

Chew Time: Cougar-O's

By: Firingwall

Commission done for [Wes13 of FurAffinity](#)

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A lovely, blue-haired woman sat at a white table. Only the table and herself from her chest up were visible. The wall behind her was blank and empty of all features. Her hands held together, arms spread out as they rested on the surface.

With a charming smile, she spoke, "Hello! This is Rachel Groves here with another episode of The Transformative Chew!

"Before we begin, I'd like to thank our sponsor for this episode: Miss Airbag~." Rachel brushed some of her long locks over her shoulder. "If you want to look your best, maybe get a little *inflating* boost to your self-esteem, you must try out the best Indie clothing maker around! They have an amazing selection of dresses and outfits you'll love to wear!"

The website link appeared above Rachel's head and the phrase: "Promo: TransformChew" appeared below, both in Arial font. "Make sure to check out their website today and use the promo code, TransformChew, to get 15% off your order. And don't worry, if you're not satisfied with your order, there's a money-back guarantee!"

The words vanished, and Rachel winked. "But no one has ever wanted a return yet~."

She cleared her throat. "Now folks, let's get onto the good stuff! Miss Airbag is sponsoring us today not because they're sweetest, curviest folks, which they are~. [Hubba hubba!] They're also behind today's newest treat!

"Ta-da!" Rachel reached to the right and pulled out a small box of cereal. "Introducing: Cougar-O's!"

Suddenly, only the box was visible and everything was a close-up, showing it in all of its glory. The box was bright yellow, with a photoshop image of a cereal bowl in the lower left. A cartoony cougar gal was dipping a comically large spoon into the bowl as she licked her chops. The two images don't remotely fit at all despite how they supposedly went together.

Rachel's voice was heard. "Yes, I know my lovely chewers, a clothing company making cereal? That's so strange!"

Cut to a generic image of a large, corporate building. “Well, the fine folks of Miss Airbag teamed up with Happy Feeling Co, a company that likes dipping their paws into every little thing, and the two created this breakfast treat!”

Rachel was back again, holding and shaking the box teasingly. “The idea behind the creation from what I’ve heard is this: Miss Airbag knows that while people love their clothes, not everyone can afford them in today’s world, unfortunately. As such, why deny people such a grand experience? Now, people can have it for breakfast!”

Rachel licked her lips as she eyed the box. “Well, it’s currently about 1 PM when I’m filming this. Buuuuuuuut, I say, breakfast is anytime! Why wait?”

She placed the box down and reached to her left, pulling out a bowl with a spoon in it. “Let’s have a bite!”

Making sure everything was perfectly visible, Rachel popped open the box and ripped open the bag. She leaned over it and gently sniffed. Her nose wobbled, turning black and shifting triangular.

Only for a moment before it reverted back. Rachel sat back and sighed, rubbing her face. “Mmm, smells like Cheerios and I do like me some Cheerios~.”

She poured some cereal into her bowl and scooped up just a little. She looked at the camera with a big, warm smile and toasted with the spoon. “Here’s to our first, delicious taste~.”

She popped into her mouth and chowed down. There were soft crunches, her eyes looking up as if her mind was in deep thought. However, there appeared to be nothing else to the naked eye.

She looked forward again, swallowing. “Well, it certainly tasted like Cheerios, the Honey Nut variety if you ask me~!”

As she spoke, she casually flashed her teeth. They appeared to be much whiter and cleaner now, giving off a faint sparkle in the light. Her incisors were longer as well, more fang-like, similar to the kitty on the box.

Rachel casually licked her lips, a rather rough, pink tongue slipping out. It slid across her bottom lip first before circling around to the top one. It seemed slower briefly before it slid back in her maw. Once it was gone, there were some very small whiskers and the philtrum folded a bit inward like a cat’s.

Rachel scooped up some more. “Either way, it’s delicious! When it’s tasty, it makes things way easier for my job~.”

She ate her next spoonful and sighed. Her shoulders tensed up, eyes closing. Her hands tightened and at that moment, her manicured nails sharpened. They pulled more into points and moved to the tips of her fingers, forming cute, stubby claws.

From the sides of her head, some of her long, neatly brushed blue hair parted. Her ears poked out. They were a tad rounder in shape with light, tannish hairs sprouting on the sides. For a moment, they rose, crawling an inch or so up her head before stopping.

“Mmmmm, that taste~!” Rachel cooed gently, “It’s so sweet!” Her eyes opened weakly. Staring back now were not the normal, same-old blue peepers of hers. They were bright green with cat eye pupils, full of mischief and sweetness.

She grinned, flashing her fangs. “Now this cereal... this might be even better than Cheerios! It tastes like every piece is the best piece in a normal box of that stuff!”

She stroked her chin, leaning back slightly, but in a way that still pushed out her prominent chest. “It’s hard to explain what I mean, but think of it that way if you can. Meanwhile, let’s have some more!”

Rachel took another scooped bite of her cereal. Her pushed-out chesticles wobbled with her tight top. They seemed to rise higher on her chest, firmer and almost rounder, smooshing against the table more blatantly as she leaned in.

Her top began to stretch as well. The faint outline of a word started to appear over the chest area. It wasn’t particularly visible whatever it was.

What was clear was her breasts. They had grown a full cup size into E territory. They appeared almost rounder and spherical. They did not droop at all, only lightly jiggle.

“Ya know,” Rachel spoke, a hand casually resting on her large bosom, “I’m sure some of you may question me on this. “Why are you eating cereal without milk?” Yes, yes. You usually have cereal with **milk**.” Her chest jiggled again.

“It’s quite simple, and for two reasons!” Rachel got another spoonful, some faint, pleasant, wishful, royalty-free music playing in the background. “First one is I don’t like soggy cereal. No matter how fast I eat, the cereal always ends up mushy. That’s no fun.”

She swallowed. “Then there’s the taste factor!” Light sand brown hairs started sprouting around and below her nose. “I find it's best to judge cereal on its taste alone! Some may say cereals get better with milk included, but not me. You miss out on that pure, untainted, sweet taste by splashing milk on it!”

The faint music vanished as she giggled, fur circling her mouth and part of her cheeks. “And that’s *my silly reasoning for it~.*”

Her mouth cracked and pushed forward at the very end. Cheeks slightly expanded on the sides as her maw expanded. More fur sprouted, still sand brown as before, to cloak the new area. Her nose transformed back into its feline shape, moving to the tip of her short muzzle.

“*And besides,*” she cooed in a sweet, mature tone. Her hand stroked her chest as she ate another scoop without prompting, “*Who knows what adding milk would do with cereal like this? Why it might make my mommy milkers massive~!*”

Her breasts wobbled again and expanded again. Her low collar dipped even further downward, showing more of her ever-vast cleavage... and their sand-colored fur. They seemed so large and protruding, yet, Rachel sat there and moved her hands around them like it was second nature to her.

She giggled, brushing her hair back. Subtle at first, but a chocolate brown tone slowly made its way through her blue hair and down its locks. Her hair also appeared to be shrinking, slowly leaving her chest, back, and soon, her shoulders.

Rachel cleared her throat and spoke in a breathy tone, “*My apologies for such lewd comments, my dearies~. Let us continue with this delectable treat~.*”

She scooped up another spoonful and plopped it into her maw. Her face positively glowed, radiating pure bliss.

A soft quiver rolled through her, starting in her head. Her hair shortened further until it was just an inch past her noggin. The quiver rolled down into her arms, straight to her fingertips. Soft fur ran down them with the shake, visible skin a thing of the past.

She stretched one of her hands out, holding it up casually and blocking most view of everything. Her palm and fingers were visible, fur spreading over them. However, not in every place. Instead, the skin turned very pink and squishy. It inflated on her fingers and palm, and with gentle **pops**, little pads appeared.

Pulling her hand back, she cooed, *“This is such a wonderful cereal and...”* She looked at the box. *“It has all the required vitamins and minerals you need to achieve your perfect shape. Oh, this will surely be good for my figure then! A lady like myself needs to watch her weight~.”*

“In fact~.” With a soft giggle, she ate another scoop and rose from her seat, her head and chest no longer visible (well partially not as visible with her chest). Her waist and hips were in clear view, the image zooming closer. *“My, I can feel all those pesky calories and troublesome fat melt away!”*

Creeeeeek. Her already narrow waist pushed in even more, just a few inches off from Jessica Rabbit territory. However, those inches went elsewhere, straight into her hips and thighs. Those expanded significantly, almost past shoulder length in the hips alone. Her thighs swelled to match, giving Rachel Pixar Mom proportions.

The scene pulled back again as Rachel sat down. Sand-colored fur circled her eyes now, brown sand fuzz cloaking the rest of her face. *“Oh, I’m sure my darling hubby would love to see his wife this sweet-looking. Perhaps he would love a bowl of this too?”* She grinned. *“But I suppose he wouldn’t be my darling hubbykins anymore then, would he?”*

She gave off another airy chuckle before continuing her meal. Her hair fully shifted, now a rich chestnut brown. Its locks were cut and styled into a cute bob cut in the back. Up on top and over part of her forehead, it was spiky and shooting off in different directions.

Rachel licked her lips. *“Though, my silly roommate, Melissa dear, could do with a bowl.”* She sighed. *“Honestly, she’s like a child sometimes, and I feel like a mommy. She’s just so scrawny and needs to put on a little weight, especially in some proper places. Oh, how I worry about her sometimes!”*

She took another bite and gently chewed. She looked like she was savoring it now, her eyes closing and shoulders relaxing. Fur spread over the rest of her visible skin and no doubt further. Though, it was hard to tell with the current camera angle.

She swallowed. *“Hmmm... what was I talking about again?”*

At that moment, something wiggled out from behind her back. It waved and moved like a serpent, sliding around her waist. It ran up to her tummy, across her vast chest, and up to her chin. It brushed her chin... playfully as she looked to the ceiling thoughtfully.

It was a tail. It was a brown, fuzzy tail with a sandy tip. It was slick as it scritchd her chin, quickly zipping back behind her when her eyes lit up. It could be seen every so often swishing about happily in the background.

“Oh! Yes! Cougar-O’s!” Rachel smiled warmly ahead. There was a twinkle in her eye, something so sweet and welcoming. Something so... motherly, but also playful. *“Cougar-O’s is so delightful of a cereal! My head feels up in the clouds when I’m eating it~.”*

“Oh, last bite, my little sweeties~.” She showed her mostly empty bowl, scooping up the last few pieces. She plopped them into her mouth, chewed (hand tightening on her spoon), and swallowed. The spoon drooped, her hand going to her face and rubbing it.

Her eyes closed tightly. She was shaking ahead, subtly but still shaking. *“Ooooh, yes, yes! I love it so! With this cereal, breakfast will be so... so...”*

Her eyes opened wide. *“FIIIIILLLLING!”* Her fists pumped into the air as she shoved her chest out, which mightily bounced and shook like Jell-O.

FABOOOOOOM! BAM! And more Jell-O shaking followed, along with a bowl sent flying. Her chest ballooned up in almost a blink of an eye half a second later after her shout. Her chesticles hit a godly G-cup, sports ball size and almost as spherical (though much softer).

Her shirt struggled to contain her soccer balls, almost melding around the mounds perfectly. A fourth of their mass popped out of her ever wider neckline, the rest still held in. The new size lifted her top higher up, showing off her very toned navel. The faint word upon her shirt’s chest became clear, “Candy”.

There was a pause after all the commotion. Rachel froze in place, fists still hanging in the air. She blinked once and then twice. Seconds later, she brought them down and sat properly again.

She coughed, placing a paw upon where her heart would approximately be. *“Ahem, I mean “fulfilling”, dearies. Fulfilling~. Breakfast will be very fulfilling with Cougar O’s now.”*

Rachel looked down and lightly chuckled. She placed both paws against the sides of her breasts and pushed them together, more of them popping out of her top. *“My my, isn’t this such a boost? Such a marvelous, delightful change, was it not?”*

She let go, her chest jiggling back into place. *“Oh my dear sweeties, I feel so fulfilled and complete now. I never felt so... womanly and with it before after such a meal! I feel... I feel like such a... a...”*

Her words trailed off as her eyes looked about. *“Huh...”* She leaned back in her chair and slid a finger across the wall behind her. She looked it over and shook her head. *“Tsk tsk, dearie me! When was the last time this room was cleaned properly? It’s so dusty! Honestly, my hubby can be so forgetful, and my child of a roommate is...”*

She looked back and giggled. *“Oh ho ho, now I get it! I feel like such a mommy~.”*

Suddenly, cheerful, upbeat music played and Rachel settled back into position, though still pushing out her non-sagging chest. *“Anywho, our time grows short. It is time for my review of Cougar O’s!*

“I am thrilled to say that I give them an hourglass out of ten~.” She winked as a picture of a clipart hourglass appeared in the corner. *“The results speak for themselves. I must say, I do truly feel like a new woman, a whole new wife and mom~. The experience of eating such cereal is just like fitting into a Miss Airbag gown!”*

In the room below her chest (as little as there was), words in Arial Font appeared: **“Soft Chewification!”** Rachel added, *“For my actual recommendation, I give this is a Soft Chewification. You simply must join in the fun today if you can and find that new you that has been missing in your life.”*

The words vanished. *“This has been Candy Cougar... I mean, Mrs. Rachel Groves of Transformative Chew. I would simply feel warm and toasty inside if you all would return to watch another video in the future. Or, perhaps, watch another of my already wonderful videos.*

“Follow me on Twitter at @TransformativeChew!” The text for that appeared. *“Or become a Chewer at my Patreon: Transformative Chew Show!”* The text for that appeared below the last.

“Please, if you would for your dear young Cougar, click on the Like button and be sure to subscribe if you haven’t already.” The words vanished again as her expression turned devious, chest jiggling once more. *“After all, you wouldn’t want to miss out on more warm, sweet, motherly content as this!”*

Rachel’s expression sweetened again. *“Every little bit helps with my continuing growth, in more ways than one! Now, have a changey, feely day!”*

She stood up and the angle changed, still showing her from the chest up. She bowed. “Now, if you’ll excuse me, I must tend to my soon-to-be needy child, Mellie. She needs everything to be ready for her special soccer game today, including preparing her clothes~. Oh, mommy is so proud of her!”

Rachel softly giggled and waved. The image faded out.

Now, a parent and a child were seen watching TV on a couch. Narration played, “You don’t have to postpone feeling well and missing out on these special moments. Be sure to schedule an appointment today at-”

Click.

THE END