

Digimon Joyride

By: IndigoRho

Perched high in a tree, Anomani eyed his next prey with silent glee. To the casual observer he looked like a mere dragon, mostly dark gray with a few purple stripes. In reality he could be whatever he wanted. The goofur's amorphous nature allowed him to shift his form however he pleased, but—more importantly—it allowed him to take over the bodies of others, something the flamedramon far below was about to learn rather soon. Anomani had heard much about the armored digimon, but he'd never had the pleasure of *being* one, and wasn't about to let a perfect opportunity pass him by. Confident there was no one else nearby to interrupt his fun, Anomani finally made his presence known.

With a graceful leap Anomani dropped from the tree branch he'd been perched on, spreading his wings to slow his descent. Plummeting outright wouldn't have been an issue for him, but he didn't want his prey to be aware of his true form just yet. The flamedramon jumped back as the stranger landed in front of him, his pose slightly defensive though mainly confused.

“Wow, you look even better up close!” Anomani grinned, looking the digimon up and down. “I can already tell being you is gonna be really, really fun.”

While the mysterious dragon's words didn't make much sense to the flamedramon, he knew there was menace behind them. He held up his claws and switched to a more aggressive stance, trying to be as intimidating as possible. “Don't underestimate me stranger!”

Anomani simply laughed. “Funny, I was just about to say the same.”

In a flash the flamedramon struck first, rushing his apparent foe and attempting a swift diagonal slash with his claws. Anomani made no attempt to dodge, though, the digimon's strike slicing through him like water, with about as much effectiveness. The slashes on Anomani's chest lingered momentarily, before being filled back in with goo, the dragon unfazed. Stunned, the flamedramon attacked twice more, though again Anomani remained unharmed.

“My turn,” the goofur said.

Anomani's whole body began to ripple, showing off its gooey aspect to the increasingly fearful flamedramon. He lunged and struck his prey like a tidal wave, gray goo splashing and coating every inch of the digimon. The flamedramon stumbled backwards, frantically trying to shake off the thick substance impeding his movement and impairing his vision. Little by little Anomani began to seep into the digimon's body, investigating, spreading, testing. At first the flamedramon thought the weight of his opponent's attack alone was the cause of his struggles, but then he realized he'd lost all feeling in his right arm, yet it was still moving. His tail and a leg soon followed suit. They weren't numb, they just seemed gone, but he could clearly see his claw clumsily opening and closing on its own, as if for the first time.

Hmm, these things are like knives, gonna have to be careful.

The flamedramon looked about in confusion, trying to find the source of the goofur's voice. He'd been quiet—like a whisper—yet at the same time close. Too close. The digimon attempted to drag himself away, but the leg he'd lost control over remained firmly planted, and when he made a swing at his other arm in order to force it “awake” it actually dodged.

Hey now, no damaging yourself! Anomani's voice returned, louder, echoing in the flamedramon's head. *I need you in mint condition so I can enjoy the full flamedramon experience after all.*

By the now the flamedramon was finally realizing his foe's intentions, that his body was slowly being taken over. Unfortunately he was far too late to do anything about it, had been since the moment he'd decided to confront the goofur rather than flee immediately. Not that that would have helped much either. Anomani asserted his control over the last of his prey's motor functions, shutting the flamedramon out completely as their bodies fused into one.

The goo covering the flamedramon gradually smoothed out. His once blue hide turned into

Anomani's gray, while the yellow and orange of his armor shifted to purple. A tuft of black fur formed at the tip of his tail, and two horns grew from the sides of his head. From behind his face-plate shone yellow eyes, a wide grin growing on his face. Two were now one.

Anomani took a moment to look over his brand new body, admiring both his form and skill. Absorbing others was always so easy and rewarding. He stretched and shadowboxed, watching his claws glide through the air, even tested his agility by racing and leaping briefly around the forest until the flamedramon's form was natural to him. Overjoyed, Anomani wandered off to continue experimenting, temporarily content. At least until he stumbled across another exciting body to take on a test run...