

VIRAL SCOOB SHAKE

By: Firingwall

YCH Commission done for MRCI of Discord

“Wait... that's how it ends?” Marci sat up on her sofa, her brow furrowing. “There's gotta be another season, right... or did Netflix cancel it too?” She grabbed the remote and fumbled with the controls in frustration.

Eventually, she was able to check the page for the series. *Dammit... that was it.*

Marci sighed, rubbing her face. That was another streaming show recommended that she finished. She had gotten really into it, especially at the end, but that cliffhanger was frustrating as all hell. *They're planning a second season, right? Better check...*

Twin ponytail, blonde woman reached for her phone on the coffee table. Just as she grabbed it, it vibrated, nearly causing her to drop it in surprise.

Marci brought it in close to look. It was a text message from some random number. “You've been...” she read aloud.

However, that was all she could read before the alert faded from her dark screen. She sighed. *Oh boy, what is it this time?* Her mind wandered to the many possibilities, most of which were spam, political garbo, or a combination of both. It was the season after all.

She could very well ignore this and go on with her life. Why waste precious seconds on this after all?

But that damn morbid curiosity of hers got the best of her. Instead of looking up news on the show she just watched, like she wanted, she headed straight for her messages.

There, she found it right away at the top and could read the full line of text now. “You've been Scoobed!”

Marci blinked. *What?* She tapped on the text, opening the full message. However, that was it. There was nothing else to the text other than, “You've been Scoobed!”

What the hell does that mean? She huffed. It probably meant nothing honestly. Just some stupid spam message from some kind of bot out there in the world.

Dammit though, her curiosity only got bigger. Not enough to reply back or anything. She certainly didn't trust this at all. She was curious enough to at least check if anyone else online had gotten such a message before.

Before she could close out of her messages, her phone vibrated again. A new text popped in on the screen, just below the "Scoobed" line. This time though, it was a gif.

It was a very familiar gif that she recognized in an instant. It was from Scoob!, the attempt at a cartoon Scooby-Doo reboot movie series from a few years ago. It had the titular dog in some kind of superhero uniform, his backside to the mirror. Scooby had a smug as hell grin on his face, looking back at his reflection and shaking his rear back and forth.

And that was the gif: Scooby-Doo shaking his doggy hindquarters on loop.

"Seriously?" Marci rolled her eyes, brushing her ponytails over her shoulders. *Who the hell sent this?* She could only imagine the most immature, juvenile person ever.

Regardless, she didn't care to find out. She tapped on the three dots in the top corner of the screen. It was time to delete these dumb messages and move onto better things.

However, when the option menu with "Delete Messages" popped up, she did nothing. Even with it obscured by the new window, she could still see the gif well enough. She could see it and stare at it. She stared at it long, long enough for the Options menu to close out by itself.

Her eyes were locked in, focusing on Scooby's null butt. That booty kept shaking and bouncing forever on its repeated loop.

She didn't know why she kept staring or even pondered much at all. Her mind was silent, thoughts emptied out the more she ogled that Great Dane's cartoon bum. Everything in the world might've been meaningless and nonexistent in comparison to Scoob Butt.

Marci stared, lost in that bouncing and shaking. Her cheeks warmed, a redness coming to them. Her heart was picking up speed, a gentle shiver going down her spine. And topping it off, there was a pleasant tingle from below her belt.

She never noticed or acknowledged a thing. She might've gone on like that if not for a loud sound that knocked her back down to Earth.

It was a huge **RIP** from right behind her, her face burning hot. It took her off guard so much that she dropped her phone and jumped straight to her feet.

Well, she partially jumped to her feet on her own accord. A large, heavy force shoved her forward, helping her stand right up off that sofa.

Marci looked over her shoulders, spotting the culprit. Her blue jeans shorts had split right open in the back. A large, fat, brown-furred butt had pushed right out of it; a rear that had a black spot on one of its sides. A big, weighty bum that was hers now.

“Wha-what the hell?!” Marci attempted to say aloud. However, her jaw could only drop in shock and not much else. *What happened to my-*

SPROING! Above that fuzzy bum, something sprung out of the bottom of her spine. A narrow, noodley, brown as her butt tail sprouted. It wagged and swished about happily.

Wait... Marci's heart raced heart, a bead of sweat forming on her forehead. Seeing that tail and that big ass with that black marking, a revelation hit her like a truck. “Scooby-Doo!”

The young woman had a Scoob-ified ass and tail. The shock had her teeth nervously chattering and trembling, almost like the titular dog himself. Her mind swirled, trying to process all of this.

Why... why do I have a Scooby butt?! She bit her bottom lip, teeth still trembling. Why do I have such a big... fat... wide... dog butt...

Her mind went back to that gif of Scooby shaking his rear, back to the repeated butt shaking. Just on that shaking, over and over and over and over again.

Her mind emptied outside of that image for quite a while, just absorbed and sucked in by its hypnotic wiggle and bounce. It was empty until a new thought came to mind.

That gif was **fun**. All that butt shaking and bouncing looked like pure bliss. She didn't get it or know why but... why not? Why not join in? She wanted it after all... she needed it.

Marci bent forward, pushing her chubby ass out. The remains of her jeans shorts, still hanging in, creaked and snapped in places. After a moment, she began to give her bum a shake.

She started gentle at first, finding a rhythm and pace that felt right. She shook her rear to the side back and forth. It bounced and jiggled with each shake, not a lot but enough.

It was enough to make her tremble, warm her very soul. It felt so good.

As she shook, her legs began to quiver. The brown fur of her rear flowed down onto her limbs, going all the way to the end and disappearing beneath her socks. Another black spot appeared on them, adding to her Scooby look.

When the fur hit her feet, they began to twitch. Toes clenched and unclenched as a bubbly sensation was felt beneath her skin. Slowly, the cotton fabric began to stretch out, first at the front and then along the sides.

There were simultaneous tears from both socks. Three toed pudgy paws tore through the fabric, covered in brown fur. The sides split all the way to the heels, fat dog paws breaking out of her socks with ease.

Marci let out a happy sigh, shaking away without a care. *This feels soooo amazing!* A dopey grin appeared upon her lips. *So utterly... oh!*

She looked down for a moment. She could see her legs and her feet. She could see the fur that cloaked them, the big fat paws holding her up. They all fit her chunky behind.

You've been Scooped! She understood what that meant now.

Yet, it didn't seem or even felt like it bothered her. *I... I should probably stop.* She stared at her feetpaws and then over her shoulder backside. *On... on the other hand...*

Marci's shakes sped up, turning into full on twerks. Her fat Scooby butt jiggled and bounced delightfully. Her body happily responded by sending full, pleasurable quivers through her from top to bottom.

It also began to swell as well. Her legs fattened up first, gaining several extra pounds. Thighs grew chubbier and wider, rubbing together. Her lower half now perfectly matched.

The excess weight spread higher and all over, adding an extra thirty pounds/over thirteen kilograms to her. Her toned, fit body lost its definition in seconds as a soft layer of fat was added everywhere. Her arms, stomach, and face all widened and softened by the end of it.

Weight even poured into her crotch. The flat area bulged at once, stretched her shorts until the button on them popped. The zipper pulled down a little, her underwear stretching out just a smidgen.

Marci softly giggled until it cracked, becoming a thicker chuckle. She stopped her twerking and reached around with both of her arms. They grabbed on her bottom, squeezing those chubby cheeks of hers. They were so pleasant in her hands.

Soooo soft... and squishy! Marci bit her bottom lip again, her smile growing wider. *This is so awesome! I... I love my big fat dog butt!* These thoughts were rapidly pouring in, along with a heaping helping of joy and excitement. She didn't know where they were coming from, but she loved them all the same.

As she groped and squeezed, her hands throbbed, a numbing sensation coming to them. She pulled them back around, seeing them bubble beneath her skin and begin to swell. Black, pudgy black pads came out of her palms and under her fingers, brown fur growing around them. Her fingernails swelled and shifted to the tips, becoming stubby claws.

Her fingers bulged and throbbed more, two digits on each hand merging together. They grew and grew a little more until they resembled huge, four-digit paws.

Whoa... Marci turned over and back around several times. She stared hard, taking in their size and girth. She wiggled her fingers, letting them rub against each other. Despite their pudginess, they were all still rather flexible and easy to move.

“Heh, **rell raren't rese rust** fun!” She blinked and laughed. That voice crack, everything about this in general, it all just felt so funny.

She couldn't help but love it. The fur and fat of her hand paws climbed up her arms to her shoulders. Those limbs thickened even more than they were, shoulders broadening and expanding to better hold them. Even a black spot appeared on one of her shoulders.

Fur climbed down from her shoulders and up, out of her shorts. The fuzz came together, meeting over her stomach. Most of her body was covered in fur now.

A moment after covering it, her belly let out such loud gurgles and rumbles. She felt so hungry and knew why. Her torso was rapidly swelling now. Her pudgy stomach dipped over the waistband of her shorts as a muffin top. Her narrow waist lost all form in a layer of flab. Even her breasts grew thicker, losing shape and sagging into a pair of moobs.

This was a form that ate a lot and needed a lot of food.

Marci was left speechless. Her paws felt her chubby tummy and felt her chest, taking a moment after to reach under her shirt and remove her unneeded bra. Everything felt so chubby and soft now, like she was made of marshmallows.

I'm becoming Scooby-Doo. I'm... I'm becoming a very soft Scooby. That's so... so...

“ACHOOOO!” She let out a huge sneeze, her head jerking forward. A huge rumble hit her head with the sneeze, causing it to vibrate. The shakes hit her ears, causing them to pop and snap to the top of her head, taking on the shape of the cartoon dog's.

That didn't compare to the biggest change. Her nose had ballooned like an airbag. It went up several sizes, nostrils flaring and skin turning ink black. It jutted out prominently on her mug as a huge, bumpy, dog snoot.

“Ruwsers!” A deep, cartoony sounding voice rumbled out of her mug like the most natural thing in the world. **“Rook rat that snoot! Rat's roooooo rig!”** She reached up and sneezed the big honker.

Her pupils dilated, her face pulling into a huge grin. Her tail wagged excitedly. **“Rehehehehe!”** she snickered, unconsciously shaking her booty, **“Rih gotta see ris!”**

Marci hurried over to the large hallway mirror she had, a gift from her family to help check herself before she left her apartment. Now, it was for dog inspection.

She got a good idea how Scoob-ified she was now. She barely saw herself anymore in her reflection. Sure, there were her stretched out clothing and some of her head, but everything else? It was a human-cartoon-dog hybrid now.

She grinned and then snickered like the character, even holding her paw up to her face too. **“Rih'm ro randsome!”**

She definitely was “randsome”, but could she be more? Perhaps more swelling was in order. She had come this far, so why settle for anything less?

She turned around, facing her back to the mirror and looked over her shoulder. Her grin turned to a smug smirk as she began to sway her hips from side to side, even throwing in a few forceful shakes to get her butt bouncing. She quivered, pleasant feelings bubbling up within.

Her body swelled more and more, crawling higher and wider. That muffin top of hers soon hung out as a big, furry gut. Her arms and legs thickened more, paws all pudging up into even cartoonier sizes.

Getting huge... so huge. Marci let out a gruff moan. More was still coming. More could still grow. She wanted it so badly. All she needed to do was keep on shaking it.

Her crotch pulsed, another, longer, louder moan bellowing out. Her zipper pulled down even more. Her panties stuck out, stretching long. They were trying to hold something back, something massive.

Marci looked at her crotch, seeing that huge growth and smirked more. An idea popped into her head. Something so delightful and fun that she felt silly not doing it sooner.

She pictured that gif again, Scooby in his costume shaking his rear back and forth. She began to mimic it, trying her best to get it down perfectly. She shook her rear from side to side, letting it bounce back and forth, making sure those chubby cheeks jiggle for extra emphasis.

GURRRRRRGLE! Her body grew again, more weight adding on and on. She was delightfully fat and chubby all over, her gut protruding further out. Her poor shirt and tattered shorts were hanging on for dear life at this point.

GURRRRRRGLE! No more growth, her stomach bubbled and rumbled with each shake and bounce. The way it jiggled felt just as good as shaking her rear.

Her hair began to shrink as brown fur crept up and over her noggin. Her ponytails came undone, rapidly pulling back to her skull. Soon, it was like she never had hair at all.

Marci hardly noticed. There was one final gurgle within her stomach and a huge rush through her systems. Her eyes went cross, and her maw opened.

“BUUURRRRRRRPPP!” A mighty, slobby belch boomed out from deep within, her entire body quaking. Her head rapidly shaped the rest of itself into that of a Great Dane, from a thicker brow, flatter head, and more subtler shapes.

Though, nothing compared to the big lurch. Her face shot forward with that belch, fur swiftly covering her mug. Teeth sharpened, lips turned black and gummy, and the mouth widened. In almost an instant, she had a strong dog muzzle.

The burp sent shockwaves across her form that ripped everything apart. Her shirt split down the middle and then the back, falling into tatters on the floor. The remaining seams on her jean shorts failed, hitting the ground then. Her underwear came falling out not a second after.

With the jeans and underwear gone, *his* junk was freed. Large, apple-sized balls hung between his legs. A brown sheath was above it, a red, canine rod sticking out of it, throbbing hard. They all jiggled a little as the burp shockwaves passed through them.

“Marci” blinked, rubbing his face with his paw. He looked at his reflection. There was just a fat, very nude, incredibly handsome Scooby-Do looking back.

He grinned, and Scooby grinned right back. He squeezed his tummy, the dog mimicking it. He felt and groped various parts, quaking with pleasure. The cartoon dog did so too.

This was simply amazing. He had truly been Scoobed.

Scooby snickered and began to pose, striking as many poses as he could think of. He pushed out his gut, flexed his chubby arms, shook and let his blubber jiggle. He smacked his rear, it and his privates pleasantly bouncing.

He was the picture of cuddly, soft, and sexy all at once. He was perfection.

“**Mmm, ris ralls ror rome relebration!**” Scooby declared. His stomach growled louder than ever, hunger hitting him hard then. “**Food relebration!**”

He licked his chops, a cartoony tongue popping out and making an equally cartoony sounding **SLURP**. He strolled over the kitchen without a care in the world, everything jiggling with each step. He scooped out several snack bags and more from the cabinets, all absolutely called for in this situation.

The Great Dane returned to his couch, dumping the bags onto a cushion. He sat down beside his treasure pile, the couch groaning under his weight. He grabbed the first bag, ready to tear into it and begin his fun celebration.

Bzzzzzt. His ears perked up, and he looked down. There was his phone, dropped long ago and having been forgotten until now.

Scooby reached down, struggling a little to properly pick it up with his dog paws. He had an even harder time turning on the screen and getting to the message that was sent. His paws were so goofily pudgy, but he wouldn't change that.

Eventually, he managed to get to his texts. It was another message from his mysterious texter: “Send Your Scoobed Shake to 10 Friends to spread the Scooby-ness around!”

The cartoon dog grinned, tail wagging. That sounded like an absolutely wonderful idea! He loved shaking his big, wonderful butt already, so why not film it and share it with others? More people needed to see some fine Great Dane booty bouncing!

Plus, perhaps they could get into the Scooby spirit as well! More big butts bouncing and shaking? That sounded awesome!

He happily headed back for the mirror, his mind already thinking of the possibilities. He had so many people in his contact list. So many people not knowing that they needed to be Scoobed and have their own good doggo ass.

When he was all done with this, he was bound to be even hungrier afterwards. Shaking it required a lot of food, so perhaps he could order a bunch of pizzas.

Ooooh, then he could shake his rear for the pizza delivery guy and maybe get him in on the fun too! Oh, today was going to be great! Who knew random texts could actually be good and not just useless spam!

THE END~