

Chew Time Live:

Edible Sugarified Packing Peanuts

By: Firingwall

Inspired by the [artwork of Royal Poodle](#) of Twitter

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“Hellooooooooooooo, everybody!” The image is black, only the voice of a woman can be heard. However, her voice sounds off, along with the audio. It sounds like there is a lot of wind and background noise happening.

Then, the picture appears, if a bit shaky. A long, blue-haired woman is standing in the middle of a crowd, people occasionally giving her and the moving camera an odd look. Around everyone are carnival booths and attractions, a ferris wheel further in the back.

“This is The Transformative Chew!” the woman declares, throwing her hands into the air. “We have left the safety of our normal studio to venture into the wide world. The season is summer, and the county fair has rolled into town once again!

“This is Rachel Groves, your lovely host and fan of all things transformation!” She gives the camera a thumbs up and a wink. “I’m here with my trusty editor, and camerawoman for today, Zoe Douglas!”

“Hey, folks!” Zoe's voice, more muffled and distant sounding than Rachel's, answers, “Time for another episode of: Let's watch this white lady do something stupid!”

“Oh please!” Rachel rolled her eyes and sighed. “Like this wouldn't be something you'd be down for too!”

“Sure, go with that.”

Rachel shakes her head and starts walking backwards through the crowd. She continues with her opening spiel. “For those just joining us, The Transformative Chew is my lovely food channel dedicated to all things edible that results in a change! I give you the deets on something yummy and show you the look you gain doing so!

“I've tried many a food and drink from all over the country, all of which have been absolutely wonderful! However, none of them compare to the one place where you can get the tastiest, sweetest, and most fat-inducing foods around: a county fair!

“That's why we're going live to-OOF!” Rachel walks into someone without looking. The man gives her and the camera a glare, starting to say something.

“Umm,” Rachel mumbles, giving the camera a side glance, “Give us a second here, folks. We'll be right back.”

There is a sudden, abrupt smash cut. The camera is now focusing on a large sign above an entryway that reads, “Food Alley.”

The camera tilts down, revealing a sea of food stalls as far as the eye can see. Rachel stands in the middle, walking now to the side as she leads the camera through. “Anywho, welcome to Food Alley! Every year at my fair, there's TONS of great food on offer. Hot dogs, hamburgers, cotton candy, cheese curds, elephant ears, deep fried whatever, the whole works!

“It's all stuff that'll melt your teeth...” She rubs her stomach gently. “Or give you a big belly... in the traditional, old fashion way of course.”

Rachel motions for the camera to come closer, which it does. “BUT!” She holds a finger up, looking serious. “But none of that provides the satisfying transformation you or I dream of!” She pounds a fist into her palm. “We want fun results around here!”

Slowly, her face pulls into a bright smile. “Thankfully, I heard about something really exciting this year that'll give us what we want.”

She steps to the side and holds out her hand, aiming it off towards a large food truck. It is completely black with tinted windows, making the workers inside impossible to see. There is a menu attached to the side and a small counter jutting out below the order window.

“Our goal lies there!”

There is another jump cut, Rachel and the camera now at the countertop. “Allow me to introduce you all toooooooo...” She smacks the bell on the counter twice. “...Edible, Sugarified Packing Peanuts!”

The window on the food truck rattles, and the camera shifts focus onto that. The window opens up and reveals a worker. It is a bright blue elephant! It is hard to tell with the shadows, but he looks very soft and kind of fuzzy, almost like he was made out of fabric.

“One nice, BIG bag of your best peanuts, please!” Rachel orders before he could ask her.

The elephant smiles. “No prob, sweetstuff!” He closes the window and vanishes, though the sounds of cooking faintly emanate.

Rachel turns the camera back to her. “This is a nifty treat that has been popping up in state fairs and carnivals recently. You know how silly Americans love deep frying stuff? We have that here. This special order is packing peanuts that have been super sugar-coated and deep fried to where they are edible, tasty, annnnnnnnd...” She leans in, winking. “Something more!”

“You'll see what I-” The window opens, and the camera returns to it. The stuffed elephant is back and places a large, pillowcase-sized bag on the counter. Steam is coming off it with dark, magenta lumps visible at the top.

“Here ya are!” the elephant declares as Rachel pays him, taking the bag after. “Careful, it's hot!”

“Oh I will!” Rachel licks her tongue, looking at the bag.

“Enjoy and feel the fluff!” With that, the elephant closes the window and disappears.

There's another hard cut soon after. Rachel is now standing amongst an area filled with picnic tables. People of all kinds are sitting down, eating various foods and drinking away. She takes a seat at the only open table, motioning for the camera to follow.

“So!” Rachel places the bag on the table. “Time for backstory! ...there's not much. This is a new food that's debuting at my fair this year. I can't seem to find out if this has been at any other fairs or carnivals before, only small posts here and there from my area talking about it.

“After reading about them, I HAD to check it out!” Rachel opens the bag up further and leans in, giving it a big sniff. “Mmm, smells good! Lots of sugar in it.” She touches and pinches her nose a few times. “No changes from just smelling it. Guess you get your big results from only eating it this time. Fine by me!”

“You sure you want to eat this now?” Zoe is heard, her voice having a tint of concern that was almost masked by the crowd. “Got a lot of people around here that might find this... weird.”

“I'll be fine!” Rachel waves her hand dismissively again before smiling. “The food sold here is for the public, and I haven't seen any signs that say no transforming.” She leans in and sniffs the bag again. “Besides, the freshness will go down if we wait.”

“Okay, just asking.”

“Your concern is noted. And now, my lovely viewers, without further ado, let's try it!” Rachel takes the first purple, squishy peanut and tosses it in. She slowly chews it, brow furrowing. “Hmm, well, it squeaks in my mouth like a packing peanut. Kind of weird.

“It's a bit odd on my tongue.” She swallows. “But it is super sugary like promised!”

There is a flash of white briefly around Rachel's ear. It vanishes underneath her long blue hair. “Hey! I think I'm seeing something!” Zoe zooms the camera in closer. “Turn your head to the left and brush some of your hair away.”

“Can do!” Rachel turns her head and brushes her hair behind her ear. The camera zooms closer and closer, the image blurry before clearing up.

There's something white attached to her ear. At first it looks like an earring, and then a cattle tag with its angular shape. However, it becomes clear. It is a tag, one that would be attached to some kind of clothing or stuffed animal.

On the tag, barely visible with the video quality, are some words. They read, “**Machine Washable. Polyester Fibers. Distributed in America.**”

“What is it? What is it?” Rachel says, quickly turning to the camera after a bit. “I want to know!”

“Well, it looks like a tag is coming out of your ear.” The camera zooms back out.

“Really?” Rachel reaches up and feels around her ear, eventually hitting the tag. She tugs on it and winces quickly. “Oooh man, it's stuck there good. I wanna read what it says.”

She clears her throat. “I mean, as you can see, dear friends, the change has begun with this small addition... that I can't really enjoy currently.” She looks at the tag and takes a few more peanuts out. “Well, since this works, let's try having some more.”

Rachel chews up more peanuts and swallows. **WOOMP!** A loud, goofy sound effect emanates from her ears, catching one of the tables in the background off guard. Her ears inflate, doubling, tripling, and even quadrupling the size of her head.

It isn't a mere size growth. Her ears had transformed into elephant ears, ones that were bright green with pink inners. However, instead of the thin, flappy nature one would expect from

an elephant, these ears are plumper and thicker. They look to be made from fabric, stitching along the edging of them.

Rachel blinks blankly as the tops of her new ears hunch over. She looks to the right and to the left. It looks like she can easily see them as she begins to smile.

“Now these are pretty cool!” She reaches up again and grips both, squeezing and stroking them. “They're so soft and plush! I can barely even feel them too!”

Rachel finds the tag again and pulls on it, stretching it and the ear closer to her face. She reads it at last, giggling. “I wonder if machine washable also includes showering with them?” She shakes her head, letting her ears bounce and flap.

As she plays with her ears, the camera drifts to the side slightly, zooming in. A couple of the tables are looking in their direction, eyeing up what was going on. All the adults look confused and suspicious, but the kids seem rather excited and giggly.

The camera shifts back to Rachel as she happily sighs. She takes another peanut and pops it into her mouth. “Mmm, tastes a little better now. Not as thick.”

Srrrh. Rachel flinches and looks behind her. “Oh boy.”

The camera gets up from the table and hurries around behind her. The top back of her jeans had split a little bit. From it, a bright green tail with a pink tuft of fur is swaying about. However, the tail looks sewn into her skin with the same stitching going up its sides. The pink tuft is more a blob of fabric shaped into resembling a tuft.

“Awww, you missed out on getting the tailplosion!”

“Well, it's not like we're in the studio.” Zoe sighs, “We only have one camera and don't have multiple angles to work with.”

“True true.” The camera turns to Rachel's face. “Sorry folks about missing one of the money shots. That's the price of these fun live shows!”

The camera and Zoe switch back over to their seat, keeping focusing on Rachel. “Now that we've seen the results of a few peanuts, I bet you can all figure out where this is going.” The host grins. “We don't often cover this particular transformation, so soak it in!”

“Now, let's kick it up a notch!” She grabs a handful of the peanuts and stuffs them into her mouth. She chews and chews, struggling to get through it all.

She speaks but her words are almost incomprehensible. A helpful caption does pop up, saying, “Mmm, tasty! So many peanuts! Need bigger mouth.”

After chewing a bit, she swallows some of them. She talks again, though clearer with less food stuffed into her maw. “My shoes feel tight.

“Hint hint.” The camera rattles as Zoe drops it below the picnic table. The image is a bit blurry and dark until it narrows in on Rachel's footwear. Her ankles look fairly pudgy and inflated, even fabric-like similar to her ears.

The pudginess pushes down and into her shoes, which in turn were being pushed off. She scrapes her shoes along the ground, helping to shift them off before they could burst.

Eventually, they are able to slip off with a bit of work. Her feet are free and are able to continue their swelling into fat, thumpy stumps. They resemble elephant feet with three “toes” on each that bulge a tiny bit. Like with the ears, her feet looked so squishy and almost boneless with how they pressed against the ground. Yet, they seem also sturdy as if they could be walked on.

“Lookin’ good down there?” Rachel's voice came from above the table.

“Yeah!” The camera returns to facing the host. “You got your shoes off in time. No ripping or anything.”

“Oh, that's a first for the show!” Rachel smiles. “Usually, I'm out another pair at this point.” The two chuckle. “Just make sure to grab them before we leave though.”

The host takes some more packing peanuts from the bag and stuffs them into her mouth. She chews, a few, unfortunately, spilling out as she does. Her expression grows rather goofy and content, like she is sinking in their taste.

Gurrrrgle. Her form grows wider, her shirt rising as her stomach ever so subtly swells. She's busy chewing, unaware as her tummy pushes more and more into the table. Her narrow waistline is lost, officially robbing her of her fit, toned shape.

After swallowing, Rachel looks down at herself. It is like she just noticed her increasing weight gain, taking a moment to poke her tummy. “Oh, this could be trouble!”

With a few pushes and grunts, she pops out from under the table and swings around on the bench so she faces away. “Good!” Zoe remarks, the camera getting up again and moving around to face Rachel, “I don't want to unstuck your plushy butt from that table.”

“Just thinking ahead for once!” Rachel sighs pleasantly, looking down at herself some more. She returns to host mode. “As you can see, those packing peanuts are already “packing” me up quite well. I'm feeling so big!”

Her belly is still swelling and inflating, some of it popping out from under her shirt. Her belly is rather pink and fuzzy while the sides are green. There is slight, almost unnoticeable stitching that goes along the sides, separating the pink and green.

Rachel reaches down and presses her hand against her tummy. “Ooooh, I like how that feels! It's like squeezing a stuffed animal.

“But you probably started guessing that already, my lovely viewers.” Rachel winks and stuffs another handful of peanuts in her gob.

As she eats away, this time, her head begins expanding. It grows wider and rounder, her cheeks puffing out as her face stretches. Her neck seems to vanish as her noggin enlarges.

“Sooooooo, yummy!” Her maw stretches, two grayish white teeth poking out. “Absolutely **delicious!**” The teeth grow out into two short, curved, rounded tusks. While denser and firmer in appearance, they still look as soft as the rest of her changed parts.

“**Hard to believe these were ever inedible before! The power of good sugar-coating and deep frying, I guess!**” Rachel takes two handfuls of peanuts and shoves them all in her mouth. With how wide and stretchy her head became, she has no issue doing that.

Her hair wobbles and shakes as if a stiff breeze blew through the fair. It begins shrinking and merging together, soft strands becoming thicker fabric and linen. The long locks in the back pull up to the top of her head, all of her hair becoming one puffy blob of plush that forms an afro of sorts.

Rachel does not notice the new hairdo, just continuing to eat handful after handful of her peanuts. She seems to have gone into a food trance, too absorbed in her treats.

She reaches deeper into the bag for another shovel of peanuts. At one point, when a hand returns, it looks different. It and its fingers are inflating, merging into one big, plush stump. There are three bumps stitched into the fabric pink stump of a hand, much like her feet.

The peanuts the hand is holding tumble back into the bag, finally snapping her out of it. She looks at it and holds it up for the camera. **“Well, this is a pain!”** She holds up her other mitt, showing it transforming to match. **“How can I eat more peanuts with these? Plush-ifying is fun until you get this pain.”**

Rachel strokes her chin with an elephant hoof. **“Hmmm... maybe we can try this!”** She carefully takes the food bag and puts it between her legs.

Making sure the bag is open as far as it can, she reaches in with both huge hooves and scoops out some peanuts between them. Most of them fall out of her mitts and either onto the ground or back into the bag, but she is able to at least eat a few.

Her nose vibrates and mouth jitters as she chews. Her jaws turn fabric-esque and slowly stretch forward, the bottom turning pink while the top is green. Her sniffer vibrates more and more, inflating and stretching far away from her head. It descends down to her gut, hiding her mouth behind it.

“Ooooh!” Rachel looks down at her new trunk and presses her hands against her new sniffer. **“Now I'm lookin' good!”** She shook her head, letting her trunk bounce. **“Trunks are always nice, especially when I need some extra assistance.”**

Rachel looks ahead at the camera with, presumably, a big smile. **“Unless my lovely camerawoman is willing to feed me instead?”**

“Nope.”

“Then trunk it is!” Rachel's trunk swished about before stretching down into the bag. It scooped up a big chunk of packing peanuts and stuffed them into its owner's maw, just like a real elephant.

Their entire body is inflating, getting rounder and fatter. The belly and hips seem to be widening and combining into one, giving her figure a big bottom shape. Their pants and shirt are intensely hugging and digging deep into her body, thankfully not ripping.

As all of their skin turns fabric-esque, stitching becoming more common, Rachel shovels more peanuts in. Their legs and arms are inflating now, color matching with their stumpy hands and feet. They also seem to shrink, looking smaller on such a big body.

The host starts talking, their voice mostly muffled and slurred with how much food is stuffed in. More helpful captions appear, “The peanuts taste super good now! They're almost like circus peanuts! I love how the taste evolves as you change.”

The camera slowly goes up and down Rachel's body, taking in its far cartoonish and toy-like shape with its kind of stubby limbs. “Ya know,” Zoe is heard saying, “Are you okay like that? Can you even move when you're so bloated?”

“**Bloated?**” Rachel looks down at themselves as their trunk gets another scoop. They pat their belly. “**What do you mean? I feel perfectly fine!**”

CHOMP! Gurrrrrrrgle! RIIIIIIIIIP! “Oh boy.” **POP! RIP!** “Not good.”

Everything starts giving. The straps on Rachel's top snap as its collar rips right down the middle. Their bra follows suit, breaking and hitting the ground with their shirt. Thankfully, their chest is completely flat and cottony soft.

The button on their shorts pops, and the zipper pulls down. Their shorts split on the sides and, presumably, in the back. It all falls apart, along with their underwear. Gasps are heard from the sides from the people who are still watching the sight play out.

Just like with the bra, there is no issue. There is nothing to see. Everything is all null. Rachel just had an empty, plushie big bottom fit for a toon or a cuddly stuffed animal.

Not even phased one bit, Rachel giggles. “**Ooooooh, how scandalous! Look at this soft, silly, nude body!**” He pats and even rubs his wide belly. “**It just makes me wanna eat more.**”

“Oh please, you were going to eat more regardless if you saw yourself, Rach.”

“**True, but eh, “Rach”? I say I'm more of a Raphael now personally.**” Raphael looks down at his bag, licking his lips with a cute, pink tongue. “**And Raph needs some more peanuts!**”

He shovels another huge scoop of peanuts into his maw, stretching it out as it takes it all in. He eats and eats, chewing away contently. At last, his head fully changes, resembling that of a round, stuffed animal. Everything is softer and pushier, no trace of his old skin. His eyebrows are thick felt that appear sewn in with the eyes glossy and hard, like that of a toy.

The camera pulls back, showing Raphael in full. There is no trace of Rachel left. There sits a large, wide, pear-shaped, stuffed anthro elephant chowing down on a bag of food.

The green stuffed animal sighs and looks at the camera. He opens his mouth to say something. **“BURRRRRRRRRRP!”**

“Rude!” The camera turns from Raphael and starts panning around. “Gross!” Everyone is looking at the transformed host. “Weirdo!” “The youth today, I swear!” All of them look on with disgust or contempt, shaking their heads. Only the kids seem mildly amused and impressed by what just occurred.

“They jelly that I'm all super soft and fluffy,” Raphael the Stuffed Elephant says with a shake of his head. The camera returns to him, watching as he rubs and pats his tummy some more, light, soft noises coming from it. **“None of them know how to have fun, I swear!”**

He pressed his elephant, hoof-esque hands against his trunk, stroking it. **“I never felt such softness before! Those peanuts really know how to make a guy feel comfy!”**

Raphael looks at the camera and smiles. **“And that's why I give Edible Sugarified Packing Peanuts a carny prize outta ten! While the results are what I was expecting...”**

He holds his hands up in front of his face. **“I was hoping for more easy-to-work-with-hands than this.”**

The elephant drops his mitts a bit and shrugs. **“Still, I am the ultimate soft lifeform and you can be too!”** He points at the camera and winks. **“Nobody will resist wanting to hug ya, especially if they're your special somebody.”**

“I give this an EXTRA Soft Chewification!” The phrase appears below him in Arial Font. **“If your county fair is lucky enough to have this delectable treat this year, check it out as soon as possible. All the extra girth you could want without all the weight!”**

An extra note appears below him: Bring extra friends to help you get home if you do though.

“This has been Raphael, your cuddly, huggable host!” He chuckles and toots with his trunk. **“Thanks for watching this Transformative Chew! See you next time for hopefully another big episode, though back in the studio.**

“Follow me on Twitter at @TransformativeChew.” The link appears below. **“Or become a Chewer at my Patreon: Transformative Chew Show!”** The text for that pops in then.

“Hit that like button and be sure to subscribe, if you haven’t already, to get more plushie content like this! Every little bit helps! Have a changey, feely day!”

The notes vanish as Raphael looks back into his bag. **“Hmm, there's still plenty left!”** He looks up at the camera. **“You want some, Zoe? People would loooove a duo TF.”**

“Thanks but no thanks,” Zoe answers, her voice actually seeming a touch disappointed. “No way to properly hold the camera if I do that or pick up any of your clothes or shoes. Plus, you need me to be as slim and limber as possible.”

“What do you mean?”

“You can't drive home like that!” Zoe's dark hand appears from behind the camera, pointing at Raphael's stomach. “You can't work the steering wheel or pedals with that body.”

She pokes him in the tummy. “Hell, I'm not sure if you can even fit in the driver's seat with that gut.”

Raphael huffs. **“Oh, I could totally fit in the front seat!”**

The video abruptly cuts to a black screen. There's a single caption in the center. “They did not.”

The caption eventually disappears as well.

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THE END