

The Alteration Chamber

By: IndigoRho

Raf looked around the cylindrical glass chamber he was in, full of regret. The obese grumpy hyena barely fit—his wobbling gut mere inches from the glass—and while he wasn't one to get claustrophobic he still found it uncomfortable; just fussing with his pink mohawk or dealing with a scratch required quite a bit of maneuvering. He was already eagerly awaiting leaving the cramped jar, even though the worst was yet to come.

“Why do *I* have to be the test subject again?” Raf grumbled, his voiced carried to the room outside via a speaker.

Across from him stood an orange-striped zebra, busy working away at a control panel. He was Rho, Raf's boss, and the hyena's question put a smile on his face. “Well I'm running the test so it couldn't be me, and Tobias' busy flying the ship so obviously he wouldn't work. That just left you as the lucky volunteer.”

“Yeah, real lucky,” Raf mumbled under his breath. “Tobias is the one who *actually* likes turning into stuff, just let him test it tomorrow when we dock!”

“Because I'm bored and want to make sure it's running right before I have fun with Tobias,” Rho responded with a smirk. “Now stop whining, it's time for your makeover!”

As Raf continued to complain Rho skimmed through the impressive selection of the alteration chamber, almost overwhelmed by the possibilities. With it he could transform his subordinate into any species, animal, or even object he wanted, in addition to quite a few other fun things. Eventually he decided to start simple, selecting “goat” and initiating the sequence. Raf winced as he felt a tingling surge from one end of his body to the other. After a few seconds the sensation centered on specific areas of the hyena.

His round pupils warped as if they were being flattened, stretching until they were completely horizontal. A terrible itch prompted Raf to reach for his head, his eyes widening as he felt a pair of hard, pointy bumps slowly sprouting out—horns. There wasn't enough time to dwell on their arrival, though, the hyena's attention shifting towards the tips of his fingers, which were hardening into hooves. While his gut blocked his view of his footpaws, he could *feel* similar changes occurring to them, toes fusing and solidifying. Raf's tail practically retracted back into him, becoming stubbier and far less fluffy than normal. The process wasn't painful, but being re-molded bit-by-bit was still unnerving in general.

Rho seemed pleased with the show, though. He watched in awe as the blubbery hyena transformed into an equally blubbery goat, retaining his usual coloration of brown and tan, along with his pink mohawk. The fact he was still vaguely recognizable after the dramatic alteration was impressive, proof enough the purchase had been worth it. Of course Raf didn't seem nearly as amused by the change. Prone to unconsciously grazing on whatever food was nearby, the hyena-turned-goat was suddenly concerned he might start snacking on loose office equipment if he wasn't reverted back. Or even worse, that he might let out an embarrassing bleat.

“Ok it works, turn me b-a-a-a-ck.” Raf's arms slammed into the chamber wall as he swiftly tried to cover his mouth after the accidental bleat, blushing profusely.

Rho snorted. “But we've just started! I still need to check some other variables. You kept your bulk when you became a goat, but I wonder what'll happen if you're something naturally huge, like an elephant?”

Raf's look of horror was clear. “No no no no no, anything but that!”

The tingling had already returned, though, and much more intensely. Raf twitched as he felt his horns retreating and his tail distending. As his fur steadily flattened and matted into tough hide, his massive gut started swelling outwards, the goat fattening up all over. Two teeth grew into small tusks and a trunk extended from his face. In the tight confines of the chamber Raf's blimping belly pressed up

against the glass almost immediately, his movement hindered entirely as he rapidly filled it. His eyes darted left and right as his transformation into an elephant neared its end, worried he'd break out before he stopped growing. Thankfully the chamber held firm, though Raf was left far from comfortable.

"Oh wow, since you were already as fat as an elephant I didn't think you'd get *even* fatter, but you sure proved me wrong!" Rho laughed, ignoring the death glares he was receiving.

"This isn't funny! At least make me something slimmer, or just return me to normal!" Raf fumed.

With such a vast catalog of options to tease Raf with, Rho was far from finished. Changing the grump's species was fun, but something a bit more drastic was in order. Rather than give Raf a heads up or even a hint as to what he had chosen Rho pressed a button, his eyes shifting to the elephant in anticipation. Again Raf felt the tingling, but now it extended over his entire body, as if he'd dived right into freezing cold water. His legs began to feel wobbly and he realized he was slowly sliding down the glass despite his knees not bending. Confusion persisted until he spotted and felt droplets running down his face and chest. They were too sluggish to be sweat and matched the color of his hide perfectly; he was melting.

Raf's heart raced as he started squirming, completely adverse to the idea of turning into a liquid. He had no way of knowing if he'd retain his consciousness once the transformation finished—some kind of sentient goo—or if he'd just be a motionless puddle of tan with pink highlights. The chamber itself was quickly filling with the goop, growing deeper as Raf sunk further and further into it. Attempts were made to claw at the glass wall or even break through it but by that point his body was too soft to make a scratch. To Rho it was like watching a candy bar get ravaged by the heat of a Summer day, Raf's discomfort overlooked.

Reduced to arms and a head, Raf splashed frantically as his vision faded and he dipped below the surface of the pool, a string of bubbles left in his wake. Rho couldn't resist heading over to the tank to get a closer look, amazed the machine had been able to liquify Raf with such ease. There wasn't any movement within—the lake of Raf unnervingly still. The zebra circled a few times, poking the glass just to see Raf ripple, before finally returning to his console to make the next decision. Pool toy caught his attention early, an interesting experiment to see how the chamber would handle reducing the mass of its occupant. Though he had the option to make the resulting Raf fully conscious again, Raf concluded an enraged pool toy would be obnoxious. Instead he'd be just as inanimate as the puddle, if only to give him some time to calm down.

With another press the pool within the chamber grew turbulent. A bulge rose up from the center, steadily taking on the vague shape of a head, then a neck. More defined features appeared as the puddle took form, Raf's mohawk plainly visible. His whole surface remained slick, the color shifting to match the pattern of his fur but not gaining any of the texture, just a latex replica. Every bit of the growing Raf pool toy was curved, from his puffy paws to his solid tail. A scowl and a glare were painted upon his face, purely decorative. Even as a pool toy Raf was thick and wide, looking practically over inflated as he filled the chamber, almost more a beach ball than a floatie. From his navel grew a nozzle and his back a pair of hard plastic handles. Not a single drop of liquid remained, all of it used to create the new toy.

Half the chamber's wall retracted open, and Rho strolled over, excited to see first-hand what the transformation looked like. Raf was comically light, the zebra able to pull him free with one hoof. Rho poked and squeezed the pool toy all over, delighted by the squeaking of his latex and his unchanged expression. Somewhere in there Raf was likely faintly aware of what was happening, though unable to interact with the outside world in any manner. The transformation wouldn't be permanent—Rho unfortunately needed his services still—but keeping him as a pool toy for a day or two would be fine. After all, the station they were headed to had a pool that'd be perfect for testing Raf out in. With that Rho wandered off with his perpetually-scowling prize in tow, already intending to use him as a chair in his quarters for the time being...