

Gorging at the Lake

By: IndigoRho

The heat of Summer had hit fast and hard, so it was no wonder many had flocked to someplace cool to relax. Amongst them were a group of friends who'd ventured out to a small, secluded lake, far from the city and its crowded pools. Relaxing on the lone dock was a slim, black-and-white lion named August, who was happily soaking up the sun as the others enjoyed the water. There was Indi, a hefty midnight-blue cheetah who'd been abusing his bulk to pull off cannon balls while constantly insisting he was going to eat someone before they left. Raf—an even fatter hyena with a pink mohawk and a perpetual scowl—was busy trying to hide his massive middle beneath the water and ignore the obnoxious hunger pains he was enduring. A pair of pudgy zebras made up the rest of the group, Rho mainly distinguished from Eric by his orange stripes.

“You know,” Rho said to Eric, “nothing beats the heat quite like turning into a pool toy. I brought some stuff if you wanted to get squeaky for a bit.”

Eric blushed a little as he considered the possibility. “I don't know, I've never actually transformed into something like that before.”

“Even better!” Rho insisted. “You'd look great made of shiny plastic, and making you rounder would be easy.”

“You probably just want a floatie!” Eric laughed, splashing water at Rho. “Though I bet Indi would try to pop me or something, so maybe another time.”

Rho seemed disappointed, but accepted Eric's decision and changed the subject, the zebras finding plenty of other things to chat about.

Nearby, Raf was grumbling under his breath as he bobbed about in the water. He'd foolishly skipped breakfast that morning, and the small supply of snacks the group had brought were woefully incapable of sating his demanding appetite. His hunger pains were on the verge of being agonizing, dominating his thoughts in the worse way. And of course the others were unlikely to leave for another couple hours at the earliest. He *needed* something eat—anything—and it had to be filling.

When Raf looked over at Indi all he saw was a giant delicious blueberry. His mouth watered and stomach rumbled, but the hyena quickly shook his head and growled at the thought. He was—rather unsuccessfully—trying to lose weight, and eating someone as fat as Indi would only make things worse. Without realizing it his gaze drifted over to the two zebras. Again he shook his head, just as he'd begun considering their taste. Sure they weren't as high in calories as Indi, but they'd still leave him with more frustrating pounds to deal with.

Unfortunately hunger was winning out over common sense, and Raf relented, if only so he could actually choose the meal he'd be stuck with. August was the least fattening by far, but he'd also be at an advantage on dry land. Indi was, of course, out of the question, which left Rho and Eric. Of the two Eric would be the easiest to eat, and the least likely to try and eat him later after re-forming.

Still frowning, Raf took a deep breath and dipped beneath the lake's surface, stealthily making his way towards his unwitting meal. The water was just deep enough for Raf to lurk below the zebras, his gaze locked upon the lazily swishing hooves of Eric. If he rushed upward at just the right moment he could probably swallow half of his prey in one gulp, and then pull Eric under in order to gobble the rest of him. He'd worry about the inconvenience of being full of water and zebra after.

Like a blubbery, tan shark Raf glided through the water towards his prey, waiting until the last possible second to open his maw wide so he didn't swallow half the lake with Eric. By sheer dumb luck Eric chose that moment to head back to shore to grab a snack of his own, leaving Raf to gulp down nothing more than some water and air once he surfaced abruptly. Raf was too obsessed with eating Eric now to simply give up after a single failure so he gave chase, despite how unlikely it was he'd be able to catch up.

Nearby a crocodile quietly poked his head out of the lake, eying the friends with a mix of glee

and disdain. Rhamus the River God had had quite a few irritating run-ins with some of the group currently trespassing in *his* lake, and he almost couldn't believe he'd been given a chance for easy revenge. With a wicked grin he vanished from sight again.

Meanwhile, Raf was cursing his heft more than ever as the gap between him and the mouthwatering zebra ahead refused to shorten. Suddenly Eric started getting further ahead, despite not looking like he was going any faster. Then Raf realized the shore wasn't getting further, too; something was pulling him backward. He wasn't the only one.

A large whirlpool had formed in the center of the lake. Rho was the closest, and the zebra never stood a chance of escaping it, sucked in before he could even yell for help. Everyone else still in the lake was trying their hardest to escape, but none were fairing much better. Indi tired out almost right away, the cheetah chirping wildly as he felt himself get drawn into the whirlpool's heart. Raf was only a few feet ahead of him, angrily wishing he'd just stayed at home, far away from any lakes trying to swallow him.

Almost as soon as the large hyena was pulled into whirlpool he came to an unexpected stop, something soft and wet wrapped tightly around his massive middle.

Below the surface Rhamus' belly was already a big, wobbling mass thanks to the cheetah and zebra he'd gulped down. His immense, bloated lower lip bounced atop his gut as Raf wiggled in his mouth, the large hyena having actually managed to get stuck momentarily. Rhamus was able to enjoy his incredibly filling meal's squirms for a few seconds more before Eric was pulled into the whirlpool himself, bumping right into Raf and shoving him down the crocodile deity's throat. As soon as Eric shot down Rhamus' throat the croc's jaws slammed shut, his vengeance secured.

Boasting a monstrous gut, Rhamus still gracefully glided through the water towards shore, his dominance on full display. When he sauntered back onto dry land his elastic belly was bouncing wildly from side to side, the imprints of his four-course feast bulging in all directions. Rhamus could recognize the source of each one. Indi—who'd tasted just like the blueberries he resembled—had a round face that was easy to shove right back in. Raf's wonderfully filling form would sag from his gut at times, and even Eric and Rho could be distinguished by how they squirmed as they pushed at their rubbery prison.

"Couldn't escape me forever, Eric!" Rhamus bellowed, taking a moment to flex the zebra in question right back into his gut. "You're right where you belong: on my waistline. And that obnoxious Rho as well. This really has been my lucky day!"

The imprint of Rho's face emerged right smack in the middle of Rhamus' belly, an obvious look of annoyance on it. "You'll be zebra pudge in no time you—mmmmph!"

Rhamus ended the empty threat with a push of his palm.

The four friends continued whining and complaining, elbows and paws bulging out as they fought for space in the cramped confines of Rhamus. His elasticity didn't help when he was constantly pressing them back together for his own amusement.

As much as Rhamus would've loved to torment the group further, he didn't want to risk Rho pulling some cowardly trick and escaping him once again. His powerful stomach began to aggressively churn the prey within, softening them up with every bounce. The distinct imprints of snouts and arms became vaguer and vaguer until they turned into anonymous lumps, then just a big ball of sloshing goo.

Rhamus made a show of absorbing the resulting mass, converting the goop into mass with every dramatic flex. Muscles swelled and height increased, the bulge hidden by his loincloth gaining girth as well. In less than a minute his enormous belly had shrunk to be a merely impressive ball, though everything else about him was more imposing than ever before. He vocally admired his enhanced pecs and biceps and grinned at the two beach ball sized orbs his loin cloth covered. All of it was thanks to four delicious fools.

His meals weren't quite settled in yet, though. Rhamus' swollen lower lip wobbled slightly as a faint imprint of Indi's face pressed outwards, his soul still fighting back. Raf could be seen squirming

on the surface of the deity's gut, little more than a furious face and a jiggle. From his left pectoral came Rho, and his right Eric. Rhamus grinned and flexed to show off his captives, even caressing the bulge that was Rho just to further assert his dominance over the zebra who'd tried making a sport out of eating him in the past. As amusing as the show was he did have other matters to get to. With a strong flex and a loud *uorrrrrrrrrp* the imprints were absorbed back into him. They belonged to him now, all of them, though he couldn't help but feel he'd forgotten something.

A black rubber ball slammed into the crocodile's back with a loud splat. Confused, Rhamus tried in vain to tear the ball off but soon realized he couldn't reach it with his new bulk. The ball, however, could certainly reach him. The shiny orb swelled like a balloon, engulfing more and more of Rhamus the bigger it got. Nothing he did could dislodge the strange ball, and flailing only seemed to get him stuck further.

As the rubber ball grew it gradually changed shape, gaining the faintest appearance of a lion. August's laugh echoed in Rhamus' ears as the crocodile found himself getting pulled into the rubbery mass, all his cursing and thrashing only wearing him out. Once the mass gained arms it started actively shoving Rhamus into itself, silencing the deity while slurping him up like it was a pool of quicksand. The more of Rhamus that was engulfed the more the mass started to resemble August, albeit much heftier and more bottom-heavy.

With a fierce growl Rhamus was sucked in completely.

"So close yet so far~" August teased, rubbing his giant rubbery belly and poking at the bulges made by his angry meal. "Though it was very considerate of you to glut until you were a more fattening meal. Save me a whole lot of time."

The imprints of two arms and a shouting snout stretched outwards from August's gut, but they were easily crammed right back in, August chastising the rowdy deity.

With glee the rubber lion pressed down hard on his middle, compacting Rhamus into a ball of malleable goop that could do little more than wobble in disdain. Impressed by how much of a fight the deity was still putting up, August wasted little time absorbing him, not allowing Rhamus a chance to regain his form and escape.

While Rhamus had gained plenty of raw muscle, August gained mainly pudge, growing thicker and fatter as he churned the crocodile away. He managed to get a little beefier here and there, enough to make carrying his new heft more manageable. The Rhamus goop sloshed loudly as the lion's hide squeaked and stretched, until abruptly there was silence. Rhamus had been absorbed.

Jiggling his blubbery belly and smiling, August finally stepped into the water himself, floating on his back and letting out a satisfied sigh. He still had plenty of time to enjoy the beautiful day, and perhaps once he was back home he'd bother re-forming his friends. For now, though, they were proving rather useful for buoyancy...