

# Chew Time: Belly Belcher

By: Firingwall

## Click.

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 were clasped 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 would like to thank our sponsor for today: Pizza O’Clock!” Rachel grinned. “A regular sponsor for us, we have devoured quite a few of their delightful meals on the show before! They know that if you got a serious hunger that needs dealing with or if you’ve been feeling a tad on the small side, they got the pizza and grub to fill you up in all the best ways.”

Rachel leaned in and winked. “They certainly have for me in the past.”

There is a split second image of a large, fat toon bear waving before cutting back to Rachel in her chair. “They’re expanding their operations to other parts of the country, so you may be lucky to have access to their delicious meals soon. Check out their website in the description below to see if they’ll be in your area soon!” The website link appeared briefly above Rachel’s head as well.

“The place again is Pizza O’Clock. You can find plenty of videos of me trying their great food on my channel, so check around and see what you may have been missing out on!”

She cleared her throat. “Now, we have been mostly eating a lot of delicious foods lately and, yes, they’ve all been great. But, today, I’m feeling thirsty.”

Her expression shifted to something wishful and wanting, clutching her hands together. “Oh where, oh where can I find something to drink to quench this heavy thirst?”

There’s an abrupt cut, and Rachel is now holding a mini soda can. “Oh! Here we are, the solution and our great product for today!” She held it up closer, so the label was more readable. “I introduce you to: Belly Belcher!”

Another abrupt cut followed, the tiny can now on a pedestal that was slowly rotating. The color was electric blue with the label spelled out in a crude font. Towards the bottom before the ingredients list, a cartoonish muzzle was printed on, open wide with dashes to indicate it was either speaking or... burping.

“Yes, that name may seem crude, but it is the Belly Belcher!” Rachel’s voice was heard. “This is a new soda that’s been appearing in some specialized stores across the nation and on one or two menus. And, in case you’re wondering...”

An image of a toon orca and toon rat was shown, each holding a stack of pizzas in one of their hands. “...Yes, Pizza O’Clock does indeed have this drink on the menu!”

Rachel returned, now sitting on a stool with her whole body visible. She still held the can, showing it off. “Not much is really known about who made this particular drink. The company that brews it, Quenchin’ Blast, has surprisingly little info or even history out there. All I know is that this particular drink was made in the past year.

“Even when I asked Pizza O’Clock’s owners about it and the company they got it from, their lips were zipped, sealed, and the keys tossed away! It’s a big mystery here!”

Rachel smiled. “But you all know how I looove my mystery products! Let’s pop this baby open and have ourselves a nice sip!”

She cracked the can open, a pleasant fizzle leaving it. “Now, let’s drink!” She started to bring the drink to her lips, a dramatic zoom-in and music playing.

It quickly ended and zoomed back out. “Buuut, let’s have a little taste before then!”

Rachel lifted one of her fingers and dipped it into the can’s opening. She brought it up to her maw, sticking out her tongue and placing the wet finger onto it. She licked it and sighed.

“Mmmm, sugary good-**BUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUURRRRRRRPPPPP!**”

Her jaw stretched open, soft light blue fur erupting out around her maw and spreading. It flowed across her cheeks to below her ears, the fuzz getting puffier. Her cheeks then stretched, growing rounder and protruding from her head like a cartoon. Everything below her bottom jaw sprouted thinner, darker, neon blue fur.

Her top front teeth wobbled as the belch left. They began to elongate, their shape turning rounder and curved at the ends. They thickened and widened, her teeth readjusting to fit them.

Wrapping it all together, their color turning pearly white, soon followed by the rest of her chompers.

“Mmm, ta**BURP!**” One final small burp left her maw. Her face shot forward like a rocket, but only stretching a few inches. Her nose turned bright pink and inflated into a toony snoot. Whiskers popped out above her top jaw, adding to its animal charm.

Rachel let out a soft “aww”, licking her chops. A comically big and pink tongue slurped across her new muzzle, drops of blue saliva flicking about.

“**Now dat’s sum good soda!**” Her voice came out in a deep, comically silly baritone now, not a single bit of shock in her eyes. “**Get a load of dat belch I’s did!**”

Rachel snickered. “**Nows, I’ms not one for makin’ big ol’ belly burps like dat! However, as ya can tells, youse can’t help but let out a biggie and smallie like dat after havin’ even a lil’ drop!**”

“**So, let’s haves a real sip, okie-dokie?**” Rachel took a real drink. Though, one that was fairly small, more of a sip.

“**BUUUUUUUUUUUURP!**” The fuzzy-faced lady belched again, her eyes glazed over and her expression lazed.

The focus zoomed in on her hands briefly. They were trembling, both clenching. **WOMP!** The free hand suddenly ballooned. A white, thick substance rapidly appeared around the back of the hand and cloaked it in a blink of the eye. She now had a thick, four-fingered toon glove on.

**WOMP!** There went the other hand, ballooning into a fat gloved mitt as well. The camera quickly zoomed back out as the can shot out of its grasp like a rocket. Rachel shook her head and swiftly snatched the can mid-fall before it spilled anything.

“**Ooopsie!**” She giggled/laughed as the camera zoomed out to show her full body. “**That was almost embarBUUUURP!**”

**FWOOOOMP-FWOOOOMP!** Her feet suddenly shot forward, the sandals she was wearing shattering into pieces. Her toes rapidly merged into three fat, blue-furred digits. Thick, pink pads appeared just below them and on her soles before disappearing from sight. Her feet widened up as blue fur erupted over them.

The camera zoomed in on her large rabbit feet, her toes wiggling. **“Heh, lookie dem big’ums! Dat dere is sum proper feet ta play footsies with!”**

**Scritch-scritch-scritch.** The camera rolled back up, showing her from her thighs up. She was casually scratching herself while looking at one of her gloves curiously. The can now rested on the stool beside her.

**“Hmmm... I’s dink I’s know where dis is goin’!”** She stroked her face. **“Yep, I’s recognize dis fuzz and bun! Dat’s okay dough! Even if ya know the destination, da journey is da fun part, right?”**

She picked and held the can up, the camera cutting to a close up of it. **“Youse see, dat’s da ding ‘bout dis here can! Sure, youse get sum good belches out of it, but dat ain’t just it.**

**“It’s ‘bout loosenin’ ya up!”** The camera pulled back. **“It’s ‘bout makin’ ya feel more relaxed, casual, ands not carin’ ‘bout much!”** Rachel was in full focus again, scratching her stomach now. Her tummy looked a little more plush and not as toned or flat.

**“It’s best ta just goes with da flow ands not put muh effort inta dings!”** Rachel took another drink from the can, letting out another sigh. **“Da can gives ya a form that really embodies what it means ta be free, lazy, crude, ands silly!”**

**Slurp!** She licked up her chops. **“But da ding is, with me, I already reached dat form before ands so, I’s knows what I’s gonna be. And dat isBUUUUUUUUUURRRRP!”**

**FA-BOOOOSH!** Her stomach rumbled cartoonishly, like ripples and waves in water. Then it shot forward with heavy force, lighter blue fur erupting over it. Tons and tons of weight and blubber were added all at once, making for a round, thick gut that dipped easily over her pants. Even the top button on them popped with huge force, flying forward at the audience.

**CRACK!** The image shattered and cracked.

**Bzzzzzt.** Everything vanished in an instant. A picture of a cartoon dog pushing a broom was shown, words around it saying “Experiencing Technical Difficulties”. Elevator style music played the whole while.

**Bzzzzzt.** “‘nd we’re back!”

Rachel, the stool, can, and room were all back. Rachel still had her toon features and newly acquired chubby gut, the can back on the stool. Her large breasts were different though, smaller now and pulled back. They had lost form and looked heavy beneath her shirt.

Her shirt was different as well. No longer the spaghetti-strapped blue top, it was now a gray, stained t-shirt with the logo, “Lazy Buns” written across it in pink letters.

Rachel looked down at her shirt and snickered. **“Heheh, I’m such a lazy bunBURP!”**

**Boing-boing!** Out of her long, blue hair, two large, equally blue figures popped out. Three feet long and covered in fuzz, two bunny ears blasted out and sat on top of her head, straight as could be. Straight until they bent in the middle, flopping forward.

**“Heheh!”** Rachel reached up and tugged on one of the ears, bringing them in front of her face. She let it go, and it shot back into place with a **boi-OING!** **“Wish ya coulda saw da rest mah changes, like da shirt and moobs, but hope da ears were good enough instead!”**

One of her fat hands smacked her tummy, which jiggled and wobbled like Jell-O. **“Still, youse saw the best part, so ya can’t complain!”**

**“Anywho! As I was sayin’, dat form I ams becomin’ now is Ronnie Huggles!”** Rachel/Ronnie struck a triumphant pose, pushing their belly out proudly.

After some basking, she held out the can. **“Youse see, what’s more casual, relaxing, ands not carin’ ‘bout much dan bein’ a fat lazy toon dat loves being chubby?”**

**“Sure, Ronnie me already looooves being big, but dis soda really makes one’s feelin’s double!”** They placed their hands under their stomach and lifted it. **“I mean, how can ya not love a big gut like dis?”**

There was an abrupt cut and now, the camera was closed up on their torso. Their moobs and stomach were shown in all their glory, their gloves playfully bouncing their tummy. **“It’s big ands heavy when holdin’, but light ta me!”**

The hands slid up the sides of the gut, stopping at the different points. They playfully groped and rubbed it, everything looking so moldable and almost rubbery. **“Den dere’s how soft ands squishy! It’s like wearing a big marshmallow for a tummy! Youse just want feels it, gently rub ands pat it, treat it with da respect it deserves!”**

Rachel/Ronnie was shown in full again, their hands still patting their gut and making a low drum noise from it. “**But, I’s digress! I’s could go on and on ‘bout hows much I’s love my tum-tum, and hows much youse’ll appreciate your own after a drink, but I’s gotta stay focused on da video here!**”

They pointed at the can. “**At dis point, youse actually don’t need to finish drinkin’ da rest from mah understandin’. From my research, youse can just let your laziness and crudeness take ya away!**”

The developing toon yawned, scratching his belly. “**Ands dat does sound likes fun!**”

They put a fist to their armpit and made a big, loud **FARRRRRRRT** noise. The arm that did that wobbled and rose like bread, fat pouring quickly in. Blue fur followed soon after. They repeated the same move with the other hand, quickly gaining another fat, fuzzy arm.

“**Den dere’s da classic bit of slobby, crudeness!**” A smug smirk crossed their mug as they spun around, pushing their ass out. The camera zoomed in on it. A small fart blasted as the word, **TOOOOOOOOT**, appeared beside their rear in bubbly, gassy font.

Their rear wobbled and shook. **FA-WOOOOMP!** The ass expanded rapidly with a huge surge of force, much like their gut had. Their poor jeans were quickly stretched to their limits and beyond as the once firm, bubble butt lost shape and firmness. It turned wide and chubby, butt cheeks popping halfway out of their pants and even dipping over them.

“**Now dat’s a butt a bun can be proud of!**” **SMACK!** A big slap to the rear and its blubber jiggled and wobbled.

Ronnie’s full self was visible again as he turned back around. He took the can and held it to his face. “**Sure, I’s could just let mah slobbiness finish us out, buuuut, I’m just so thirsty, ands youse guys did come to watch me drink dis whole can.**

“**Plus, hows can a big guy like me say no to more soda?**” **Gulp!** He took another full swig of the can. “**BUUUUUUUURP!**”

His legs vibrated and ballooned, turning to thick tree trunks of fat. His pants finally readjusted themselves, turning from blue jeans to an old pair of white and red boxers. “**BUURP!**” The small belch sent waves down his body. A small pop sound was heard.

Ronnie looked over his shoulder and snickered. He turned, showing a puffy cotton ball tail above his wide ass.

He looked back at the camera, scratching his bum. **“Plus, if I’s keep drinkin’, I’s cans keep workin’ on mah burps! Dis bunny can’t just settle for small littl’ ones!”**

Turning back, Ronnie took another swig of the can, one longer than before. It seemed like he was finishing it off. **“Ahhhhh, delish!” SLURP. “Probably beyond everyding else I’s should mention, beside bein’ dis...”** A gloved hand ran over his body. **“Da soda does taste pretty good! It tastes just likesBUUUUUURP!”**

Ronnie’s hair shot up towards his head as the last bit of fur covered his mug. His long locks shortened up to his cheeks, taking on a wavy, almost stylishly groomed look that clashed with his overall appearance. His eyebrows thickened, eyelashes shrinking. Blue fur covered the rest of his skin as his eyelids grew droopy, giving him a glazed look.

The fat rabbit toon yawned, rolling his shoulders and scratching his bum again. **“Tastes like blueberry... or, maybes it was blue raspberry.”** He shrugged. **“Don’t really matter, just dat it tastes good ands stuff!”**

**GUUUURRRRRRGGLLLLEE!** Ronnie’s belly vibrated, cartoonish waves emanating off of it. He looked down and chuckled, rubbing it. **“Heh, somebuddy’s hungry! Looks likes we’lls have ta wrap dis up quick! Dis bun is wastin’ away!”**

He held the can up to one of his ears and gave it a shake. **“Hmmm, dere’s a few drops left in dere! Always best ta finish everyding! Ta eat ands drink is ta appreciate ands enjoy everyding to da fullest! Youse never wanna leave even a crumble ors drip left!”**

The can was held up high above his head, the toon opening his mouth wide. His tongue stuck out like a cash register drawer, holding perfectly still and stiff. He gave the can a few shakes and a couple of drops dripped onto his tongue.

**Ka-CHING!** The tongue shot back into his maw. **GULP!** Down went the drops in this wide gut. **“Mmmm! Always love dat finaBURP!”**

The bunny body wobbled and expanded one final time. His shoulders and body grew broader, his moobs and gut wider. His thighs and hips fatten up better to support his heaving belly. Said belly grew a bit more, his shirt not even reaching his belly button anymore.

Ronnie sighed blissfully, taking himself in. There was silence, just quiet staring at his body. The camera even changed to just focusing on everything from his chest down to his feet. There was a huge, fat, blue toon bunny now with no trace of his old self.

There was an abrupt cut to his mug. His expression had changed. It looked annoyed, frustrated. **“Humph, someding is off heres. Dat burp was no good! I’s don’t feel right. Feels like dere shoulda ~~shoulda~~BBBBBBUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUURRRRRRRRRRRRRRRPPPPPP!”**

The toon shook. The entire room shook. The camera shook. Everything shook as he bellowed out that final gross bit of rudeness.

Eventually, the burp and vibrations ended. Ronnie stood there surprised and dazed, just blinking a few times.

**POP!** The crotch of his boxers bulged. It pushed out with a huge force as something large and round filled it. It swelled fast, getting bigger than his fat, gloved fist and even reaching up to nearly coconut-sized. The bunny was packing something new and huge.

The toon bunny’s eyes swirled, steam blowing out his ears. **“WOWZERS! BUUURP!”** He reached down and groped his package before giving it a firm scratch. **“Dat feels beddah! I’s knews I’s was missin’ sumding!”**

Ronnie reached behind him and pulled out a large, oversized, full-length mirror and slammed it down beside him. He looked into it and did several poses, making several “oohhs” and “aahhs”. **“My oh mys, howse handsum can ones get?”**

After a bit of admiration, and a few slaps and pats of his chub, he turned back to the camera. **“And dat’s da power of Belly Belcher!”** He lifted and let go of his belly, letting it bounce before going back to casual scratching. **“One lazy, crudeBURP toon comin’ at ya after just a small can! Don’t get no beddah dan dis if youse wantin’ ta have a lazy day!”**

**GUUUUUUUUUUURGLE!** **“I’s knows, I knows! I’m wrappin’ up belly!”** He yawned once more, his eyes looking drowsier. **“Let’s gets down ta business, ‘cause I’m hungry! With silly and chub like dis, mys review of Belly Belcher is...**

**“One big BUUUUUUURP and a little BURP outta ten!”**

He pushed out his belly. **“As youse can see...”** Two small screens popped up in the top left and bottom right corner, showing closeups of his stomach and rear briefly. **“Dis is da chunky bomb!”**



**Don't get no beddah dan dis if youse wantin' ta have a lazy day! Youse wanna not care 'bout dings and be as lazy, slobby, and smelly as possible, Belly Belcher is for ya!"**

Ronnie lifted his arm. Stink lines emanate from his exposed pit, a low foghorn bellowing off from somewhere. **"Wells, not dat smelly. Dat just fors comic effect!"** He leaned into his pit and sniffed. **"But, dat's some Grade B sweat stink if ya do cares!"**

He flashed a smile with a twinkle on his buck teeth and gave two thumbs up. **"Mys fors real recommendation: Soft Chewification!"** The words appeared in Arial font below him. **"So much softness in dis bod dat youse may just always wanna have in life... dough, youse may want ta get Pizza O'Clock "softness" if youse wanna remain productive!"**

The rabbit laughed. **"With dat, we's done! Dis tummy needs tendin' too. Dis has formerly been Rachel Groves, now da improve, lazy buns Ronnie Huggles."**

He let out another yawn and another belch, soda bubbles popping out of his maw. **"Bes sure ta see more eps by hittin' dat Subscribe button! Maybe watch more vids too."** He groped and scratched his package dimly. **"Do all da stuff I tells ya do in dese vids. So hungry..."**

He started walking away off camera. **"Needs food in belly den binge shows. Need *BUUURP* comfy couch..."**

The scene was empty as the screen faded out, options for other videos appearing in the corners. Those were brief and soon, it was done.

"It's easy to tell you things, like how much you can save on your cell phone plan. By switching to Cell-"

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***THE END***