

Digi-Energy: Rise and Roar

By: Firingwall

“What the heck is *Digi-Energy*?” Dave asked the strange, costume-wearing woman. The yearly big sci-fi & anime convention had rolled into the town of a young, pudgy redheaded man and like always, he was attending it. He loved seeing all the costumes, the panels, and what neat things people were selling.

This year though, he discovered a strange booth. A woman in a full-body Renamon suit, with even added breast sockets and curves to boot, was selling soda and energy drinks. “Only the best drink you ever had sir,” she chuckled, leaning forward as her muzzle laid on her hands, “Trust me, that is a guarantee.”

Dave adjusted his glasses and glanced at all of the cans labelled *Digi-Energy*, noting the many different colors. He turned his eyes back on the Digimon woman and asked, “so, is there any differences between each can?”

“Of course, but they all taste the same. Just try one and you’ll see what I’m getting at. Only two dollars,” explained the costume-woman.

Dave’s gaze moved back to the cans, looking them over once again. He licked his dry lips and eventually sighed, reaching into his pocket. “Alright,” he stated, handing her the money, “I’ll take one and try out the “best drink I’ll ever have” then.”

She simply chuckled, taking his money with her surprisingly dexterous paws. Dave grabbed a random can, orangish-brown, and cracked it open. Taking a big sip, his body felt tingly and twitchy, a surge of energy racing through him. The hair on his arms and legs stood up and goosebumps arose across his skin.

Curiously though, the tingling sensation grew in intensity in his face, his cheeks reddening. His nostrils flared and began lifting upwards, a vertical groove appearing below his nose on his top lip. His lifted nose turned black, bumpy, and just a tad cold. He let out a small sneeze, whiskers popping out all around his upper lip and below his snout.

“Wow,” Dave replied, shaking his head, “that... that stuff packs quite a **punch**.” His voice significantly deepened on that last word.

“Oh yes it does,” the Renamon cooed, “It’ll keep you going for a lllloooooonnnnggg time honey. Go on, keep drinking it. It gets better the more you have I assure you.”

“If you say so,” he said, shrugging and taking a chug from the can. His face tingled more as low pops and cracks could be heard from around his nose and jaw. His bottom lip and gums turned black and rubbery, both rows of teeth sharpening and strengthening to where they could rip and break a chunk out of a tree trunk. Sand-color fur began poking out around his whiskers and lips, covering the small area rather quickly.

Taking another sip from the can, Dave's face pushed forward. The bridge of his nose widened and lengthened, his jaws stretching outwards as well. His top jaw just a tad further out, his face had stretched into a thick, solid, lion's muzzle befitting the tough voice he sported now.

Licking his chops, a long, rough tongue slid across his bottom black lip and his furry, whiskery area, he replied again, "Hmmm, I'm definitely feeling it now. This... this is really good!"

"Well what are you waiting for silly?" the Renamon grinned, licking her lips as she gazed at his face, "Keep drinking! Don't stop that high!" He nodded and chugged more of the energy drink down, leaving him with only a third of the can left.

More fur grew across his entire face, his bones cracking and reshaping. His brow thickened and pushed outwards, giving him a rather harsh look and gaze. Very short black fur grew around his eyes, making them even darker looking, almost like he had makeup on. His ears stretched and lengthened, the inside concaving completely as they moved to right above his eyes. Sand-colored fur covered them, a big, black tuft of it growing at the ends.

Dave didn't wait for a single prompt from the Digimon girl, deciding to chug the rest of the drink down in a single go. His short red hair quivered, standing up and growing wild as if there was a wave of electricity in the air. From the roots to the tips, his red shade vanished as a honey blond rolled through. His regular hair grew shaggier as well, more and more sprouting up around the sides of his face and bottom chin until he was left with a mighty mane that covered most of his head and all of his neck.

He let out a deep chuckle and stated, rubbing his hand through his hair, "Heh, now that was really the best drink I ever... what?"

Renamon smirked and pulled out a hand mirror, holding it up to his face for him to look at it. His eyes widened and he gasped, "Whoa... I... I look like Leomon... that's awesome!"

"Thank you," she spoke, putting the mirror back, "*Digi-Energy* is quite amazing, is it not? It's done wonders for your complexion and for, well, my entire body if you haven't realized it yet." She gave him a wink and he blushed, her form and figure suddenly rather appealing.

"Well I'm kind of empty right here," he stated, tossing the can in the recycle bin left out next to the stand, "mind if I have another?"

"I would be insulted if you didn't take another," she chuckled, pushing another can towards him, "Let that big digi-cat within you roar!" He grinned, flashing his fangs delightfully at her, taking hold of the can and cracked it open, downing almost a third of it in one go.

His arms shook as he felt a blast of energy surge through his entire body, culminating in his upper limbs. With each shake, muscles and tendons bulged and pressed tightly against his skin, bursts of sand-orange fur popping out as well. His arms surged to four times their original size, erupting out of his sleeves and sending the energy into his hands.

Energy flowed throughout the veins of his hands and into each digit, fingers twitching with excitement. In no time flat, his hands swelled massively, muscles and girth filling them to the brim. His fingernails extended and moved to each of his fingertips, converting into thick, black claws as fur quickly covered them.

“Hell yes!” Dave declared, flexing his arms triumphantly, light-scarring appearing over them. Looking as his bulging, powerful muscles, he quickly drank more of the can. He wanted to be huge! He wanted to be massive! He wanted to be a beast!

The sounds of loud rips and tears echoed through the convention hall, other guests stopping and looking at the scene taking place for the first time. His shoes ripped apart as thick, sand-colored fur toes burst forward. His feet had swelled at least four times their original sizes, beastly and fitting what he was becoming.

Dave glanced down, pleased by the sight of his larger, animalistic feet, even wiggling his toes in response. There were whispers and mumbles from the onlookers, their gaze cycling between his head, arms, and feet repeatedly. Their expressions changed when his legs surged with energy, bulking up and inflating just as much as his arms. Jumping up an extra two feet, his pants legs soon became nothing but tatters on the floor.

A strong, satisfied growl escapes his maw as he quickly slammed down the rest of the drink, before taking another can and doing the same. “Whoa there big guy!” giggled Renamon, “Don’t be drinking all of my profits away! One can is more than enough to turn you.”

“But it’s not happening faster enough,” he growled, crushing the already-emptied can in his paw, “I need to be huge NOW!!” His torso and hips shivered excitedly as the energy through the final, unaffected areas. During all of the quivers, a long, lion’s tail with a tuft at the end popped out above his rear, swaying happily from side to side.

With his new appendage, the rest of his body swelled and inflated rapidly. Pieces of his shirt, jeans, and boxers went flying everywhere as his muscles expanded and strengthened several times over to match that of his arms and legs. His pecs were absolutely bulging with dark brown nipples, right below that an impressive, hard as steel eight-pack befitting of his frame.

He was also rather exposed elsewhere, nothing covering of his privates and lower half. His ass was hardened and tight just like his pecs, his thighs thick and teeming with muscle. His junk had radically shifted into that of a feline’s scrotum and sheath, much larger than his original equipment. With that unexpected addition, he now looked like an anatomically correct Leomon.

Everyone’s jaws were dropped, faces were red, and eyes were wide open as far as they could possibly as they looked upon the sight before them. Leomon merely chuckled, flexing his arms and feeling his chest, “this is incredible! I love this body! Thanks for the drinks babe!”

“No problem hunk,” she replied, winking and licking her chops as she eyed his crotch, “Say... care to help me out around here? It gets sooooo lonely manning this booth all by myself, you know? I wouldn’t mind if a stud like you helped me out.”

The lion Digimon chuckled and joined her behind the counter, taking a seat next to her. Gazing into her eyes, he replied, "I'd love to help you honey and maybe after we're done, we go out and have some "fun", just you and I."

"I like the sound of that, but later! Right now, I think we have some eager beavers itching to get a taste of this stuff," Renamon giggled. Looking forward, Leomon saw that all of the onlookers were crowding the front, demanding a can and flashing money at them.

The two anthro Digimon eagerly worked together, helping to satisfy all their customers' needs and wants. As they did, Renamon happily thought, *this is turning out better than I expected. I just needed to advertise this way directly instead of randomly filling vending machines with my drinks.*

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