

Hunger and Transformation

By: IndigoRho

For Will and Cooper, the weekend was already starting off splendidly. The two friends had spent most of the night at their favorite pub, playing pool and steadily downing pitchers of beer. They hadn't gotten completely drunk, but were still tipsy enough that once they'd left they had wandered off to a nearby park instead of heading directly home.

There was an overgrown well there, fairly secluded and seemingly forgotten. Perfect for two friends who just wanted to chat in peace. The one stone bench was still damp from rain earlier, so Will and Cooper stood.

"I know I just had fries at the bar but I'm already feeling hungry again. Why don't we go snag a bite to eat?" Cooper asked.

"Geez dude, with how much you've been eating lately you're gonna be as fat as your sona in no time!" Will teased, poking his chubby friend in the belly.

Cooper blushed and shot Will a quick frown. "I wish! Being a big round zebra would be so fun. Would get to pin people down with my gut and make demands while threatening to eat them. Lot better than having to cower before customers all day like now." Even he couldn't deny he was a bit of a pushover, and working retail had only reinforced the feeling. It was why his fursona was confident and forceful.

"Well you could always commission a fursuit and just do that to everyone at cons!" Will laughed. "But I say it'd be way funner being a cheetah. Fast and agile. A cool tail to flick around. You can purr *and* chirp!"

Cooper nodded. "Yeah a suit would be nice. It's just not the same as being an *actual* zebra, though, ya know?"

By chance his gaze drifted to the well. Cooper gave it a long, long look, then dug a coin from out of his pocket. Walking up to the well, he saw the light of the moon just barely reflecting off the water below.

"What are ya gonna do with that?" Will asked, sliding up beside him.

"Make a wish." The response was matter-of-fact, as if it should've been obvious from the start. "That's the thing with wells, you toss a coin in and make a wish."

"Well I think they're supposed to be for getting water, but sure." Will chuckled. "And what incredible wish are you gonna make with that nickel of yours?"

"To be my sona. To be a big happy zebra." There was a snort from his friend, but Cooper quickly countered. "Oh c'mon there's no harm in doing it, even if it won't work."

Despite his skepticism Will pulled out a coin of his own, a penny that'd lurked in his jean pocket for weeks. "I guess. Who knows, maybe this'll be the one wishing well that works!"

Both coins were flipped into the air, plunging into the darkness of the well below. The resulting splash was faint, distant. For a moment Will and Cooper stood in silence, as if giving the well a chance to prove itself.

It didn't take long for Will to give up, shrugging. "Oh well, maybe we'll have better luck next time and find a genie's lamp or something."

Before either could walk away a strange glow radiated from the mouth of the well. In its wake the two felt a brief, tingling jolt surge through their bodies.

"What the heck was that about? Was it a gas leak?" Will turned to Cooper, but his friend seemed more interested in his hands than the bizarre occurrence with the well. Within seconds Will was, too.

Cooper's hands had begun to turn into hooves. A zebra's hooves.

Will doubted his eyes, but the longer he stared the more real it looked. Cooper had hooves, actual hooves! He opened his mouth to speak but didn't know what to say. Then the ache in his tailbone

began. Though not much, it was impossible to ignore, and he eventually pulled his pants down just a little in the back for relief.

A tail popped right out, almost fully formed and swinging erratically. It was pale, in between yellow and tan, and had black spots. He'd adored cheetahs long enough to recognize their tail, but that didn't explain why *he* now had one.

Turning back to Cooper, Will discovered his friend had transformed further. His ears had elongated and moved up his head, clearly no longer those of a human. Cooper's face had...had stretched. The color of his skin was fading, black stripes forming. His expression wasn't one of pain but simply of confusion. Will could emphasize.

Cooper's middle quaked, and in an instant it ballooned outward like a doughy airbag. The gains were so explosive Cooper nearly toppled over. He stumbled a bit, blushing hard as he felt himself jiggle. Soon his arms, legs, and face plumped up to match his middle. In mere seconds he'd gained a hundred pounds at least. Small rips appeared in the seams of his clothes, and though they were uncomfortably tight they remained mostly intact.

As much as Will wanted to laugh at the changes Cooper was enduring, he had his own to deal with. Teeth were sharpening into fangs. Whiskers sprouting. Feeling his ears shift was utterly bizarre, but even weirder was the coat of fur growing all over his body. He twitched as it spread, puffing him up ever-so-slightly—though not nearly on the level of his friend.

Too shocked to be afraid or excited, all Will could do was watch. And abruptly remember his sona was almost a foot shorter than he was in real life.

Will yelped as a falling sensation washed over him. It lasted mere seconds, but his confused cries continued for a fair bit after. The loss of height made his clothes loose, everything now a size too big. Even his shoes didn't fit perfectly anymore.

Cooper, meanwhile, had literally burst out of his pair. His new hooves had shredded the sneakers, prompting him to kick the remnants away of both them and his socks. He'd grown a tail of his own, not as long as Will's but still an incredible experience. His short hair had become a mohawk-like mane of black and white. Left as speechless as Will, Cooper watched his friend finish transforming into an anthro cheetah. Into a sona he'd only ever seen in art.

Shock subsiding, a wide grin grew on Will's face. "Holy shit! Holy shit, dude, I'm a cheetah!" He grabbed ahold of his tail and tugged. "Is this a hallucination? I just...I just can't believe that well actually worked!"

Cooper was squeezing his gut with glee. It was softer than he'd ever imagined. And more demanding. The small hunger pains from earlier had intensified greatly as he transformed, and the zebra was starving. He imagined ordering one of everything at a fast food joint or decimating a buffet. It felt as if only rampant gluttony could sate him.

For some reason just looking at Will made his stomach growl louder. He remembered all the art they'd commissioned of his sona eating Will's. Of a happily stuffed zebra teasing the scrawny cheetah doomed to become pudge. Gradually Cooper started seeing Will differently—as food.

Cooper's timid nature had vanished, replaced by the voracity of his sona. Without warning he picked up the much smaller Will, licking his lips as he held him up. "You know, I'm still in the mood for a snack, and you're looking mighty appetizing right now."

Will let out a laugh, assuming his friend was just joking, just indulging a little in the fantasy he'd described before their fateful wish.

He was proven wrong in the worst possible way: with a lunge and a gulp.

As soon as Will's head slid into Cooper's maw he began squirming frantically. He kicked and wiggled and pulled with all his might, but his friend was so much bigger than him. Every swallow drew him deeper into the zebra's gullet, inhibiting his ability to struggle more and more.

Cooper himself was simply elated he could actually swallow someone whole, just like his sona. He was savoring every bit of the experience, from the taste of Will to the sensation of the cheetah

squirming down his throat. When he felt his belly begin to bulge outward further he nearly moaned in pleasure.

As enjoyable as it all was—at least for Cooper—the zebra’s demanding stomach ensured the meal didn’t last long. Rapid gulps caused Will to vanish from sight, his loose sneakers falling to the ground as his footpaws were devoured last.

Cooper’s gut had grown rounder, though not a considerable amount thanks to how small Will was. If it wasn’t for all the bouncing it wouldn’t have stood out. A loud *uorrrrrrrrrrrrp* escaped Cooper’s lips, and he gave his belly a triumphant pat.

“That was awesome!” Cooper exclaimed with enough enthusiasm to shake his whole middle. “It just felt so natural and right, like I’d done it a thousand times before. And the weight!” He gripped his belly and wobbled it. “Having someone in your stomach is just amazing!”

Trapped in his fleshy prison, Will kicked in frustration. “Yeah well it’s a lot less fun on the inside. Let me out you jerk!”

“But then I’d just be hungry again, buddy,” Cooper replied with a grin. “And cheetahs have always looked best on my waistline~”

The struggles increased—along with the protests--but Cooper ignored them. All they did was make him burp a bit, much to his amusement.

With his hunger momentarily dealt with, Cooper waddled off, away from the well. He wasn’t sure what he was going to do now that he was a zebra. It wasn’t exactly an easy change to explain.

“Well if anything, I know plenty more *lively* meals I’d love to indulge in.” He smiled, rubbing his belly with a hoof as the squirms within started to slow...