

Lionberry Pie

By: IndigoRho

Cravings were curious things. A person could go weeks without having the slightest desire to eat a particular food, only to wake up one morning wanting nothing else. Rho was having one of those mornings.

The rather rotund, orange-striped zebra had dreamed vaguely of pie the night before, and couldn't shake the craving for it. Of course with his considerable appetite he didn't just want a slice of pie, or even a whole pie. He wanted a *mountain* of pie. Or at least enough to make his belly resemble a mountain.

Obtaining such vast quantities of pie wasn't impossible thanks to the food replicators on the research outpost he was visiting, but Rho was in the mood for something a bit fresher. Something still steaming as he pulled it out of an oven. Replicated berries simply wouldn't do. Luckily Rho knew exactly where to find the largest, freshest berry of them all.

Rho entered a spacious greenhouse, and moments later found exactly what he was looking for amongst the fruit.

"Well hello, juicy~"

The hefty gray lion standing across from Rho gave him a goofy look before smiling. "Well I wish I could say I hadn't heard that one before but..." He gave an amused sigh.

August's light-blue bodysuit wasn't even close to being the same shade as any real berries, but his round belly had guaranteed Rho would compare him to one whenever possible. The lion rarely minded.

"I'm just being consistent, August. Enjoying hanging out with the rest of the berries?"

"I might try to bake a pie to celebrate Pi Day, and wanted something fresh," August said.

Rho grinned. "What a coincidence, I was thinking the very same thing!"

He poked at the computer bangle around his wrist and a holographic screen popped up. August watched him with confusion, not noticing the word "Berrification: 0%" flicker across his belly on his bodysuit. The abrupt chill that surged through him after roused his suspicions.

"Rho, you didn't hack into my suit again, did you!" August asked nervously.

"It's a perfectly normal remote control program so I wouldn't call it hacking." Rho was delighted to see that August's face was already turning blue, the percentage displayed on his suit ticking up steadily. "I'm always thankful for splurging on so many biomods for your suit, by the way~"

A frown came upon the lion's face, which only intensified as a faint bubbling sound echoed out from his stomach. August looked down and finally saw the text on his suit—which was beginning to stretch out as his belly swelled.

All at once he recognized the words and the new color of his paws and realized exactly what Rho had done. "Wait, why are you turning me into a blueberry!"

Rho walked over to August and cheerfully strolled around the ballooning lion, listening to the sloshing accompanying his every move. The transformation was proceeding rapidly, August already so round he was reduced to wobbling rather than walking. His limbs were clearly puffing up with juice, and so was his face. The lion's own wrist computer groaned under the pressure, inevitably snapping right off.

"I woke up with the weirdest craving for pie this morning, and—as I mentioned before—I'm eager to bake a pie to sate it." Rho was running a hoof along August's taut, blimping sides. The berrification percentage ticked past fifty percent. "Course I'd never be satisfied with a single, measly little pie, so I'll need to prepare a few dozen. The greenhouse doesn't have nearly enough fresh berries for that, but it does have *you*~"

August blushed, his face gaining a purple hue. "R-Real funny, Rho. You wouldn't dare bake your boyfriend into a pie!"

“Pies~”

“*Pies*, whatever! Now if you excuse me, I need to get to a juicing station before I end up immobile.”

The round lion was barely able to shuffle a couple feet before Rho casually blocked his way, embracing the berry in a firm hug. “Nonsense! Good pies are made from the ripest berries, not juiced ones. I can already tell you're becoming the best berry in the greenhouse.”

An attempt to wobble away from the ravenous zebra ended in immediate failure, August simply too full of juice to move.

August's swelling body slowly enveloped his arms and legs, leaving only his puffy paws free to wiggle helplessly. His face was as round as his body, head sunken deep. While there was the occasional creak from his stretched hide he remained safely intact, in no danger from bursting from the pressure alone. Popping was looking far more preferable to what Rho had in store for the berry lion, though.

As the berrification percentage passed ninety-five Rho gleefully counted down, laughing as it reached one hundred. The percentage was replaced by the word “Complete”.

Rho gave his berry boyfriend a solid shake, but no sloshing echoed out. There was confusion and concern in August's eyes. Exploratory prods and pokes proved the lion's hide was firm, yet had a little give. He'd also gained a noticeable sheen.

“Wh-What happened to me!” August whined.

“You turned into a berry of course! A *real* berry.” Rho gave August's side a knock, creating a *thunk* noise. “Plenty of juicy pulp in there now—you'll be perfect for pie filling! Why don't we roll you to the kitchen, then~”

August whimpered as he was rolled onto his side, paws wiggling wildly. His spherical shape made him distressingly easy to roll despite his weight, and Rho had no trouble getting him out of the greenhouse and down the corridors that led to the outpost's kitchen. The berry's pleas for help were ignored by everyone they passed. Many instead took the opportunity to poke or tease the massive lion, jokingly wishing him good luck.

August's complaints continued all the way to the kitchen, silenced only as the doors slid closed behind him and Rho.

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Rho leaned back in his chair, licking his lips as he tossed aside yet another emptied pie tin onto the pile. The zebra's belly bulged outward a good few feet, covering his whole lap and stretching out his bodysuit. He'd been gorging on pies nonstop since the first few had come out of the oven.

“August you made the most wondrous pie!” Rho moaned, rubbing his gut with both hooves. “I may have to indulge on lionberry pie at least once a month from now on~”

His boyfriend would undoubtedly be grumpy the second he re-formed, but Rho was certain his newly gained heft would serve as enough of an apology. And if he complained again Rho could always turn him into more pie.

The doors to the kitchen slid open, and a blubbery, pink-mohawked hyena waddled in, scowling at the sight of the engorged zebra. “Ugh, you called?”

“Yes! Great timing Raf.” Rho brought up his wrist computer and started poking away at it. “August was grateful enough to provide me with some fantastic pies, but I’m still feeling absolutely famished. Hopefully you can help with that.”

“Berrification: 0%” appeared on the confused Raf’s belly, and Rho grinned wide. It was truly going to be a Pi Day to remember...

