

Raising Energy to Chomp

By: Firingwall

Commission done for Ebon Sky of Discord

“Uuuuuuuuugh, that’s over at least.” Masao let out that long groan several feet away from the store’s entrance. At long last, his shift had finally ended. Like always, the day had utterly zapped him of everything.

He trudged out into the wide parking lot, careful to avoid any vehicles coming in or leaving. His legs were exhausted, his feet sore from standing all day long. The journey to his car at the very end of the lot where everyone had to park felt endless as always.

Even out of the building, Masao’s mind was a whirlwind of random thoughts that he struggled to cut through. This time at least, they were about preparing for the next day.

Go to bed early. Might have enough energy for tomorrow.

Probably should cut back on junk food. Probably slowing me down.

Maybe put on something when I get home... maybe before work tomorrow? Maybe that’ll help?

Regardless of what he thought, Masao knew something had to change. The way work had been going for him, he felt almost like a zombie every day with how he went through the same motions that left him dead tired. Sure, the job paid well enough, but everything felt so pointless after a while.

Reaching his car at long last, he rubbed his face. “Okay, maybe just go to bed early. Start with that and go from-”

Ding-la-dingaling! Masao perked up. *Wait... is that...?*

The familiar bell was followed by an equally familiar voice. “Dessert for dinner! Come get your dessert for dinner, you hungry workers!”

The sweet, high-pitched, friendly voice was growing closer. “We got popsicles, ice cream scoopies, ice cream sammiches! Everything you need for a last-minute pick-me-up for your shift or headin’ home!”

It's her! Masao tossed his work stuff in his car and headed towards the sound. A familiar push food cart had rolled onto the very far edge of the parking lot where most food trucks hung out during the day. Its owner was there, waving a comically-sized large handbell.

It was Jessica the Toon Pupper, or Jessie/Jess on occasion. She was a curvy, pink-furred dog that always seemed to show up at the right times in Masao's life. The sight or even just her voice always lifted his spirits.

Just as Masao approached, the dog turned and saw him. Her tail started wagging eagerly. "Oh!" Her eyes sparkled, dropping the bell into the cart. "Oh, oh! I know you!"

"H-hi, Jess!" The man smiled awkwardly.

Jessica was a ray of sunshine and not just because she seemed to almost literally radiate light as a cheery toon. Her bubbly personality and helpful nature was always a lifesaver whenever she was around. Her joy and energy were almost infectious.

"Didn't expect to see you here."

Jessica giggled, fiddling with her long, fluffy lock that laid on her chest. "Welllll, Rach says a good way to move more food is to go to the hungry workers and their, potentially, hungry customers. Instead of some random corner or in some park, I should just go to some workplace where I can legally set up! I'm setting my paws on a potential dinner rush!"

She rested her head in her paws, leaning over the food cart. "Sooo, you hungry, Masao?"

"Among other things," Masao admitted with a sigh. Suddenly, his legs wobbled. He reached out, grabbing hold of the cart to hold him up.

Jessica looked at him, her head tilting. "Oh dear! I can tell! Your energy levels are, like, suuuper low tonight! Everything okay?"

"No, not really." He shook his head and explained everything to her. She was easy to talk and admit things to. She listened closely as he described his hectic day with the utter exhaustion and repetitiveness of it.

Once he finished, she gave him a simple nod. "My! That does sound very stressful and really ruff on you! You poor guy!"

Masao smiled, blushing and sheepishly looking away. “W-well, things are better now. You’re here! You probably have something that can help, right? Something that can help me with energy, mood, and... well, this.” He poked himself in the tummy.

Jessica scratched her chin, letting out cute squeak sounds. “Welllllll, that’s a lotta things instead of just one thing like I usually do.” Masao felt a cold, worried chill start to rise. “That’s a real biggie, and it’ll need a special touch and effort!”

The chill went away to his relief. “Well, that’s good! So, what do you recommend then? Any particular ice cream or-”

“Nah-ah!” Jessica wagged her finger at him, stepping out from behind the cart. “Silly! I said speciaaaaaal touch! Mere food isn’t gonna do it here! You need the Pupper Touch, something I’ve been working on!”

“Ah, okay?” That was a new one to him. “So, what is-OH!”

The toon’s paws snapped forward and latched themselves onto his face. They felt so soft and fuzzy, like furry marshmallows. They pressed tightly against his mug, but due to how light and soft they were, Masao barely felt a thing.

“Jess! Wha-wha-what are you doing?!” He stammered.

“Rejuvenating you! Just relax!” The dog winked and began to massage. She dug her squishy, puffy paws into his mug and rubbed away. She particularly worked his jaws and cheeks, carefully getting every point.

As she rubbed, something changed. His skin grew coarse and rough, its texture scaly rather than soft. Colors began to come to his jaws. A deep purple over his top jaw and cheeks while the front of his bottom gained a reddish hue. Even the little she touched with his nose brought a similar change, though the color was a warm yellow.

Masao felt dizzy. He started to say something, but the words fell out of his maw into nothingness. She began to pull and pushed on his face, taking it forward. His bones popped and cracked, his mug growing out. She pulled it all into a point, his nose shrinking into it and becoming two small slits.

With a few more pulls and tugs, she stepped back and looked him over. “Hmm, needs a few more details!”

She reached back forward and pulled on his top jaw. The front of it went down into a triangular point, a bit over his lower jaw. Her pudgy digits went into his mouth and tugged. Some sharp fangs were yanked, extending out of his maw.

Jessica grinned, nodding her head. “There we go!”

Sensation began returning to the tired employee. He shook his head and reached up, feeling his new muzzle. He briefly slid his fingers over his jaws. “Oof, that’s like sandpaper. What’s going on?”

“I’m working my Pupper Touch! It’s all about filling you with fierce, powerful energy and stamina! Just gotta fix you up! That’s fine, right?”

For anyone else, that wouldn’t have been fine. A toon was molding and reshaping a person’s face with her paws? Most would be upset.

Masao wasn’t though. He knew her long enough as a customer. Didn’t matter if it was ice cream or her taking a more direct approach, he trusted her judgment. “It’s cool. Keep going. Just warn me next time before starting!”

“Okie-dokie!”

With that, Jessica dived back into her work. She ran her pudgy paws over his face and massaged it further. Purple scaling continued to crawl across his mug as it pushed further out. It seemed like his whole head was stretching now, flattening on top and its shape almost like an ax’s head. His eyes shifted more to the sides, their shape turning fiercer.

Her paws slipped onto his ears, tugging and pulling on them. Curiously, the ears began to inflate, turning round and then shaped like an american football. They shifted up the sides of his head to the very top, purple scales cloaking them and then hardening. They angled up slightly, inward ridges appearing along the centers of them.

Despite the usual shape of them, when Jessica spoke, Masao heard her crystal clear. “Looking good so far, but still a ways to go!”

“Alright... though, what am I turning into?”

“Oh, that’s a surprise, silly!” Jessica grinned, stepping behind him. “I’ll tell you later for better effect!”

Masao shrugged, feeling her paws work their way into her hair. Whatever she wanted, he went with. She knew what she was doing.

Her digits slid through his messy, light-brown locks carefully, digging to his scalp and rubbing it. At first, the changes weren't instantaneous. There was a light numbing, followed by a prickly sensation but nothing more.

Then a weighty feeling followed. Hair shrank and bunched together, growing solid and dense. Most of his locks vanished except for four bunches in the back that went from the back center of his head to partially down his neck. The hair turned red like his bottom jaw and hardened, forming four quill spikes.

His entire head resembled that of a beastly dragon and soon, so would the rest of him.

Jessica wasted no time turning her paws down from his neck to his shoulders. The toon whistled away as she worked, her tongue partially stuck out of her maw as her eyes narrowed in. Her paws dug into him and really worked themselves.

Soon enough, the scales spread from his head onto his neck and down onto his shoulders, purple with a dash of red in the front. His neck thickened ever so slightly to fit his enlarged head, which was feeling weightier than before. The shoulders broadened out after, straining his shirt.

As her paws slipped onto his arms, rubbing them through his work shirt, spots upon his shoulders bulged. The areas rose until the fabric was too tight to move. Then, they broke, three grayish-white spikes piercing through on each side of him.

The ripping caught his attention right away. **“H-hey! Careful! I can’t afford new clothes, ya know.”**

“Oopsie!” Jessica looked at the new additions and nodded. “That’s troubling! I’ll fix that right now!” She stepped behind and began to rub some more. Her hands started on his shoulders, working and rubbing around the spikes. They then slid onto his back, her touch very comforting.

Masao shivered and slouched forward, sighing pleasantly. Taking it in, he never noticed any adjustments being made. The torn holes around his spikes were cleaned up, looking more like they were made specially for them. The shirt’s size grew to better fit him while its style changed into a button-up blouse.

Though the biggest one came in the back. The area split right open, long and narrow. It revealed some of his purple scaled back but nothing beyond that initially.

As she pulled her hands away, the need for the hole became apparent. The skin bulged, firing fast and far like a rocket. It shot out into a full, long dorsal fin, purple like most of the rest of him. It had some jagged edging along the underside of it, adding to its sharp appearance.

“There we go! How are we with your clothes now?” Jessica asked.

“**Oh!**” Masao snapped back to attention and quickly looked at his shoulders, inspecting his new spike holes. He moved his arms around, rotating his shoulders. “**Much better!**”

“Good! Let’s keep this train rollin’!” The pink dog moved back in, taking one arm and massaging it down to his hand. Purple scales rolled through like before, though with some minor adjustments. Any excess fat slimmed down, muscles and tendons strengthening to replace it. His fingernails grew and thickened, shifting to the tips of his fingers and turning into claws.

Like with his back, some of the fabric split open along the side of his sleeve. Masao curiously looked at it, seeing his scaly skin for the first time. However, he pulled his head away as his arm surged there. A large, wing blade-like frill shot out, growing almost as long as his torso and curved like a shark’s dorsal fin.

“**Holy crap!**” Masao gasped, holding his arm away from him. “**What is this?**”

“All part of the process!” Jessica spoke as she worked the other arm, giving it an equally matching frill as well.

The man flinched as that other wing blade popped out of that sleeve’s new hole. Despite their size, they were surprisingly light and didn’t weigh his arms down or make them feel sore. That was good.

However, they also looked rather sharp and seemed like they would get in the way. Masao cleared his throat. “**Well, umm, it’s not that I don’t trust your judgment or anything, but... these things...**” He holds his arms carefully, keeping them away from the toon’s face. “**These are a bit much in my day-to-day life.**”

Jessica nodded. “Mhm! Of course. I understand! If you don’t want them, try this! Think. Think about your arms. Think about them long and hard. Think about how you would like them to be slimmer. Think about that.”

That easy, huh? It wasn’t like he had a better option. He took a deep breath and released it. Arms. Smaller arms. Arms without... blades? They’re blades, right? Well, without fins. No arm fins or wings or whatever. Just slimmed down-

With a small, trembling sensation, the wing blades shivered and retracted just as fast as they came out. He looked at his limbs and sighed. **“Whew. That’s better.”**

“And if you think about them,” the toon explained, stepping behind him, “You can bring them out again. It’s all nice and convenient.”

“**Sure...**” Masao only half heard her at this point. A thought had occurred to him. His arms looked familiar, especially with the skin color. Reaching up, he ran his hands over his face, taking in his muzzle. They slid up onto his oddly shaped ears, taking his time to feel them up. Things were definitely familiar.

Curious, he looked down at himself and unbuttoned his shirt. The scales were already making their way down his body, even without the dog’s help. Purple had covered most of his shoulders and got his sides. Red ran from his neck over his chest and most of his stomach. Then there was yellow at the end, shaped like an upside-down triangle.

Between the arms, the shape of his head, and the scales, it all seemed to fit together. He started buttoning his shirt back up. **“Okay, I think I know what your surprise is. I’m turOOOH!”**

A hard smack came to his rear as the toon bopped her puffy paw against it. A shocking, tingling sensation ran up his spine all at once. He began feeling warm and overheated, scales moving faster than ever across his body.

Not only that though, but there was a shake. As purple coated his rear, the area vibrated. A nub emerged from above it, small at first before rapidly growing. It went several feet long, longer than her torso to her head. It was thick and wide, only getting narrow at the very end. At the very tip, a fluke developed, angled to make it look like a shark’s tail fin.

“**Whoa!**” Masao gasped, looking over his shoulder. His tail was heavy and sliding against the ground, occasionally lifting into the air and swaying like a shark propelling itself through the water. **“It’s huge!”**

“Tails are awesome, aren’t they?” Jessica sighed blissfully. “Who doesn’t love a good big tail?” She giggled as she bent down, moving onto his legs last.

Like with his arms, they too shifted and grew. Fat dissolved, muscle growth making up for that width loss. Spikes sprouted from them, around his thighs this time. This time, Jessica handled that issue in advance, having already prepared some holes for them to fit into.

There were bigger and different changes on top of that too. The shape of his legs shifted their stance, his knees jutting out more and his thighs thickening a lot. His heels stretched and pulled up, his toes and the front soles of his feet widening. His feet cracked and popped, the back half lifting and pushing his stance onto the front of them. Lastly, his toes swelled and merged, toenails growing and thickening into three sharp claws.

Loud ripping sounds were heard as his shoes burst open, Jessica smiling widely. “And done! Have a lookie at yourself!”

The toon cartoonishly pulled out a large mirror from behind her back and plopped it down in front of him. Masao stared at his reflection. There was not a trace of the old him anymore outside of his clothes. He was different, a beast now.

“Impressed?” She giggled. “What do you think? You’re a-”

“**Garchomp,**” Masao replied quietly. “**I’m a pseudo-legendary Pokémon!**”

“Oh, was it too obvious?” The toon sighed. “So much for that surprise! Oh well! What matters isn’t the surprise factor. What matters is this: how do you feel now?”

“**How do I feel...**” he muttered under his breath. The dragon man stood there, moving his arms a bit and taking a step or two to the sides and back. He could no longer feel the soreness of his feet, the weight of a heavy day upon his shoulders. His mind felt awake, and his body energized, more alive than ever.

He lifted an arm and flexed it, seeing some bicep surging. With a smile, he said, “**I feel.. great! I feel energized and pumped! I feel like I could move a mile a minute! I feel better!**”

“**Thank you so much!**” He chimed, taking Jessica’s paw and shaking it eagerly. “**Thanks for everything! This is just what I needed!**”

“No problem!” Jessica boastfully laughed, “You’re ready to take on the world slash your job tomorrow now! I foresee a much better time already!”

“**Yeah...**” Masao looked back into the mirror, feeling his face. “**Although, there might be a problem when I walk in like this. I don’t look a thing like me anymore.**”

“Problem? Why would there be a problem? Why would they even notice something is wrong?” She suddenly stuck her entire paw in his pants pocket with ease. “Yoink!” She pulled out his wallet and held it up.

Before he could say anything, she reached in and pulled out his driver's license. "The Pupper Touch has extra, special properties to it!" She flipped the license around slowly, trying to make it as dramatic as possible. "And that includes toony world-bending powers!"

The license showed his picture. It showed his Garchomp mug as it was now. It had new details and measurements as well.

The toon put the license and wallet back where they belong with a wink. "You're welcome!"

And like that, one final wave of relief washed over him. Masao sighed a breath of relief. He could face tomorrow without concern. Everything was handled and taken care of. Things would be fine at least.

"Thank you again, Jessica." Masao shook her hand one more time. **"You have a good night, and I hope you make some sales."** The pink dog shook back and smiled.

He turned and headed back to his car. It was time to head home and get some rest for tomorrow. Head back home in his car... his ordinary, normal car.

The dragon stopped. *Shouldn't... should that be-* He looked back at Jessica, who had put the mirror away and was about to grab her bell. **"Hey, shouldn't my car be different? I'm not sure if I can really fit in there with everything."** He shook his tail.

She looked at him and then over at the car he pointed at. "Oh! Right right right! I'm gonna need to apply Pupper Touch to your car too! Weird really. Vehicles never seem to be affected by toony world changes. Maybe for comic effect? Dunno, but I'll fix it!"

She hurried past him to work her magic as he shook his head. *Well, tomorrow is gonna be better at least.*

The thought made him smile. Even though no one was going to bat an eye at his new look tomorrow, he still wasn't sure how things would turn out. There was an excitement that he couldn't deny. He couldn't wait to find out!

THE END