

# Digi-Pop

By: Firingwall

“Sooooooooo hot,” the young man moaned and groaned, dragging his feet as he trudged along the sidewalk. It was the middle of the day and the Sun was scorching the Earth with its rays. The temperature was just a bit over 90 degree Fahrenheit and there was no wind or clouds at all. You would have to be a fool to be walking out on the street that day unless you had to.

One such fool was a young Hispanic man named Ricky who thought he had a great plan. He'd take a walk over to the movie theater several city blocks away from where he lived while it was still cool out, catch a movie with a friend, and get a ride back home. He'd save a little money on gas, get some exercise, and it would all be good.

Unfortunately, by the time Ricky made it to the theater, he realized something horrible. He had left his wallet at his home and his friend was nowhere to be seen. Calling the guy, it turned out he got hooked in for another shift at the restaurant he worked at and couldn't come. With no money or wallet, Ricky couldn't catch a ride home.

So, there he was, trudging all the way home as the Sun blared on him from above, almost as if punishing him for his screw up. He wiped his brow and his eyes free of sweat, even if it did him no good. “This suuuuuccckkksssss,” he groaned again, “I'm so frickin' hot... need something or I'm going to keel over...”

Then, as if a higher power took pity on him, his eyes were drawn to an alleyway as he was walking by. A couple of feet in, he saw a lone, old vending machine cloaked in the shade of the buildings. Ricky stared at box and reached into his pants. He had two whole dollars, spare change that he never put away in his wallet.

“Thank god,” he sighed as he approached the machine eagerly, appreciating the nice, coolness of the shaded alley.

However, his tune quickly changed once he got a good look at the drinks on display. He had never heard of a single one of them. There were random cans like *Sweet Energy Sake* or ones that appeared to be Chinese knockoffs using slightly changed copyright characters for mascots, like *Koop-Pa Cola*.

*What the hell is all of this? Thought Ricky irritated, I just wanted a bottle of water! ...one of these is probably it, but who the hell knows...*

He let out an irritated groan, followed by a defeated sigh soon after. Taking another look, his eyes fell upon a curious item: *Digi-Pop*. It was a bright, neon blue can with a logo that took up most of the can space, a chibi version of Agumon from *Digimon* winking in the bottom.

*Well I do like Digimon*, he thought, putting the money in. Seconds later, the can popped out at the bottom of the machine and he snatched it out.

He opened the top and heard it fizz like a soda. With a deep breath, he took a tiny sip. Once the first drop hit his tongue, the hair on the back of his neck stood up and a cold shiver rushed through his spine. Its taste was intense and heavy on sugar, similar to *Mountain Dew Blue Shock*, but somehow even more powerful.

As the wave rushed through him, the hair on his head tingled. It only lasted for a second before leaving. Nothing else seemed to happen after that... initially. Out of the blue, his hair began growing and growing, his black fuzz turning wild, messy, and even spiky. His new mop raced down his back, a long strand of it falling along the side of his face as well. Flowing down like a roaring waterfall, the mane came a dead stop right around his hips.

“Whoa,” Ricky panted, wiping some of the hair away, “that... that was one hell of a rush there. What is this stuff?” Absentminded of what occurred, Ricky looked over the can carefully. Nothing looked out of ordinary when he checked the ingredients or the other labels at all.

*Weird*, he thought, *oh well, was curious anyhow...* Despite the punch, Ricky quite liked the drink, loving the sugary, powerful taste it had. As such, throwing caution to the wind, he took a big swig from the can.

His body responded in kind by quivering as if he was in an earthquake. The shaking filled his entire body, causing him to jitter about in place. He came to a complete stop only seconds after starting, his face still quite tingly. However, even with that body reaction, he merely licked his lips, quite satisfied, as sharp fangs filled his mouth.

With that, a wave of darkish, neon blue scales sprouted across his cheeks. The scales overran every trace of his skin on face, leaving nothing untouched. His eyebrows vanished; dark, thin markings taking their place; and his eyelids turned a glittery blue. It almost seemed like he had makeup on, especially with how luscious his eyelashes suddenly looked as well.

While dark blue arrow markings appeared all over his now scaly mug, the real change and noticeable difference came elsewhere. His nostrils flared up, shrinking into short, small slits as the bridge of his nose stretched outward with his jaws. His nose and upper jaw merged together into a short, reptilian snout as his face developed into its own muzzle.

Ricky let out a happy sigh again, declaring in a beautiful, lustful, womanly voice, “now... that hit the spot. I simply **MUST** have more of this!”

He drank more and more from the can, which felt endless. Three barb-like points appeared on the far side of his cheeks, just beneath his earlobes. Speaking of which, his ears slowly moved up his head a tad, reshaping into bat-like wings, pointed straight back and twitching slightly.

As the liquid poured down his throat, the scales flowed down his neck from his face. The blue scales covered every single inch of his skin, but parted slightly when they reached his collar bone, creamy-white scales growing up in their place. As blue moved over his sides and back, white covered most of his front, stopping right in his crotch area.

With the white scales crossing over his chest, something unexpected happened. The area around his now snow white nipples began to bloat. Fatty deposits built up underneath the skin, pushing against his grey tee ever so slightly. A nice tingly feeling came from his chest, his face blushing and him biting gently on his lower gummy lip, unaware of his new small breasts.

*This pop stuff is the best*, he thought dreamily, licking his chops, *I... I need more of this right now!* He took another sip from his can, his body quivering, only just a tad this time around. His fingers melded together, lengthening and thickening, until there was only three digits per hand. His fingernails grew, quickly covering his fingertips, and enlarged into a thick, hard, dinosaur-like claw at each end.

As his arms and legs slimmed down slightly, Ricky's small curves developed even further. His chest swiftly swelled up two whole cup sizes, his shirt tenting further and pressing tight against his lovely mounds. His pants started to creak and tear, however, his hips widening and thighs expanding considerably to match. Things were not helped either when his rear ballooned right up, stretching the back of his pants, and a small, but growing nub came out of his back.

*Sooooo good*, thought Ricky, taking another big gulp from what seemly bottomless can, *I need more! I need all of it!* His shoes burst open as two blue clawed toes ripped out the front and another burst out the back. The rest of his shoes fell to pieces quickly, revealing large, powerful dinosaur feet, his claws clicking against the concrete alleyway.

Even with more of the mysterious soda coursing through him, his entire body ceased with its obsessive shivering. It only did in certain places, like his breasts. His mounds jiggled subtly underneath his shirt, growing ballooning out into massive D-cups. His hips and rear also shook, more seams torn as his lower half grew more curvaceous.

As he gained a big bubble butt, the vibrations from the shaking all accumulated in his slowly extending nub. Hitting the spot above his bottom all at once, there was a loud rip. A long, dense, scaly blue tail shot out, swaying happily from side to side. His pants finally gave way, shredding to pieces and freeing his round, cushy bottom.

Also free and fully exposed was his crotch. Right above his two thick thighs was something missing. Something distinctly male. In its place was some distinctly female instead.

"I wonder who made this," pondered the new anthro woman, looking over the can, "there really is no logo or anything saying who's behind it..." Ricky's eyes drifted downwards, her head cocking to the side. Outside of her shirt, she was nude and covered in blue and white scales with dinosaur-looking hands and feet.

She could just barely make out her toes over her breasts. However, the task grew more difficult as her breasts swelled once again. Her shirt tore open in the center, revealing her perky, creamy white breasts and a bit of cleavage. Her hemline lifted up and over navel, showing a rather thin waist. With that, her breasts settled into a pair of E-cups.

"Huh," remarked Rickey, squeezing her breasts with her free clawed hand, "this... this doesn't seem right to me." Frowning, she chugged her soda as quickly as possible.

The blue liquid poured in, her breasts shaking excitedly again in response. The soda felt like it flowed down her throat endlessly, never breaking or stopping for a single second. Oddly, it almost seemed like the drink went right into her breasts, expanding as if someone was filling a water balloon.

Ricky raised the can higher up, the contents finally slowing down the more the can was raised. She drank everything she could, her shirt stretching and tearing apart. As the last drop hit her long tongue, her top ripped off as her breasts tore through them. With her new, full set of G-cups, dark blue markings and bands appeared across her body, from her shoulders to her legs.

The new Guilmon let out a happy, satisfied sigh as she finished her drink. She glanced down at herself again and remarked, squeezing her perky breasts, “there we go! Back to my normal size again. I got to remember to keep drinking that stuff or I’ll never stay this energized or perky!”

And energized she was. Her body felt more alive and awake than it ever did in her life, no longer feeling the Sun’s scorching heat. She felt like she could run a marathon and leave everyone in the dust, all their eyes on her back and big booty. The digigirl giggled at the thought, rubbing and feeling up her perky bubble butt.

She crushed the can in her hand, even tearing some holes in it by accident as she did, before tossing it into the recycle bin. “Well,” she remarked, stretching her arms and pushing her chest forward, “time to get home. Gotta get some new clothes and my wallet so I can finally see that dang movie.”

She scavenged her fallen keys and cellphone from the tattered remains of her jeans and left the alleyway. Stepping out into the light, everyone on the street turned and looked. Cars even stopped or slowed down, causing some fender benders, as the large, busty, and quite nude Guilmon strutted along. She, however, paid no attention to them or anyone else.

She walked an entire block before stopping in her tracks. “You know,” she thought, “it might be easier to catch a ride instead of just walking. I can just walk my way back to the theater and get some exercise that way! ...but who could...”

Her batwing-ears twitched as a certain noise played off in the distance, not too far from where she was. Her head creaked in its direction as her eyebrows raised, a rising, gleeful joy bloomed within her. The noise was a certain song, the Digimon theme song, and it sounded like it was being used as a ringtone.

*A fan!* Rickymon thought gleefully, charging over the surface of the noise, *they’ll help me for sure!* Turning another corner, she discovered that sound was indeed coming from a cellphone, a guy’s cellphone. Not just any normal guy either, but one out with what appeared to be his wife and two young kids.

The family turned in her direction and froze up as she trotted right up to them. The dad’s jaw dropped, the kids were a mixture of excitement and puzzlement, and the mom’s face was

twisted into pure confusion. Her hands quickly wrapping around the kids' eyes, one of them complaining, "but mom! I wanna see blue Guilmon and her weird chest thingys!"

Rickymon giggled, stopping before the family. "Hi there!" She cooed softly, "can you nice folks give this digigirl a ride home? It would be so kind if you could."

*THE END*