extending inch by inch and then foot by foot. His tail kept growing and growing, ruby scales on top with silver on bottom.

The growth only came to a complete stop at the very end, his tail now longer than his entire body. Such things didn’t bother Peter, who playfully stroked the base of his tail, impressed by its size and density. A chill ran up his spine again, the dragon sighing happily.

Almost there, he thought, ***almost there***. His eyes fell back down to his legs, watching his jeans tear apart as his lower limbs expanded.

Denim fell to the ground while his wooly socks gave way to bulging, tough scales and dense muscle. His strengthening legs added several inches onto him, raising the man into the air a little bit more than before, nearly a foot away from the ceiling. From his feet, his toes had merged into three large, silvery digits with long, sharp golden claws at the end.

With that final push, it was over. Peter was gone. In his place stood a large, bulky beast of a dragon. There, proud as can be, was an Examon.

The new Digimon anthro smirked, gazing pleasantly at the mirror. He looked at his arms, taking in his thick biceps. He rose an arm into the air and gave one of them a flex, a surge of power blasting through his very being. His body quivered lustfully at the feeling, pre dripping ever so subtly from his cocks’ tips.

“Oooooooh yes,” he chuckled, sliding a long, forked tongue across his muzzle, **“This is fucking awesome. Can’t believe this is happening.”**

He looked to the soda can on the counter and picked it up, noting that there was only a little bit left in it now. ***Huh... thought there was a lot more left.***

Examon glanced down at himself, taking in his impressive build and dragon form. He looked back at the soda, shrugging before bringing it back to his mouth. ***Well, might as well finish it off. Don't know what else I could get out of...***

He got his answer almost immediately as his eyes dilated. Pleasure coursed through once again, his muscles and limbs twitching. This time though, the power behind it was stronger than ever. Drool dripped from his mouth as his eyes rolled, his cocks and balls pulsating rapidly.

Pre began dripping from his cocks harder as his balls produced more and more seed. His clawed hands move to his rods and grabbed hold of them, feeling them quiver in his grasp with lust. More importantly, he felt them swelling and widening as well.

His cocks swelled harder, extending almost another full foot, tripling their width as well. His balls ballooned out to contain the massive cum needed for his equipment, expanding out to the size of grapefruits and even further beyond.

The feeling was beyond description, Examon's mind clouded over by lust. In the midst of it all, he could sense his cocks finally cumming, spraying their goop across the walls and even striking the ceiling. The room filled with musk, only fueling his lustful cumming for longer and longer.

Eventually, the world began to come into focus for him once again as the lust died down and the last of his seed was sprayed. Examon panted over and over as his vision came back to him, his eyes looking around his messy bathroom. Moving his head from side to side, he could feel an odd sensation upon it.

Looking up, the Digimon anthro realized his head had struck the ceiling. His body was hunched over, having grown once more during the time. ***Wow***, he thought, gazing down at himself, ***I'm... amazing.***

Examon smirked and moved towards the doorway, squeezing himself through the bathroom door. He proceeded to head down the hall and out the front door, taking care not to whack his head or parts on the way out. The indoors were far too cramped for someone like himself now.

Looking around, there appeared to be no one outside in his neighborhood. He honestly would have loved to give his neighbors a good scare with his new form. On the other hand, this all meant he could easily take off without drawing a crowd and getting distracted by them.

Cracking his shoulders and neck, his wings began to flap, lifting him off the ground gently at first. With two flaps, he was launched into the air and soar high above his neighborhood. It was time to test these wings out.

Be a shame if I was the only one who could do this... he thought, a devious thought entering his mind as he looked upon his hometown from the clouds. ***Maybe I should go get some more of that soda and share it with some friends. I'm sure they would just love this... or love the new me~***