

A Suitable Replacement

By: IndigoRho

When Rho bent down to pick up his fallen datapad and heard a loud *riiiiiiiip* the rotund zebra knew right away what had happened. With a sigh and a shake of his head he grabbed the datapad and began searching for the tear in his bodysuit. The bodysuit was worn—one of his oldest—but he'd never seen one rip without being under severe duress. Of course Rho *was* close to the heaviest he'd ever been, having hovered around four hundred pounds for a whole year. Oh well, it'd served him well.

Rho was just about to head to his quarters to retrieve a fresh suit when Reid—the mint green tiger who served as the ship's doctor—walked by.

“Morning Captain.”

Almost on instinct Rho moved so he was blocking the tiger's path, an easy task considering their significant size difference. “And a good morning to you as well, Doc! You're just the person I wanted to see.”

Reid cowered slightly, already suspicious of the Captain's intentions. Past experiences had taught him that Rho rarely had need of Reid's legitimate skills, and instead simply enjoyed finding new ways to terrorize him.

“O-Oh. What do you need?”

“Well my bodysuit ripped—embarrassing, really—and I just know you can fix the problem.” The zebra was grinning—never a good sign.

“Honestly I'm a lot better at repairing people than clothes but—”

Suddenly Rho's arm was around the smaller tiger's shoulder, coincidentally preventing him from fleeing.

“My apologies, I could've reworded that a little better.” Rho chuckled. “I actually need you to *replace* the suit, which anyone can do. I've always wanted to see how I look in green.”

Only then did Reid realize they were dangerously close to the ship's industrial converter, and the tiger knew exactly what the Captain had in mind for him.

“Sir that's really not in my job description and I know you've got spare suits you could grab!”

The Doctor's protests were ignored, Rho picking him up and carrying him over to the pillar that was the converter. It was a wondrous piece of technology, capable of transforming matter into useful objects. Rho had quickly grown fond of using his crew as he matter, much to their dismay.

Rho selected bodysuit on the converter's control panel—Reid still wiggling in his grasp—and then unceremoniously shoved the tiger head-first into the machine.

Reid thrashed frantically as he was fed into the converter, head and chest swiftly vanishing from sight. On the opposite end of the pillar a shiny new bodysuit began to slide out. Satisfied Reid wouldn't be able to free himself, Rho let go of the still struggling tiger so he could lazily admire the outfit he was being turned into.

Flailing legs steadily disappeared as a much calmer, motionless bodysuit was produced. Soon the conversion was complete, and Rho stood with the Reid suit in his hooves.

The suit was mostly mint green, with a few tastefully placed tiger stripes. On the front were markings that invoked eyes and a face, a clear sign of the suit's odd origins. Hopefully it fit as well as it looked.

The torn suit was taken off and casually tossed into the converter to be recycled before Rho slipped into his new one. The proportions of the suit matched Reid's own, and Rho had to work to squeeze himself into it inch-by-inch. Thankfully it was able to stretch, any tightness soon relieved as the material settled.

“I'd almost forgotten how wonderful a shiny new bodysuit feels!” Rho said, adoring how much his round middle was emphasized. “Would be nice if you were a tad bit bigger, but I'm sure you'll stretch out after a few hours of wear~”

The Captain gave his gut a pat of reassurance, though there wasn't any way for Reid to respond. At least not as long as Rho blocked him from using the suit's voicebox.

“Alright Reid we've got a long day ahead of us! Checking in with the rest of the crew, eating, lazing around, eating some more. All very important work that I couldn't do without you!”

As Rho cheerfully waddled off, the mute Reid woefully regretted not taking an alternate route that morning.

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One long, grueling week later, Rho was finally back at the ship's converter, Reid suit in tow. Rho had intended to turn Reid back to normal at the end of the very first day, but he'd quickly forgotten about the truth of his suit. An innocent mistake that left Rho wondering if any of his other possessions were actually transformed crew members he'd simply forgotten about. The thought made him smile more than worry.

“Well Reid, your complimentary vacation is finally over. I'm sure it was a relaxing one~”

Rho fed the suit into the converter, which whirled to life as it went to work changing Reid back.

Seconds later Reid's head lurched out from the opposite end of the pillar, the tiger clearly dazed. His face was considerably rounder than normal, his sharp jawline completely gone. Neck and shoulders were softer as well, moobs visible as his chest left the machine. Reid's new belly was halfway out when it became wedged, an alert ringing out.

“I really should get a wider one.” Rho shook his head as he grabbed a hold of Reid. “Especially with how big the crew's been getting lately!”

A couple firm tugs were all it took to dislodge the tiger. Fortunately his plump rump passed through without issue.

Reid tumbled out, his belly wobbling as he rolled onto his back, still recovering from actually having a body again. He'd nearly doubled in size.

“Ah, looks like getting stretched out took its toll,” Rho chuckled and bent down next to Reid, giving his soft gut a poke. “Course I think all felines look good fat so this should be a fun experience for you!”

Reid groaned, finally seeing the curve of his belly. “I'm...I'm huge!”

“Hardly! You're *maybe* three hundred pounds at most, which is below-average on this ship,” Rho insisted. “Sure some of us heavyweights are throwing off the numbers a *little*, but not that much.”

The doughy doctor didn't agree, but he wasn't in the mood to argue. The last thing he wanted was for Rho to suddenly decide he wasn't fat enough and start stuffing him right then and there. It wouldn't be the first time he'd done that to a crew member—or Reid for that matter. Instead he just lay on the floor, hoping Rho would grow bored and leave soon.

“Don't worry Reid, I'll make sure your rations are increased to match your healthier girth—can't have you wasting away now!”

Rho gave Reid's gut one last squeeze before heading off, mentioning something about a second lunch. Reid gave his middle a sheepish poke himself, sighing as he watched it jiggle slightly. Slimming down was going to be a pain...