

Hunger. That was the thought that it awoke with. Its pupils were seared by the sun as the opened their eyes. The sounds of a busy downtown street assailed its ears. Its skin tingled with new sensations, making its pure-white fur stand on end. It looked over its new body, flexing its hands and turning its arms over, staring. It could feel the fur coat that dressed its body; but the front was all covered in stark white scale-plates that were segmented many times horizontally, and once, vertically, down the middle. This body was strange to it, but familiar. Whatever it was hadn't existed before this moment. It was something new. And it hungered.

Its gaze rose from its own body to observe the busy street. Cars zoomed past on the street, and people pushed past it on the sidewalk, almost unaware of the white-furred dragon that had appeared. Buildings stretched to the sky, blotting out the sun. All of these people, the cars, the buildings... All of it, it all needed to be consumed. Devoured. Assimilated. The thoughts pumped through its body like blood.

Blood... Its body was quiet. No beat of a heart, no rush of air in the lungs, no churning of guts or creaking of joints. It was not many parts. It was a single whole. It was one. Everything had to be one.

It lashed out with teeth and claws, mauling the nearest pedestrian. He screamed, blood spraying from his torn flesh as he was torn apart, chunks of his body falling to the ground in a pile of bloodsoaked meat and bone. He was quickly devoured, strong jaws cleaving through muscle and snapping bones. Deep crimson stained white fur.

Panic. Everyone began to panic. To run. To flee. Crashing into one another, throwing each other to the ground, trampling. It didn't care. It let them flee as it finished the meat in front of it, its stomach distended with enough food to double its original body weight. It dragged its hands over the bloated lumps in its middle, stroking its claws through its fur as blood was smeared from its hands. It growled with pleasure, body gurgling from head to toe. It wasn't enough. It wanted more. So much more.

It stomped on the body of a woman who had fallen, crushing her lower torso into a smear of guts and blood. It leaned down and bit off her head with no effort, swallowing it whole. The rest of the body followed, devoured in moments, leaving only a blood smear on the sidewalk. Its meat-filled middle started to hinder its movement, making the ravenous beast growl and blast steam from its nostrils.

It reached toward a man fleeing across the street. To its own surprise, its arms stretched out, snaking forward and latching onto its prey. Its arms reeled in and slammed its prey to its chest. Its stark white belly plates started to split vertically down the middle, like a seam being pulled apart. It's ribs poked out from underneath, like teeth in an oversized maw. Beyond that was nothing but a pulsating sea of infinite blackness that tried to reach out to pull in the captured prey. It deposited the man into that sludge-like lake, and closed the gaping maw that had split its body open, drowning the man in the sea of black ichor that filled its body.

It felt slow, lethargic. It still wanted to devour, but everything it had eaten so far was now weighing it down. Its gut stretched out and sagged to the floor, groaning with the processing of flesh and bone into more terrible black sludge. What it had already churned away was spread through its body, making it look plump and fat and slow. It observed its arms, thinking of the way they stretched so easily. Maybe, the rest...

Its back and limbs began to stretch and lengthen, growing thick in a manner that imitated toned muscle under the blood-stained fur. Its hands, head, and feet grew to match, its body growing wider, taller, more beastly. It grew until its shoulders rose above the head of your average man, and its tail swept out behind it. Fangs grew sharper, claws and talons grew longer.

With a twist of its body it turned to the street and brought its claws down on a passing car, bringing it to a violent halt. The engine was blasted out of the bottom from the force of the blow, and the screeching halt knocked the driver unconscious. The beast ripped off the hood of the car and squeezed it into a ball before stuffing the lump of metal into its jaws. The engine went next, whole, creating a huge bulge in its throat. It struggled to choke down the metal masses, and lengthened its own neck to ease the process, and make room for more metal, plastic, and rubber. As the front of the car vanished into its gullet, it punched out the windshield and tore apart the airbag to get at the unconscious driver. With its larger body, it swallowed them whole, and crushed them underneath the debris of their own vehicle.

The metal and other synthetic garbage were assimilated as easily as meat and bone. The beast grew, sprouting spikes along its spine that split the skin and splattered its fur in black. It hunched over, its form growing more twisted and beastly as it grew. Tongue growing longer, mouth drooling the darkest of ichor, poisoning the very ground around its feet. It growled to itself with that self-same hunger that refused to be sated.

It roared its need and pounded the sidewalk, cracking it into jagged grey chunks. Stomping feet caused further damage, and rattled the windows of nearby buildings. The block may have been evacuated, but the meat wouldn't be able to flee it forever. It would eat anything, everything, and grow. Taller than these towers that scraped the sky. Soon, it would be too big to escape. Everything needed to be it, and it needed to be everything.