

Axl's New Form

By: IndigoRho

Axl Abasha couldn't have picked a better day to ride out to the meadow. There were barely any clouds in the sky, the sun was warm but not in a punishing way, a much appreciated boon for the blue and orange werewolf. Though fairly muscular he also sported a rather sizable gut that was persistently trying to peek out from under his shirt. For a moment he simply breathed in the fresh air and stretched, enjoying the peace and quiet of the secluded spot. He frequented the meadow often, and considered it one his favorite places to just relax and be away from everything. Unfortunately the werewolf was less alone than he believed.

Lurking in the tall grass nearby was a strange creature. He was vaguely recognizable as a zebra, though his stripes were orange and he appeared to be in a liquid state, partially melted into a puddle of himself. His name was Rho, and his unusual body was thanks to an advanced bodysuit that allowed him to change his form from solid to liquid whenever he pleased, an ability that allowed him to consume others who normally would've been able to overpower the out of shape zebra. While most considered his voracious hobby to be mere gluttony, he preferred to think of himself as a “collector”, always eager to add new unique meals to his ample waistline. A werewolf would be a wonderful addition, not to mention a good conversation starter.

Rho sunk into himself, then rapidly slithered in Axl's direction, keeping to cover as best he could. Luckily the werewolf wasn't expecting to see anyone out in the wilderness, let alone a zebra made of goo. Normally Rho would throw himself against a potential prey and envelop them completely, absorbing them over the course of a few delightful minutes. Today he was feeling adventurous, though, and wanted to test a new approach that promised to be more effective on bulkier meals. When Rho was less than twenty feet away Axl finally became aware of his presence, taking on a defensive stance instinctively as the mass of orange and white goop sprung into the open.

Axl gasped in surprise as the bizarre mass leaped into the air, diving right into his open mouth and down his throat. The werewolf's cheeks puffed up and his large belly began to swell. He was too stunned to react in any meaningful way, gargling loudly and vaguely swatting at nothingness with his paws. His shirt was unable to survive his ballooning gut, tearing right down the middle and exposing the wobbling bright blue mass to the world. Fortunately his black jacket was unzipped, otherwise it would've likely met a similar fate.

As more of the aggressive blob emptied into Axl's stomach the werewolf stumbled, forced to widen his stance to avoid falling over as his weight increased. He was no stranger to having a bloated belly—being an active predator himself—but his meals tended to be far less willing. Eventually every last drop of the goo creature had emptied into Axl, who let out a loud *uuoooooooooooo* afterward. The werewolf shook his distended middle with both paws and watched it wobble innocently. Aside from being rather stuffed he didn't feel any adverse side effects from his forced meal, not even a bad aftertaste or indigestion.

“Ha! I'm not sure what your grand plan was, but once ya enter a werewolf's gut you're there for good!” Axl bellowed and slapped his belly, causing ripples across its surface. “Guess I don't have to worry about lunch at least.”

The ripples lingered a long while, though, and Axl raised an orange eyebrow as it swayed from side to side on its own, a weird tingling sensation spreading outward to the rest of his body. To his shock the color from his belly fur was fading, slowly turning gray. He held up a paw and saw his claws blunting and his fingertips hardening, almost as if they were hooves. A chorus of loud, messy *glrrrrrgles* and *glorrrrrrrps* echoed out from his gut, which was now constantly bouncing about, like something was being churned within.

Correctly guessing the goop was to blame, Axl made a frantic attempt to hurl it out, but his efforts were too little too late. His thick tail had thinned out considerably, his bushy orange fur

flattening out and gaining stripes. Numb and somewhat dizzy, Axl found himself unable to walk or even concentrate anymore. He was vaguely aware something was happening to his body, but didn't realize he was turning into a zebra, or that the hooves he couldn't feel were moving on their own. The gurgling in his stomach was growing louder the more he transformed, as if something—or someone—was being aggressively digested.

Little by little Axl's rowdy gut was shrinking, the rest of his body bulking up in response, just like it would if he had finished off a life-sized meal. The seams of his jacket and pants failed, but a gray jumpsuit had appeared beneath them; *Rho's* jumpsuit. His black headband had seemingly sunken into his shifting head, replaced by a messy mane and a pair of glasses. More zebra than werewolf now, a small image began to appear on the middle his jumpsuit, resembling a stylized, angry portrait of Axl himself. Above it materialized sleek orange text reading "Future Occupant". The werewolf-turned-zebra's massive belly was starting to quiet down some, swaying less violently and letting out fewer and fewer *glorrrps*. Of course, Axl himself wasn't aware enough to notice.

Axl's vision faded fast, the werewolf swearing he could hear a faint chuckling all around him before being overwhelmed by a sense of falling into a deep pit. His eyes clouded over and his canine snout extended into a zebra's muzzle. The last traces of the werewolf vanished, and in his place stood a smug, grinning Rho. He'd never absorbed someone from the inside out before—just attempting had been a huge risk—but in the end he'd been triumphant, taking Axl's body for his own. Rho took a moment to flex his new muscles and appreciate his significant gains. The zebra felt like he could bearhug a meal into submission and gulp them down in seconds, maybe even devour two at once thanks to his newly stolen strength. Sure the effects might fade in time, but Rho would take full advantage of them in the meanwhile.

Rho winced and looked down at his immense gut, which was gently bouncing. Suddenly the impression of Axl's face poked out from behind the graphic of him on the bodysuit, a look of fury just barely visible. "Oof, bit of a fighter, aren't you?" Rho laughed. "Sorry but it's time to accept you're zebra pudge now!"

With a grin Rho pressed down on the stubborn bulge with both hooves before flexing as hard as he could, absorbing the last trace of Axl in the process. Another thunderous belch escaped Rho's lips, and Axl's saliva-soaked headband flew out and landed in the grass below, joining the remains of the werewolf's outfit. Feeling accomplished and full, Rho waddled away, already wondering who would be added to his collection next...