

## Roadhog's Mask

By: IndigoRho

Eric could barely contain himself as he slid his paws into the box that'd just arrived in the mail, fishing through the packaging peanuts until he got a careful grip on its contents. With bated breath the plump zebra pulled his prize out a stylized gas mask. He examined the signature pig snout, the imitation threads that “sewed” the mouth shut, the rebreather with their yellow trim. Anyone with even a passing familiarity with the game Overwatch could recognize the mask as that of Roadhog. As a fan of the game, Eric had accumulated a small collection of merchandise—including masks of Reaper and Genji—but Roadhog was his favorite character by far for reasons that made him blush.

After a solid couple minutes spent just admiring his newest acquisition Eric nervously turned the mask around, eager to try it on. Suddenly the door to his bedroom swung open, Eric nearly dropping his mask as a slim green raptor strolled right in.

Rami—Eric's roommate—occasionally gave his curiosity priority over the zebra's privacy, especially if he sensed an opportunity to tease him. “So you *did* get something in the mail, and it's the nerdiest thing possible, too!” the raptor laughed, ignoring the glare he received from his roommate.

“Dude, you're supposed to knock, and—hey give that back!” Eric stumbled as Rami snatched the mask right out of his paws.

The slimmer raptor was easily able to avoid his doughier roommate's attempts to take back the mask. “Honestly I'm surprised it took you this long to get a mask of your boyfriend, you barely play anyone else!”

Eric blushed a little, having given up on trying to outmaneuver Rami. “I play others, he's...he's just my main!”

“Main squeeze more like it. And everyone knows why you're so fond of him.” Rami snickered and slipped the mask on, the purple feathers on his head flattened and sticking out the back.

The raptor made exaggerated oinks and shook an invisible belly with his claws, pretending to lift and wobble it. Eric was too flustered to complain, his face turning red as he imagined the rotund hero's pose in great detail. He couldn't deny his adoration of girth, or the fact he'd primarily learned how to play Roadhog due to the character's constantly exposed belly. Reality didn't make him any less embarrassed about being teased, though.

“You *always* blush when you see that pose, and apparently even when you think about it!” Rami's voice was a bit muffled thanks to the mask.

Eric had had enough. Eager to get back at Rami in some way, he impulsively decided to utilize his reality shifting powers in the first manner he could think of. “Alright Rami, if you want to pretend to be Roadhog that much, then be my guest!”

The straps of the mask abruptly tightened, the material clinging to Rami's head like skin-tight latex. Rami felt the tightening, and quickly reached up with his claws to tear the mask off. No matter how hard he tugged the mask wouldn't budge. A minor chill spread throughout his body, but Rami was too focused on the unremovable mask to notice.

“Not funny Eric, get this thing off me!” Rami demanded, his sight impaired by the sunglasses-like lenses he was forced to look out of.

“But it looks good on you Rami,” Eric laughed, glad to have the upper hand. “Course it'll look even better once you fill out a bit.”

On cue the frustrated raptor shivered, and all at once his whole body began to get bulkier. His jeans and shirt hadn't been that loose to begin with, quickly growing as tight as the mask and making movement momentarily impossible. Soon one seam ripped, then another, and another, Rami's clothing shredding fast. Out of mercy Eric altered the fabric of his transforming roommate's outfit, making it stretchy enough to remain intact and on him, though just barely.

Though the “gift” allowed Rami to regain his mobility, the onslaught of changes to his body left

him too disoriented to do much aside from stagger about. His purple feathers lost their color till they were white, wrapping around one another into a top knot. While the rest of the raptor was getting thicker, his tail was shrinking, practically retracting back into his body as if such a thing were completely natural.

“Last warning Eric, stop or I'll have you for dinner the second this mask is off!” Rami growled somewhat hesitantly, not really capable of being intimidating in his current state. “I'm...*I'm gonna make you squeal.*” For a moment the raptor's voice had grown deeper, gravelier, and he didn't understand why he'd said what he said.

Eric burst into laughter. “Well now that's certainly an interesting choice of words! Though with how big you're about to get you'd *need* a meal my size just to sate you.”

Rami scowled behind the mask. Sure enough the once-thin raptor had plumped up considerably already, now sporting a pot-belly and love handles. His new gut had torn his shirt right up the middle, and jiggled with even the slightest movement, growing wider and rounder by the second. The raptor was used to carrying around a lot of weight after eating others, but having it be an actual *part* of him was different. Of course Eric's gaze fell upon the belly his roommate was gaining, the zebra resisting the urge to poke and prod it...for now.

“Come on Eric, I don't wanna be huge, I'm gonna be—*a one-man apocalypse!*” Again Rami lost control of his own voice, and he felt like he was struggling for control. A hint of the gruffness remained, though, as if he'd been shouting all afternoon.

Hearing Roadhog's dialogue coming from Rami filled Eric with glee, wiping away any doubts he had about his prank. “Oh yeah Rami, you'll definitely be a one-man apocalypse at the buffet, that's for sure!”

The green and yellow scales of the raptor were starting to fade in color just like his feathers had, though the process was more gradual, and instead of becoming white they were becoming tan. The scales were also losing their hardness and definition, blending together as they softened into pudgy flesh. On Rami's large ball of a belly a design was taking shape, an engine wreathed in flames with the outline of a pig's head front and center.

Rami was even fatter than Eric now, his old lithe body replaced by one that was wide and sturdy. His tail had vanished completely, and few traces of his reptilian features remained, the raptor essentially human. He struggled to stay standing, too used to having his tail for balance, but through sheer force of will Rami avoided toppling over; doing so would've only meant more embarrassment for him. The transformation had left him exhausted, his breathing getting louder and hoarser, amplified by the mask stuck to his face.

As much as the mask hampered his vision, Rami could still see enough to realize he was being transformed into Roadhog. “Eric, I'll never make fun of you for liking Roadhog again, just turn me back to normal! It should be a—*piece of cake!*”

Rami's belly swelled and wobbled as it finally grew to its proper size, his innie turning into an outie after a particularly strong jiggle. The transformation was complete. Aside from the tattered clothes there were no more signs of Rami, only Roadhog in the flesh. Eric gazed upon him like he was meeting an idol for the very first time, though he realized one last little change was in order so he could *truly* enjoy the fruits of his labor.

“I-I swear Eric,” Rami sounded entirely like Roadhog. “I'm gonna get you back so—*mmmmph!*”

The former raptor was cut off suddenly as a large, round bulge appeared in Roadhog's neck. Seconds later the bulge vanished down the human's throat, dropping into his stomach and causing his massive belly to bounce. Rami was more confused than before. One second he'd been threatening Eric, the next he was falling down a dark tube. His senses were completely thrown through a loop, but he felt like he was in something soft and cramped, kind of like...kind of like a stomach.

Roadhog's belly bulged outward as Rami's soul struggled within it, leaving imprints in its

rubbery surface as the burly human let out a long, deep chuckle. Rami had been reduced to a delightful snack as Roadhog took total control of both his body and mind, not merely a copy but the real deal. With his roommate contained, Eric finally felt the courage to step forward and adore the blubbery gut up close. He rubbed Roadhog's belly with both paws, smiling and chuckling as he felt Rami squirming within. The large outie stole his attention soon enough, and Eric pushed it in like a giant button.

As if a command had been sent, Roadhog gripped his gut with his huge hands and gently pushed down on the bulges made by Rami. His middle continued wobbling in protest, but the shakes were getting weaker and weaker, until inevitably they ceased altogether; Rami had been absorbed. Roadhog let out a thunderous belch in triumph, lifting his belly up a bit before letting it drop down and bounce wildly, much to Eric's joy.

Roadhog's deep laughter filled the room. "Now that's more like it!" he bellowed, giving his gut another slap.

Eric was too enamored to say a word, eyes following every jiggle and bounce of Roadhog's belly. He couldn't believe he hadn't thought of using his powers like this earlier, even though Rami was bound to get revenge for it. Still, the fun he'd have would be more than worth whatever Rami managed to do to him in the future. His mind was flooded with so many possibilities, most of them involving rubbing, squeezing, or embracing Roadhog's enormous belly in different ways. As Eric was overwhelmed by options, Roadhog was left to make the first move.

Without warning Roadhog pinned Eric to the wall with his gut, the human more than capable of keeping his "creator" in place. Eric was far too flustered to be afraid, blushing immediately as he felt the blubbery belly pushing into him.

Roadhog lifted up a controller in his large hand and waved it at Eric. "Want to play a match?"

Eric's face grew redder, and the only reply he could muster was a rapid series of nods. Perhaps he'd let Roadhog stick around for a whole month, surely Rami wouldn't mind the vacation...