

Chew Time: Squeakcakes

By: Firingwall

Commission done for buckydeerling of FurAffinity

Click.

A lovely, blue-haired woman sat alone at a mostly empty table. Behind her on her wall were posters of animals with black-and-white fur, most of which were skunks. Her hands and arms rested on the counter in front of her, a smile on her face.

In front of her, her fingers just touching it, was a box that looked similar to the kind that held pastries and donuts from a bakery. It was a glossy black with a white swirl marking to it. On top in its center was a bright red, fancy font, uppercase “P”.

The woman’s smile grew, flashing her brilliant, sparking teeth. “Hello! This is Rachel Groves here with another episode of The Transformative Chew!” Her hands slipped on top of the box, patting it gently. “My lovely Chewers, we have ourselves something fun today!

“This episode is sponsored by a lovely Patron of mine who just so happens to be a bit of a chef!” Their hands tightened around the box’s edges. “Dun-da-da-daaaa! I present to you, Squeakcakes!” She lifted the cover.

Suddenly, there was an abrupt cut to a rotating glass tray. On it was a black, and also rather glossy, cupcake. It had no liner, just showing its very soft-looking cake. Its top had a very thick layer of white frosting that curved up. It almost looked like a big glob of toothpaste.

Despite how scrumptious it looked, there was a peculiar feel to it. It had almost a distinct rubbery-ness to it with the way the light shined on it.

“Yes!” Rachel’s voice was heard. “This lovely cupcake is the Squeakcake, developed by a very handsome skunk by the name of Pierre le Puant.”

Another abrupt cut happened, this time to a still image. It was a pinup of a rubber skunk toon wearing gray shorts. The skunk had a playfully seductive look on his face, holding a rose in his maw. He laid romantically on his side, almost beckoning an unseen audience to come close.

Rachel’s narration piped up again. “Pierre is a recent Patron, but, a long-time fan of mine! He appreciates me getting the word out about TF food to the mainstream. He says I’m providing the world with a great service and, as such, he wants my help to get his work out there.”

The long-haired host returned, still smiling. “So, yes, this can be considered a sponsored episode, but I think it’s important. This is about supporting a local indie chef. So, for all of those who wanted me to prop up the little guys more, this is for you.”

The camera slowly zoomed in on Rachel as she spoke, pushing her slightly off to the right. Once the shot showed her at chest height only, the pinup of Pierre appeared on the left. She “looked” at it with a playful smile. “Though, he’s really not a “little” guy with that handsome bod, is he?”

Rachel giggled as the scene cut back to normal in an instant. “Now, I’ll be a bit more open here. This episode is something new I’m doing: a Blind Chew! My process is that I usually research the things I eat or drink beforehand, maybe even trying them in advance in some cases. I like to be aware of what I’m getting into after all.

“This time, that’s not the case. You see, I actually met Pierre not too long ago. He lives not too far from my area and wanted to meet with me about this. I’m always happy to meet a fan and helping him out was fine, but I wasn’t too sure about doing this as a surprise.

“But...” The host smiled, looking off to the side. Her expression seemed dreamy like she wasn’t fully there anymore. “He was just so... convincing and sweet.” She sighed, rubbing her face. “The way he talked, the way he slipped in close and laid his vision before me... the way his big, rubbery tail swayed and wrapped around me...”

Her head began to tilt, her eyelids drooping. She spoke, but her words were low, almost inaudible. A caption popped up, however, reading, “I can still... smell that skunk... smell and want to do whatever he wants...”

Rachel shook her head suddenly and blinked her eyes a few times. She looked forward again as if nothing had happened. “Anywho! He made a great argument and thought it’d be a fun way to shake things up for the show. He’s right, and a Blind Chew definitely has a kind of special ring to it, wouldn’t you agree?”

She looked down and opened the box, revealing a dozen of the Squeakcakes. She reached in and picked one up, holding it so it can be shown fully. “Oooh, it’s soft, just like him!” She poked it with her other hand. “Oh! It squeaks a little too! Very nice!

“Well then, no time like the present, right? Let’s try a Squeakcake and discover together what it is all about!”

Rachel leaned in and bit into the top of the cupcake. She got a good amount of white frosting smeared across her face in the process, looking more like she just smashed her face into it rather than actually eating it.

Still, the host let out a soft sigh. She subtly seemed to shiver as her face stretched into a big, warm smile. “Mmmm!” She rubbed her cheek. “Oh la la! So delightful! I make a good Squeakcake!”

There was a pause. Rachel stared off into the space, her head tilting to the side. It appeared as if she was lost in thought.

The frosting on her face seemed to quiver itself. It turned glossier and thicker in texture. It began to spread around her lips before it fanned out. Expanding across her jaws and cheeks, the substance turned snow-white and inflated, giving her angular jawline a more adorably round appearance. Even her cheeks seemed to stretch further out for a more toonish look.

Rachel blinked a few times as the white, rubbery-looking frosting stopped its expansion, ending by covering her nose up. She hit the top of her chest, clearing her throat. “I mean, Pierre makes a good Squeakcake!”

She looked at the treat with a smile. “It’s so soft and fluffy, but also really chewy with some rubbery texture on the inside. It’s hard to describe, but it’s a delight on my tongue!

“And then there’s that chocolate taste!” The host licked her lips, letting out a small **squeak** noise. She took another bite of the cupcake, her mouth opening far wider and swallowing most of it.

A bit of the chocolate cupcake got onto the spot where her nose once was. Instead of falling off, it began expanding and smoothing over. It swelled into a big, black, oversized, glossy sphere of a cartoon nose that jutted out on her face.

Licking her chops again, she smirked. “It’s magnificent! After all, only the finest of premiere, gourmet chocolate is used!”

Rachel cleared her throat, smiling sheepishly. “Uh, I presume at least.” When she smiled, her teeth could be seen. They were squarer and more perfect in shape, so pearly white a sparkle came off of them.

She rubbed her nose gently with the back of her hand. **Squeak. Squeak.** Her eyes narrowed, looking ahead as best as they could at the black ball of a nose. She gripped and squeezed it, making more **squeaks** from it.

“Have you ever seen such a charming nose attached to such a handsome mug before?” Rachel dreamily spoke, affectionately feeling her snoot. “No one else has it but I and I... I...”

The host frowned again, letting go of the snoot. Scratching the side of her face, she cleared her throat one more time... and then again. “**No else but Pierre and I!**” She nodded. “**Mmm, I feel honored to be developing such a charming visage as his.**”

“**But, while I could spend all day...**” **Squeak.** She gently stroked her snoot. “**...talking about it quite easily, let us continue with our dish!**”

Rachel took one more bite and finished off the Squeakcake, licking her chops with a small **slurp**. She glanced at her fingers for a moment and stuck one of them into her mouth. She sucked on it a little and with a **pop**, pulled it out.

Her finger was big, much bigger. It was super thick and puffy, coated in some kind of white substance that was different from her mouth.

The camera zoomed in just as the gunk spread. It worked its way onto her hand and across her other fingers. At first, it was thin and still showed how delicate her hand was. But it did not last, inflating nearly triple its original size. Two of her fingers were combined together in all of the growth.

“**Never let a single crumb go to waste!**” Rachel stated, wagging her newly gloved mitt at the camera as it zoomed out. She sighed, blushing coming to her white cheeks as she slouched. She gently rubbed them with her hands, shivering gently. The same soft substance began appearing on the unchanged hand, slowly developing it into a glove too.

“**Just delightful! Pierre’s confectionaries are truly a wonder! So squeaky sweet that one cannot simply stop at just one!**” She reached one of her new gloves into the box and pulled out another cupcake. She was careful not to squish it, the treat looking so puny in her grasp now.

Bringing the treat close, she opened her mouth. It stretched even farther than before, cartoonishly so. It was able to swallow the pastry in one simple bite.

There went her pink tongue again with another slide across her face. “**Oh my!**” There was a low **gurgle** noise, her eyes going wide. “**That felt filling!**”

She sat up more in her seat. Doing so showed something curious. She seemed almost taller in her chair and her shirt was higher up than before. Her belly had popped out, pudgier and rather round now.

It didn't look quite right. Like her maw, it was snow-white and had a glossy sheen to it, like it was made from latex. There was also no belly button, just smoothness.

“Mmm, yes! Quite filling!” Rachel put her hands on her exposed stomach and rubbed, eliciting more squeak sounds. **“My tummy is rising like a cooking cupcake!”**

Her head shot forward and looked straight on, the camera zooming in closer. **“My lovely viewers, pardon moi's ignorance until now! I have realized that I have been filming this incorrectly! One can only see my charming visage from the waist up!”**

She shook her head and wagged a finger. **“Everyone should marvel and be granted the honor to see my full handsomeness on display!”**

In a blink of an eye, everything was different. Rachel now stood in the center of a room different from her “office”. The lighting was warmer and softer, music playing in the background that was, no doubt, royalty-free. The music was moody in a loving way, quiet and soft to add to the atmosphere of the location.

Rachel could be seen fully now. With such clarity, her body looked different. Its lower half and stomach were wider and protruding out. It was almost ballish in a way.

“There!” She declared, throwing her hands up. **“Now you can gaze upon moi as I achieve perfection!”** She turned to the only other visible thing in the room that was beside her, a stool. On it was the opened box of Squeakcakes, their frosting tips just visible in view.

A loud **GULP** was heard as she seized one of the cupcakes and chomp it down. A lump could be seen in her throat after she swallowed, going down and into her torso where it vanished.

Psssssssssst. Her belly began to expand more. It spread further out of her shirt, her entire waistline inflating all around her torso for a more obvious, rounder look. As it grew, her belly seemed to droop downward, expanding into her hips and crotch. Her pants looked tighter.

She rubbed her stomach as she took another Squeakcake out. However, this time, she took only a small bite of it. Licking the frosting and crumbs off, she spoke. **“Eating them whole is nice and all, but you should savor “my” delightful hypnotic cakes every so often.”**

She rubbed her cheek, her eyes looking a bit cloudy. **“Our...”** From her cheeks, goop began to leak down towards her neck. However, instead of white, it became a fierce black.

“Mine... Pierre...” Once fully covered, her neck thickened just a tad and smoothed out. *“Pierre crafts such a wonderful dessert!”*

She took a few more bites and finished off the cupcake. *“Mmmm, marvelous!”*

Rachel held her arms up and looked between them. The camera zoomed in and showed them quivering ever so subtly. From her gloves, black, rubbery goop leaked out. They washed down her arms, swallowing them up to her shoulders. The goop bubbled and twitched before thinning, thinning and making them look like rubberhose animated arms.

There was a quiet moment as she wiggled her arms, which vibrated and waved like a cartoon. “Ya know...” She paused again, stroking her chin. *“...savoring is good and all, but eating them whole is still the preferred way!”*

Eyes brightening once again, Rachel grabbed another cupcake. *“Once you have my handsome visage, you’ll definitely want to eat them whole too!”*

The host tossed the Squeakcake into the air above her head. Positioning herself underneath, she opened wide and swallowed it whole. **GULP! Strreeeccccccccch.**

The view of the area shifted downward, narrowing in on her lower half. The closer view showed her jeans stretching far wider now. They pushed further out on every side, reaching the limits fast.

Then, they were hit. The top button on her jeans burst off, the zipper breaking open. The sounds of tearing followed as the sides split open. Black and white rubber could be seen in some parts, along with something gray.

Her torso seemed to stretch further, or perhaps her legs were shrinking. Her belly, hips, and crotch had all merged together into a big, pear-like bottom. And then they kept on expanding even further and further, pushing and tearing at the jeans. Black and white rubbery goop flowed down the expanded area upwards, crawling under her shirt.

It was far too much. With one last inflation, her big bottom expanded and tore through her jeans. Denim burst apart into confetti, pants legs falling to her feet. Nothing was exposed though. Underneath her pants were a pair of shorts. In particular, they were gray toon shorts with cute white buttons to them.

Zooming back out showed Rachel looking down at herself now. She was chuckling, not the least bit phased. “*Oopsie!*” She kicked the pants legs off. “*There goes those tacky jeans of mine. At least you can all enjoy my always fashionable shorts in their full glory!*”

She winked. “*Riiiiiiight?*”

Curiously, her expression hardened, her head tilting to the side. She placed a gloved hand on her head, rubbing it. “**R-right...**”

She stared back down at herself with puzzlement now. Her hands went to her black, rubbery sides, feeling them. **Squeak. Squeak.**

“**Umm...**” Rachel rubbed her forehead, staring ahead seriously. “**My lovely Chewers, I have to admit that my mind feels... jumbled. The more I eat my... Pierre’s cupcakes, the weirder I feel. They are delicious, but it’s hard to think straight at times.**”

She stroked her chin. **Squeak. Squeak.** “**I feel our handsome Patron sponsor was up to some- Psssssssssst. ...you hear something?**”

Rachel glanced around the room, even turning around. With her back visible, something could be seen. Right above her gray shorts, there was a large lump of black rubber goop rising out of her body. As the sound intensified, it grew larger.

After a moment, she turned back around. “**I hear it, but I can’t see-**”

FLOOWOOMP! The large lump ballooned out in one big explosion, fully visible, even with her facing forward again. It grew huge, becoming bigger and wider than her body. It was sleek black with two white stripes going up along it. It curves downward slightly at the tip, widening out a bit more. It was a large, fat, solid mass of a skunk tail.

It was a skunk tail that, as soon as it finished growing, swung around and smacked her right in the face. It stayed there too, refusing the move as it smothered her mug. She shivered before freezing up, arms out away in a shocked position.

Rachel stayed like that for a while, the image suddenly fast-forwarding with a cartoonish sound and video effects. When the video returned to normal speed, Rachel began to loosen up. She slouched forward, hands and arms dangling briefly.

The camera slowly zoomed in as she placed her gloved mitts on the tail, gripping it tightly. They pushed the tail away, swinging it back around into place. She now had a large, sly

grin on her face, her eyes wide open. They were also bigger, rounder, and whiter with black dots for irises.

“Mmm, sorry, my lovely viewers!” “Rachel” chuckled in a truly rich, alluring tone. “I, how you say, have been a bit confused. I have realized you have come for the thrill, the love of le transformation! Well, allow moi to provide for you the truest, most perfect form one can be!”

As he chuckled, some of his long blue hair slipped in front of his eyes. He frowned, tugging on it and letting out a few “tsks”. *“First, my locks, they are unrefined! Allow them to be properly styled!”*

“Rachel” swiped another cupcake, tossing it in his mouth. **GULP!** His blue mop shivered, locks bouncing about briefly. The hair on top began to whiten and thicken, turning into a solid mass. Bangs, long hair, and locks were sucked into it as it slowly inflated into one big blob. The new hair was slick, puffing out over his forehead and curling at its tip for a stylish pompadour.

He grinned, running his hand across it and letting it jiggle and bounce. *“And now, my iconic mane is back! Bathe in its glory, my lovely viewers. Truly, it is one of many perfect features that make me glorious.”*

He took out another cupcake and held it up to his face, aiming it forward. *“In fact, you can appreciate it in lovely food form before you don it yourself!”* He shook the cake, the icing jiggling as his hair did.

GULP! And there he went ahead, swallowing that one as well. His ears wobbled as black goop cloaked them. They were reshaped into something more circular and wider, shifting up his head a tad. They were black-rimmed with white insides, matching his complexion well.

The camera pulled back out to show his full body as the developing skunk snatched another Squeakcake from the box. He ate it fast and grabbed another one, his big bottom growing rounder and wider.

Just as he was about to eat that too, he paused and looked ahead. *“Ah yes! At this point, one will feel the need for perfection!”* **GULP!** He took another. *“You’ll want to finish all of my scrumptious Squeakcakes to ensure it comes fast!”* **GULP!** *“Of course, that is if you’re not having them with another, soon-to-be perfect individual. You’ll want to be sure to share them with yourself then!”*

His figure continued to swell and shift. The rubber went underneath his shirt, over his chest, and popped out over his shoulders, rubberizing most of his body. With the gunk covering his breasts, they began to shrink, losing form until they were gone. His pear figure was complete.

The skunkish figure grinned, feeling his chest. “*And with those pesky bumps gone...*” He grabbed his top and yanked it over his head, tossing it away. “*One can enjoy my fabulous physique now!*”

He flexed his arms. They seemed to bulge a little, but they deflated fast to their noodley form. In fact, they even became limper and loose for comic effect.

The rubbery man laughed, looking himself over. “*Ah! Much better and more exquisite, wouldn't you say?*”

He frowned. “*Moi wouldn't! Some things, they lag behind!*”

He grabbed two whole Squeakcakes and stuffed them both into his mouth, his cheeks widening out a little. **NOMNOMNOM! GULP!** He looked down, the camera shifting and zooming in. Sure enough, his legs and feet were still human.

However, that would not last. From his shorts' leg holes, black goop poured out over his legs. His thighs were first to inflate and thicken, matching the width of the holes perfectly. His knees and calves followed after, seeming to shorten the limbs as they fattened up.

The rubbery goo stopped at his ankles. The changes appeared like they ended before the camera caught something. The soles of the blue sandals had turned white.

Zooming in, white goop leaked out of the soles and then even the sandal straps. They circled his feet and went up to his ankles, leaving holes open for the black goop to continue into them. The white goo inflated and swelled into thick, cartoon shoes with big, bulky toe caps.

“Pierre” laughed triumphantly. “*Ah! Proper footwear! What would I be without my classic shoes?*”

“*Why, without them, you could see my lovely toesies!*” More chuckles followed. “*In fact, why be denied them? Enjoy!*”

He casually kicked the shoes off without issue. His feet were bigger with wider toes. He was down to three fat digits on each foot, now black, glossy, and more like paws. He gave them a wiggle and even did a twirl on them as the image pulled out to show his full body again.

“Ah yes! Isn’t it all lovely?” The skunk declared, patting his belly. *“Still, I feel it needs someOH LALA!”* His eyes widened as his mouth clenched shut, his cheeks turning red.

Psssssssssssssssst. In the crotch of his shorts, the area rose. It pushed and pushed out into a large, cantaloupe-sized bulge, fabric wrapping tightly around it. A white heart symbol appeared over the top of it, adding to its eye-catching pull.

“Merci!” He rubbed his forehead with his arm, looking down at his crotch. **Blink-blink.** His blinks were comically loud as he stared blankly at the last addition.

“Oh ho ho!” The skunk loudly, boastfully laughed. *“Ah! Now I’m fully exquisite!”*

He looked into the camera. *“Ahem! Now, I thank you for your attention today! You have bore witness to the incredible, shiny, handsome figure known as Pierre le Puant, making his incredible debut!”*

Pierre took a deep bow before looking up with a mischievous grin. *“Now, you have seen a wondrous demonstration of my fabulous Squeakcakes! They are made to perfection, allowing you to achieve my rubbery, glossy, charming, stinky, heavenly visage! Everyone is deserving of being a gift from above, no?”*

He sighed, rubbing his cheeks. *“A whole world of moi!”* he breathed dreamily, *“Would it not be grand? A whole world of this?”* He slowly ran his gloves down his body, over his chest, along his sides, across his belly, and to just about his bulging bump. The camera followed the whole time, pulling in closer and closer as they reached his crotch.

But then, it yanked back out as he spun around. He shook his rubbery tail, visible, pink fumes coming off of it like steam.

He spun back around, the camera now at a waist shot. *“Yes! It would be a dream come true, naturally! Don’t you want our dream to be true? Our dream of you becoming moi? If so, then do order some of my special Squeakcakes today!”*

“You can order several boxes of Squeakcakes from my special site found here!” A website address suddenly appeared on the screen in Arial font called Piere’s Delights. *“I also sell fashionable gloves, shoes, and shorts if you want to look as stylish as moi. Yes, they are one size only and it’s my size, but you’ll grow into it.”*

He winked, flashing a sparkling smile. *“You can also call me at this number.”* A number appeared, replacing the address. *“Call anytime and I’ll deliver as many Squeakcakes as you want, straight into your mouth, right away!”*

Pierre leaned in, his grin turning devious. *“It may sound like a boast, but I do promise you, lovely viewers, I have my ways.”*

His smile returned to normal. *“So, what are you waiting for? Order Pierre le Puant’s Squeakcakes today and achieve the perfect me that you were always meant to be!”*

The skunk blew a kiss and waved goodbye, the screening lingering on that image for a long while before fading out.

Suddenly, there was a hard cut to a blue background with text on it. “Due to skunky circumstances, Rachel was unable to complete her review at that time.”

The words faded out and new ones came in at the top of the screen. “Once the results had worn off, she gave it the following score:”

More text appeared below. “A smelly squeak out of ten. Provides a unique, mind-bending experience in TF cuisine unlike any I’ve experienced before. Truly life-changing, but results may linger longer than you may expect.”

It cleared out and the final bit of the review appeared. “A Cautious Chewification: The taste is amazing, but given how permanent or life-altering the changes may be, approach Squeakcakes at one’s own discretion.”

Eventually, the screen faded completely to black. White text appeared instead in a far more fancy font. “Epilogue: Our skunky sponsor expressed disappointment with our score, but thanks The Transformative Chew for getting the word out about his treat. He and Rachel have remained friends and spend some quality skunky time together.”

It faded out and one final message faded back in. “Rachel Pierre and Classic Pierre recorded this special message together at a later date.”

There was a hard cut to what appeared to be a kitchen. Two Pierres stood in front of a counter filled with Squeakcakes. One of them wore shorts like before while the other wore a tux. Both were close to the screen with devious grins on their faces.

“While I may not always be perfect,” the shorts-wearing Pierre spoke first, *“I do know a good product when I taste it! My Squeakcakes are one of a kind and should be eaten by all. Right, Pierre?”*

“Correct, Pierre!” chimed the tux-wearing Pierre, patting him on the shoulder. *“Sure, perfection can’t be achieved forever for some who eat my delicious recipe, but I assure you all...”* He looked straight ahead. *“Yes, you there! I promise you, I am working hard on improving my recipe.”*

“Soon, there won’t be an issue anymore.” He winked.

Shorts Pierre looked dead on as well. *“In the meantime, why not have a Squeakcake anyways?”* He held one up. *“They’re scent-sational!”*

“Yes!” Tux Pierre held up a Squeakcake as well. *“Have a bite and see what you’ve been missing!”*

“Eat up!” “Squeak up!” “Be grand!” “Be perfect!” “Be me!” The two chanted as they inched the cupcakes closer and closer to the screen. The more they did, the stranger it seemed. The cupcakes and hands were looking almost 3D like they were right there reaching for you.

The image vanished and went to black suddenly. “Need to get away? Book with Express-”

Click.

THE END?