

# Chew Time: Ruh-Roh Bites

By: Firingwall

## Click.

A blue-haired woman was sitting at an empty table, only visible from the chest up. The room was empty from what could be seen, the walls barren behind her. Despite the sterile look, she had a bright smile on her face, hands resting on the table and held together.

Her smile only grew as she spoke. “Hello, everybody! This is Rachel Groves with another fantastic episode of The Transformative Chew! We have no corporate overlord sponsors for today, so don't go skippin' ahead! You won't want to miss this!

“Today, my hungry, hungry viewers, I got something scandalous, something those stuffy suits out there don't want you to know about!” Casually brushing some of her long hair behind her ears, she looked from side to side as if suspecting somebody was spying on her. “In fact, if not for you lovely Patrons, I might've missed out on this secret treat!

“If you ever walked down the snack or cereal aisles in your grocery store...” As Rachel talked, the screen cut away to a stock image of a grocery store. “...you've probably seen the countless foot tie-in products that litter the shelves.”

Several images of products flashed by now, showing Pokémon Cereal, Trolls gummy snacks, Cocoa Pebbles, Shrek ketchup, and more from over the years. “Frankly, in my humble opinion, all of it tastes pretty much the same as their normal or generic brand counterparts. I guess it's just more “fun” when it has your favorite character slapped on it.”

Rachel returned, frowning. “Now, all of that stuff I showed? Approved by higher-ups in stuffy boardrooms or over phone calls with equally stuff lawyers. BORING!” She smacked the table and leaned in. “So, what if there was something out there on the market that wasn't approved by those suits?”

Her smile began to return. “What if it was sneaky and had a bit of a twist to it?”

A familiar jingle began to play, low enough not to be caught by a music-catching bot. “And, in this case, what if it just so happened to star a scaredy-cat dog that we all love?”

The jingle turned into a theme song as a new picture faded in on the screen. It showed Kellogg's Scooby-Doo Cinnamon Snack Bones. The song grew louder, clearer, until it was-

And then, it all abruptly cut out, the picture sliding away off to the right. Rachel was back again, appearing to push away the picture with one hand while holding a box in another. “No! That was approved as well. What I'm talking about is...”

Once the screen was just her again, she shoved the box towards the camera. “Ta-da! We have Ruh-Roh Bites!”

Another cut occurred, shifting to a closeup scene of the box on a rotating pedestal. It was green with orange lettering, a very crude, clearly off-brand image of Scooby on the front. The dog was holding real-looking/Photoshop-placed, dog bone-shaped crackers in his paw.

Rachel's voice chimed in from off-screen. “That's right! Named after our favorite dog's lovely way of speaking, these mysterious cinnamon treats are a real-life mystery! Last spring, boxes appeared on grocery store shelves in Oregon. There were only a limited amount, and no one knew how they ended up in the stores.”

The screen returned back to Rachel, still holding her box and gently stroking it. “But once their effects were known and Warner Bros. caught word of their existence, these were pulled from the market under threat of lawsuit and even trademark infringement... or copyright violation.” She shrugged. “One of those two, I think.”

She held the box up. “Buuuuuut, by then, it was too late. Most of the boxes were bought and have been bouncing around online ever since.”

Rachel eyed it with a wide grin, giving it a shake. “And now, I have one myself! It costs a pretty penny, but, you know me, how could I not? This stuff is going to be well-worth it!”

“Now, enough backstory and buildup, you dog-loving fanboys are all here for a good show.” She cracked open the box and pulled out the gray bag. Even with how dingy the bag was, the treats inside could be seen. They were very similar, perhaps even identical to the Cinnamon Snack Bones that were licensed.

“And now, we begin with my patented sniff test!” The camera began zooming in on her face until only her head and the top of the bag could be seen. She opened and leaned into the bag, taking a nice, simple sniff of it.

The results were almost instantaneous. Her nostrils, then the tip, and finally, the rest of her nose were engulfed in blackness. It had a glossy, bumpy texture to it, but otherwise still seemed fairly human.

“Mmm, cinnamon!” Rachel remarked, not seeming to notice. She took another, far longer sniff of the bag. Her nose twitched and shifted, nostrils pushing in closer to the tip as the entire snout grew. It was more bulbous and canine in shape.

Her eyes narrowed, looking down her nose. “Oh! I can see it!” She reached up and poked her snoot. “Buuuuut, I think we know that honker isn't “proper” size yet.”

With a wink, she leaned further into the bag. **SNOOORRRRT!** Her sniff was heavy and thick, almost like a dog. Her nose wobbled like a piece of Jell-O before it ballooned. It took up a good part of her face, jutting out away from it until it was nearly half the size of her fist.

“Hehe, now that proper cartoon dog size!” Her eyes narrowed in again as she felt her snout. It could almost fill the palm of her hand.

The camera slowly panned back out to show her at the table again. “Looks like we got the real deal here!” She turned her head and lifted it, presenting her nose in all its big glory with pride. “A honker this size from just a whiff! Love it!”

She gently stroked her sniffer. “But, as fun as this is, a snoot this good needs something to go with it.” She faced forward again, eyes still on her nose. “And to get effects like that...” Her hand reached into the bag and pulled out a few treats. “...you gotta eat for them, obviously!”

She plopped the treats into her mouth and started chewing. The crunching was soft and almost inaudible but rose in volume. It didn't sound like a sound effect added in post but more “real”. **CRUNCH. CHOMPCHOMP. CRUNCH.**

Rachel appeared not to notice, her eyes looking off in the distance. She nodded every so often, her tongue, looking more pinkish, sliding across her lips every so often.

**GULP!** “Hmmm, not bad.” Rachel finally spoke, looking forward. “Cinnamon isn't bad, but definitely could **use more! Needs to balance it over the kind of bland cracker taste. Still, ri could eat more of rese!**

“**Respecially if ri get to round ris handsome!**” Rachel snickered, her grin wide as she held her hand to her face just like Scooby. “**Rehehehe! Ri round just rike him now! Roo wouldn't want rat? Roring people, rat's roo!**”

She scratched her chin, now frowning. “**Although, Rooby-Doo can re hard ro runderstand. Ro, rif rou're having rouble...**” She pointed downward. “**Rlick ron the**

raptions roption. Re'll have romething rere rfor rou ro ruse. Rat's rif roo  
rant runderstand rtand re! Ri rersonally ruite rike rounding rike ris! Ri'm rure  
rou'll ret ruse roo--"

**Click. Click. Click.**

“[Ri personally quite rike rounding rike ris! Ri'm sure roo'll get used to me talking  
rike Rooby soon enough!]" Rachel snickered.

**Grrrrrrruurrrgle!** “[Rehehehe! Now, rime for more!]" Rachel stuffed her hand  
into the bag and grabbed a few more pieces. She shoved them in her maw and started  
CHOMPing. Crumbs fell as she chewed with her mouth open, sounding even louder than  
before.

**SLURRRRP!** A very long, pink tongue shot out onto a cheek before whipping back  
along her maw to the other. It scooped up every bit of crumble and debris from her snacking,  
launching spit and drool all around her.

Rachel sighed pleasantly, her eyes dopey and pleased. They slowly turned and looked at  
her cute, dainty, manicured hand, the one used to scoop up the treats. She grinned and opened  
wide, her pink tongue extending out like a chameleon. It splattered against her palm and slowly  
went up to her fingertips.

**SluurrrRRRP!** All the crumbs and cinnamon dust were licked right up. Her hand bent  
back with how much force she put into that lick. It wobbled like a stretched rubber band, the  
tongue soaking in as much remains of her snack as it could.

Then, when she sucked her tongue back in, her hand swung back upright. It vibrated,  
turning darker and browner until it was a fuzzy shade of milk chocolate. Her digits fattened and  
bulged, kind of ballish at the tips. Her lovely nails blackened like her nose and extended, forming  
rather stubby claws at the tip of her digits.

“[Hmmm...]" Rachel looked at her hand, nearly double its original size. “[Bigger ris  
retter, especially ren roo want a bigger pawful rof snacks to stuff rin rour mouth!]"

Her eyes narrowed as she opened her mouth, letting her pink tongue fall out. She used her  
paw hand to grab and stretch it out. Turning her head for a better angle, she stretched and  
stretched and stretched her tongue as far as she could. From the angle, it looked as if it was the  
length of her arm.

**SNAP!** It flew back into her mouth when she let go, making a cartoonish sound of a film projector screen that shot back up after being rolled out. “[**Rehe, rimproved tongue roo! Rakes food raste rooooo much retter and rastier!**]

“[**Rust... rust ranna reep reating more!**]” She rubbed her face, twitching like she wanted something bad. Her cheeks looked a bit pudgier from the rub, some brown hairs sprouting on it. She shifted the bag into her paw and used her unchanged hand to grab another scoop out.

“[**Need more!**]” **Gurrrrrrgle.** “[**Ro hungry. Need to... re rest dog too!**]” She stuffed another pawful in, devouring it all in a bite or two.

Dark hairs sprouted around her shoulders in a few spots. The fuzz thickened, blackening into dark, triangular spots around the top of her shoulders and more.

“**Rum-rum!**” She licked her hand again, giving it a good inflating to proper dog size as well. Brown fur started sprouting around the black spots, almost like an outline until it spread out and around.

**SLURP!** “[**Ya know, rese Ruh-Roh Rites aren't ruper amazing compared to rome rother snacks.**]” She smiled, her teeth pearly white and more canine-esque. “[**Rut, rit's just sooooo rasty! Ri wanna eat more rand more!**]”

She lifted the bag. “[**Rooks rike a lot!**]” She gave it a shake. Her ears trembled, seeming to bend towards the bag. They bent forward but then moved to the top of her head. They stretched out into points, brown fur sprouting. “[**Sounds rike a lot too!**]

“[**Plenty to snack ron ren!**]” She dug into the bag, shoveling scoop after scoop into her maw. Pieces tumbled onto the table with each forceful grab, though they did not remain there for long before being licked up.

**SLUUURP!** Her arms pulsed, muscles throbbing after that lick. The throbbing increased, making her arms thicker and denser.

Rachel’s shoulders slouched, arms resting on the table. She looked between them, setting the bag down. She lifted one of her arms up, feeling it with her other hand. “[**Hmm, ri feel strong.**]” Her pads dug into her biceps. “[**Rut soft! Rehehe, ri rike rit! Ri-**]”

**SNAP! RIIIIIIIP!** Rachel jerked her head down, looking below the table. Her eyebrows rose as she began to smile.

But it was short-lived. Her brow furrowed, a deep, annoyed sigh leaving. “[**Rell, here's the raise rof rat sound.**]” She bent down, disappearing underneath the table.

**THOMP!** She brought up her leg and dropped it onto the table, bending back. Her foot was fairly chunky and pudgy but stretching longer than her handpaw. It had four especially pudgy digits with black claws and black, puffy pads.

“[**There's the foot range.**]” She wiggled her toes, pads and brown fur rubbing against one another. “[**Proper rize for Rooby, rut...**]” She snorted, her black ball of a dog nose jiggling. “[**Ri should've had my paw cam ron! Ri missed showing the feet ro paw ranges! Rorry, rolks.**]”

Rachel sighed, shaking her head and slipping off her leg. “[**Roh well! Rack to snacking!**]” She went back to her snacking, shoving more and more cinnamon treats in.

Curiously, even with the camera's distance and the hazy packaging, the bag's content still looked full. Despite how much she ate, the food level wasn't dropping despite her indulging.

**GURRRRRRRRRGLE!** Rachel sighed. **SLURRRP!** She had a dopey look on her face, cheeks rosey red. She placed a hand on her stomach, which looked a little bigger.

Looking down at it, she patted her belly. **Dum-dum-dum.** She shifted a bit in her seat, the armrests looking closer to her torso than before. “[**Hmm, probably should get rup rand show roo how rings are rooking, yeah?**]”

Setting the bag down again, Rachel clamped her paws onto the armrests. She took a deep breath and exhaled. Pushing up with all her might, she popped out of the chair, bobbling a little.

Standing up made seeing her clearer. She had put on quite a lot of weight. Her waistline was rather wide, her tummy far more protruding on her. Her hips and thighs were thick, matching her broader shape.

“[**Roh-kay! Rime for ra scene range!**]” She snickered, grabbing the bag and walking off. Turned to the side, her stomach looked even pudgier, starting to pop out from under her shirt.

Suddenly, there was an abrupt shift just as she was about to walk fully off-camera. She was now in the center of an empty room, almost like the setting for a photoshoot. Her entire body could be seen, looking larger than before the cut.

“**[Retter! Ret's eat!]**” Rachel gave the camera thumbs up and smiled. Then, she began devouring again, shoving her first handful into her mouth.

**CHOMPCHOMPCHOMP!** Her body rumbled, brown hairs sprouting all over her body. In some spots, it looked more like she had a lot of body hair. Other spots, especially over her shoulders and neck, were just fur.

Despite how much weight she had put on, her clothing only now looked visibly tight on her. The button on her jeans was stretching, threatening to pop. Her belt dug tightly in, her stomach sagging over it. Her spaghetti-strap top was wrapped tightly around her breasts and waist, starting to look as if it was painted on.

Rachel went in for her second handful and slammed it down, crumbs and crud falling from her gob like a slob. **NOMNOMNOM! SLURRRRP!**

Her dog ears twitched again. She paused and looked over her shoulders. She turned around and faced her back to the camera. Her jeans looked even further stretched out, like they were about to rip in the back.

Though, there was something else, something poking against the waistband. She reached behind herself and adjusted her jeans, slipping them down. **POP!** A long, brown, thin dog tail popped out, wagging eagerly.

As if it had held everything back, with the tail free, her bum inflated. Widening and fattening up, her ass pushed and stretched her jeans with all its might. The center of it eventually ripped, showing white underwear behind it. Above, with how much girth was coming in, the top of her butt cheeks popped out, fuzzy brown and chubby.

**SNAP!** Rachel whipped back around to show her front. Her belt couldn't take it anymore. The buckle had burst and flown off somewhere. The top button had also broken, pudgy brown fat pushing through.

Despite the sound and breaking, Rachel seemed unconcerned. Her eyes looked dull and dazed, like nothing mattered. Yet, her mouth was pulled into a big, blissful smile. She merely shoved another pawful in her mouth and sighed, “**Mmmm, rum-rum.**”

A caption appeared at the bottom as her blue hair shortened into a pixie cut. *Rachel, at this time, had entered a pure, eating stupor. She was unable to convey or discuss her transformation in much, if any, detail. However, the results will speak for themselves.*

The view began zooming in as brown fur sprouted more and more across her body. She gulped down yet another handful as the camera moved closer to her stomach, head and legs vanishing out of sight. Her torso seemed to be quivering, especially in the gut. It bubbled and shook like a cartoon's when they grew hungry.

Just as only her chest down to her hips were visible, a loud **FWOOMP** boomed. Belly inflated like an airbag. It escaped from underneath her top in full burst, wide, round, and heavy. It filled most of the screen in milk chocolate fur as the coating rapidly sprouted.

The rest of her visible torso wasn't far behind. Her chest and shoulders broadened wide and burly to hold her impressive gut. Her breasts were rapidly losing form, shrinking along with the widening. They were squarer and denser but still chunky.

**SNAP-SNAP! RIIIIIIIP! SNAP-SNAP!** A cascade of tearing echoed as her top could no longer stand it. Her straps broke as the center of the shirt tore open from top to bottom. Her bra came undone last, falling into a heap with the rest.

The camera slowly pulled back, showing the rest of her in full. Outside of her head, nothing of Rachel remained. It was just her noggin (most of it at least) on a dense but soft, brown fur, with black spots, canine body. She had a hefty gut with fat pecs, burly arms and legs, big paws, and a cute tail to pull them together.

“**Raaaaaaaawwwww!**” Rachel still looked unaware of everything, focusing her attention on the bag. She gave it a good, sad shake. For the first time, the bag looked almost empty. There were only a few Ruh-Roh Bites left in it. “[**Rats no good.**]”

“[**Roh rell! Retter finish them roff!**]” She turned to the side and held the bag up high. It was hard to tell if she was doing that on purpose or unconsciously, but either way, what came next could be seen in great detail.

The view zoomed in on her head as she opened her mouth. She tilted and poured the treats into it. Her jaws twitched and began nuzzling their way towards the bag, desperately wanting to reach and eat the food faster. Brown fur erupted from around her snoot, now at the tip of her growing jaws, covering her face.

Her lovely visage was being wiped out in seconds. Her blue hair eventually shrank away, the last traces of it turning brown before becoming one with her fur. Her cheeks were fattening as her face finished pushing forward, jaws opened wider than before.



**CHOMP CHOMP CHOMP!** “Mmmmmmm!” Rachel sighed... or perhaps Scooby sighed. There was nothing left of the host now, only a big, “daddy”-shaped cartoon dog as the camera showed once it pulled back. The big canine looked happy, licking his chops as he finished with his bag. He gently rubbed his stomach, fully content with his gluttonous indulging.

“**BURRRRP!**” Rachel-Doo’s eyes spun. They swayed a bit before they rubbed and shook their head. “[**Rooooooh, wha happun?**]”

They looked down at themselves, at the bag of food, and then forward. There was a pause, then a sheepish smile. “[**Rehehehe, ri rot a bit carried away, didn't ri?**]”

He tossed the bag aside and placed his paws on his gut. He gently stroked the massive ball of lard love. “[**Rehehehe, ro big rand soft. A gal can get ruse to ris!**]” He turned to the side, showing off how big his belly was in profile. He playfully lifted and dropped it, letting it bounce and jiggle. “[**Ris is proper size for me! Why would ri ror ranyone wanna settle for ranything less ran ris?**]”

Rachel-Doo turned back and lifted an arm, clenching his paw into a fist. He flexed, his biceps bulging impressively for a character that wasn't usually that bulky. Feeling it as well, he snickered, “[**Ralso strong! Soft rut strong! Rehehe, ri'm a full package!**]”

The cartoon dog man winked and strolled off to the left.

Suddenly, the scene cut back to him at the table. His belly was mushing into the edge, drooping onto it. He didn't seem to mind at all, focusing ahead with a bright smile.

“[**Roo've seen the results, now ret's ralk review!**]” Rachel-Doo playfully patted the table for a mock drumroll. “[**Ri rive Ruh-Roh Bites a big daddy doo out of ten!**]” The dog leaned in with a wink.

“[**Ri thought the results rould have me...**]” He looked down at and patted his belly. “[**Rell, rinner. Maybe ri be as big as Scooby rin the show ror maybe ras ran ranthro dog? Just something smaller, ya know?**]” He smiled. “[**Rut being ris big, soft, rand strong ris really great! Ri feel rike a very special dog.**]”

Rachel-Doo gave his belly a few shakes and jiggles, snickering with joy. “[**Roo would rink the extra weight would re a pain, but rope! Feeling ris soft is wonderful! Ri feel more at peace being ris big. Ri feel less pressure to stay rin shape, ri can indulge rand eat more, and ri feel ro much more attractive!**]”

The dog reached off screen and pulled out a hand mirror. He looked at himself with a smug grin. “[**Ri mean, rook at re! Handsome snoot, big paws, super chubby, rand rall rat cartoon charm! Who wouldn’t wanna be ra toon dog?**]

“[**...rahem.]**” Rachel-Doo placed the mirror down. “[**Ranywho, rettin’ back ron topic...**]

A phrase in Arial Font appeared below the dog man. “[**Ri give ris a Soft Chewification! Rif roo can afford rit or even find one online, ri say go for rit! However, the box ris a one-time use. Roo’ll just wanna reat all rof rit at once!**]

He snickered again, holding his paw up to his face. “[**There won’t re enough for seconds ror sharing with others.]**” He then shrugged. “[**Ralso, big daddy Doo ray not re the Doo for roo either... rut we know rat’s not the case! Rehehe.]**”

**Gurrrrrrglee!** Rachel-Doo chuckled, patting his tummy. “[**Well, rat’s rit! Ri gotta go reat now! Ri’m sooooo hungry for ra quadruple decker sandwich!**]

**Slurrrrp!**

“[**Ris has reen Scooby-Doobey-Doo!**]

Rachel-Doo grinned. “[**Ranks for watching ris Transformative Chew! See roo next time for another big episode! Follow re on Twitter at @TransformativeChew.]**”

The text for that appeared in Arial at the bottom. “[**Ror become a Chewer at my Patreon: Transformative Chew Show!**]

New text for that appeared as well.

“[**Hit rat rike button rand be sure to subscribe, rif roo haven’t already to get more big doggy content rike ris! Every rittle bit helps! Have a changey, feely day!**]

Rachel-Doo smiled and waved goodbye, the screen fading to black.

Eventually, all was black. Some last text appeared. “I apologize for the captioning. Rachel insisted on capturing the Scooby spirit with them, and I tried my best to make the video as understandable as I could. Results may vary. Thank you for watching!”

And soon enough, those words vanished as well.

“At Emberstone Wheels, oil changes are necessary and an important-”

**Click.**

***THE END***