

Eating the Divine

By: IndigoRho

Rhamus leaned back, letting out a content sigh as he finished the last of his feast. The large crocodile was used to being pampered and worshiped—he *was* descended from the Egyptian god Sobek after all—but his most recent group of followers really outdid themselves. There was always so much food and wine, not to mention the constant pampering. He gently patted his swollen beach ball gut with both claws, which had remained taut and well-stuffed ever since his arrival, adored nearly as much as he was. Quite a few worshipers wished to join it one day, or maybe even add to his muscle mass; anything to become one with their deity.

As the crocodile reached for another glass of wine, though, he found himself blinded by a flash, before falling to the floor hard. Initially assuming his chair had been whisked away, he quickly realized the whole room was gone, the ornate décor and large windows replaced by flat, featureless walls. Rhamus knew he was obviously in a spacious cell of some kind and vowed to make his captor's pay for messing with a god.

“You *dare* interrupt the meal of the mighty Rhamus!” the crocodile roared. “No cell can hold me, so prepare to be devoured once I tear my way out!”

With a fierce shout Rhamus slammed his fist into the nearest wall, growling as his strike only left a dent. Again and again he threw himself at the walls, but they stubbornly proved resistant to his immense strength, warping rather than shattering; his captors had prepared well. The appearance of a door behind him caught his attention, and Rhamus was finally able to put a face on the one he needed to punish.

A lone, overweight zebra had entered the cell, not at all what Rhamus had expected. He was white with orange stripes, dressed in a strange gray bodysuit and wearing glasses. “Oh wow, you look even tastier in person! Nice amount of bulk, a *wonderfully* round belly, and I managed to catch you after a good stuffing too. Can't wait to add you to my waistline!”

If Rhamus hadn't been so furious he would've laughed at the zebra's audacity. “The only one who's getting turned into pudge is you!”

Rhamus closed the gap between them in seconds, throwing a punch guaranteed to send his pitiful captor right through a wall. He connected perfectly with the zebra's doughy middle, but his eyes widened in confusion as he felt his fist sink in deep, causing the surface of his foe's body to ripple. Despite his godly strength he couldn't pull his claw from the zebra's mass, and an attempt to use his water shaping magic failed utterly, as if it were being suppressed. To make matters worse, his other claws was caught in the quicksand gut in the ensuing struggle.

“Oh yeah, your water bending powers won't work in here, magic inhibitors are pretty advanced in my time period,” the zebra grinned as he continued absorbing the crocodile. “Name's Rho by the way. Big fan, couldn't resist pulling you from the past to see if you'd make a memorable meal.”

Rho wrapped his arms around Rhamus' back and pulled him in, practically dunking the crocodile into his amorphous belly. Rhamus flailed and struggled wildly, but all he managed to do was sink into the zebra's swelling middle swifter. His broad shoulders and round gut were engulfed with ease, his legs kicking and scraping the floor in rage. Inch-by-inch Rhamus was slurped up, until finally his feet dipped beneath the surface, the deity now completely tucked away within Rho. The zebra's belly was massive, bouncing violently and almost threatening to knock Rho over at times. Every punch and kick from Rhamus was clearly visible, the crocodile's strikes stretching Rho's fluid hide but incapable of breaking through. An imprint from his snout jutted straight out Rho's middle, trapped in mid curse before being pushed right back in.

“Whoa, you are definitely a lot feistier than my usual meals,” Rho said as he stumbled, bracing himself a little better as he happily looked upon the bulges in his gut. “Good thing digesting you won't take too long to digest, cause otherwise I'd end up exhausted putting up with you!”

“Let me out this instant you ingrate!” Rhamus roared, the imprints of his claws poking out from opposite sides of the gut. “The blood of Sobek runs in my veins, you could never even *dream* of digesting a god with scales as tough as mine! When I claw my way out I'll drink you through a damn straw!”

Rho seemed far from intimidated by the threats, chuckling as his hide stretched to handle his divine meal's struggles. “That's probably true, but fortunately I'm not gonna be digesting you. Absorption's more accurate.”

The zebra grinned for no one but himself, then flexed his bouncing belly hard. Rhamus winced as he felt the flexible chamber he was trapped in suddenly tighten a little, his whole body tingling. He was still trying to figure out the reason when another flex occurred, and this time he swore his beach ball gut had lost its tautness. Rhamus stopped fighting for a moment to poke himself, and—to his horror—his suspicions proved right. Somehow Rho was softening him up, making him malleable and robbing him of his ultimate defense. His struggles immediately intensified, though there was more panic in them than rage.

A smile spread across Rho's face. From experience he knew when prey figured out the danger they were in, that they were in a race against the clock to escape; the squirms that followed tended to be the funnest. Over and over the zebra continued flexing, and each time he did Rhamus' struggles weakened a little more. The imprints of his limbs and head were becoming less distinct, his shouts and threats less coherent, his hope of avoiding becoming zebra pudge dwindling. As Rhamus was absorbed Rho subtly thickened, his face growing rounder and his arms flabbier as the crocodile was turned to fat. Rhamus fought to the bitter end, holding out far longer than the more mundane prey Rho was used to. A final, angry wobble erupted from Rho's belly before he flexed him away for good, his meal over.

On the middle of Rho's bodysuit a simple face shot flickered to life, depicting a rather disgruntled Rhamus with the words “Stored” above him. Seeing the image widened Rho's grin further. He'd done it, he'd actually eaten a god. Collecting unique or sentimental meals was a bit of a hobby for the zebra, and being able to show off a deity made him ecstatic. Rho jiggled his heftier belly with joy, getting a good feel for all the fresh flab his prey had contributed. Rhamus had been an amazing source of protein—the perfect balance of muscle and fat—and the extra wobble he'd put in Rho's step would be much appreciated. Though the zebra could've spent hours just playing with his middle, he knew there were places he needed to be. In the best of moods Rho waddled out of the cell, Rhamus' irritated face bouncing along with him.