

Luther and the Goo

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All was calm in the Sanctum of the lunar wolf mage Luther. Row upon row of bookshelves lined the walls of the main circular room, filled with tomes and relics of all sorts. Luther cherished the solitude he had in the Sanctum, where he was always free to indulge in his studies and research uninterrupted. The purple and blue werewolf was deeply engrossed in an ancient text related to illusion magic, eyes scanning left to right beneath the shadow cast by his hooded cape.

A sudden clattering broke the silence, and Luther spun around immediately, his round belly wobbling slightly in the process. A thankfully unlit candelabra had fallen over, the candles strewn on the ground. No sooner had he turned to examine the assumed accident did another noise draw his attention elsewhere. A small reading pedestal was now tipped over, the tome it held face-down on the floor. Luther knew something wasn't right.

"Sanctum we appear to have an intruder, who is it?" the werewolf asked aloud.

A calm voice echoed throughout the room. "Unable to discern true nature of intruder. They are emitting a significant amount of magical energy, though."

Luther wasn't happy with the vague answer, but at least he had an idea as to what to look for. The werewolf concentrated, using the intruder's magic aura as a beacon to track them. He grinned once he realized they were hiding behind a desk nearby.

"Alright, if you don't want the full weight of my power crashing down upon you then show yourself immediately!" Luther declared as he approached the desk.

There wasn't an answer, no noise at all, and the magic aura didn't shift any either. Cautiously Luther came near, preparing some defensive spells in case the intruder attempted to ambush him. When he finally loomed over the desk, though, he didn't find a person, but a...sphere.

The orb was purple, about the size of a beach ball, and appeared to be some kind of goo. It's slick surface reflected the light of the room, and though it shimmered and shifted nothing was dripping off it.

"Hmph, what kind of a joke is this—mmmmmp!!!"

As soon as Luther had opened his mouth the goo had leapt into it. His cheeks swelled like balloons as the entire ball of goo forced its way in. Luther frantically tried to spit the intruder out, but the goo resisted, swishing from one cheek to another as if to tease him. Forcefully pushing on his cheeks with his paws didn't work, either. Much to Luther's dismay the goo eventually moved down his throat as a massive bulge, before settling into his belly and causing it to balloon out noticeably.

"G-get out of there!" Luther demanded, giving his gut a chastising punch.

Luther's act caused his middle to suddenly swell. The weight of the thick goo inside made his belly sag, the werewolf realizing the mysterious substance was multiplying.

"You messed with the wrong mage!" Luther growled.

He focused on his hijacked gut and cast a defensive spell, one that should've expelled the goo from him with ease. Instead his belly began inflating faster, loud sloshes and *glrrrrrrrks* echoing out. A second attempt had the same results.

"Sanctum, this goop is—uorrrp—absorbing my magic!" Luther frowned at the unexpected belch. "Can you identify it!"

"There are many varieties of sentient slime that feed off of magic, would you like me to list them for you?"

Luther rolled his eyes. "No! Just suggest a method of getting it out of my stomach!"

"The *Field Guide to Slimes Second Edition* should be of use."

A book on the opposite side of the room glowed momentarily to gain Luther's attention. The werewolf waddled over as fast as he could manage, his belly noisily splashing and gurgling the entire way. It was like having a pool in his stomach.

Luther swiftly skimmed the book's table of contents and flipped to a section he hoped was relevant. With a triumphant grin he repeated the incantation—only to feel his belly rumble and swell further. The fur on his middle began to flatten and smooth out, gaining an unnatural shine that reminded Luther of the original orb of goop. When he poked it with a paw it felt rubbery, ripples spreading across its surface.

“Next—*braaaaaap*—idea Sanctum!”

“*Advanced Counterspells, Third Edition.*” There was no urgency in the Sanctum's voice.

Luther cradled his slowly expanding gut in both paws as he lugged himself towards the tome in question, which was shelved in a small side room off the main Sanctum. Resting the book on his belly he searched for a new spell, eventually finding something of potential use. A poorly timed belch forced him to repeat the spell twice, but again his effort was simply rewarded with his middle blimping up more rapidly.

Before his expansion had been slight and barely noticeable, but now it was impossible to *not* feel. It was like constantly chugging down water. The weight was simply too much for the werewolf to manage on his own. Luther cast a moon gravity spell upon his own gut, lightening it significantly while not really making it any less awkward to waddle with.

His face twisted as part of his belly suddenly bulged outward more than ever before, prompting a moan of pleasure from Luther. The bulge soon retreated, and he returned to the task at hand, albeit slightly embarrassed.

As Luther attempted to return to the central room his wobbling belly became wedged in the doorway, the goop within crashing about with a heavy *glorrrrrrp*! His wiggling was greeted with plenty of sloshing and a few obnoxious *urrrps* and *braaps*, Luther almost toppling over once he managed to get unstuck.

“Sanctum, *please* tell me you've figured out a solution!”

Luther stared down at his enormous, shiny gut. Its constant wobbling was almost mesmerizing. As much as he hated to admit it, swelling up actually felt kind of good. The feeling was only intensifying as he grew, and the werewolf wondered if magic was to blame. All the more reason to deal with the strange goo quickly. Again a portion bulged, as if the goo were trying to escape, but to Luther it merely felt like a lovely massage.

“May I suggest *Lunar Wards of the North*,” the Sanctum answered.

Of course the tome in question was on the opposite side of the room. The waddle over was a slow one, the gurgling, swirling sounds of the goop nearly drowning out his thoughts. Luther was unknowingly rubbing his belly the whole way, a faint smile on his face. He purposely swung his hips a little just to shake his middle and splash about the goop, provoking the blissful sensation once again.

When Luther arrived he let his gut fall to the floor, a surge of euphoria rushing through his body as it bounced. His attempts to reach for the book failed, but the Sanctum kindly floated it into the werewolf's waiting paw. He used his belly as a table, hastily flipping through chapter after chapter. Against his better judgment he cast a ward meant to fend off water elementals.

Luther fumed, then moaned as his immense middle ballooned aggressively. He couldn't resist embracing the jello-like mass, lost for a moment before coming to his senses. The werewolf knew at that point he couldn't possibly move on his own power, even with the assistance of the moon gravity spell.

“S-Sanctum, just send every—*buorrrrrrrrrrp*—relevant tome, scroll, or artifact my way!”

Luther's thoughts were persistently drifting to just how huge his gut had become and how it would only get bigger and bigger.

“Of course.”

All across the room various books removed themselves from their shelves and floated to Luther, dropping atop his gut one-by-one. The werewolf threw caution to the wind, repeating *any* incantation he suspected might help, no matter how low the odds. The desperate recklessness only led to Luther

rapidly swelling.

His belly spread out over the floor in all directions. The heavy sloshes inside were turning from distracting nuisance to soothing melody, and Luther found himself rocking back-and-forth just to make it louder. Luther spent less and less time reading through spells, devoting his attention more towards his majestic middle. *Was there really a downside to being huge? He certainly hadn't tried losing the respectable gut he'd had before. And he'd be even more intimidating with a mountain of a belly!*

Luther finally stopped bothering with the tomes, shoving his collection aside and ordering the Sanctum to stand down. The werewolf's gut would've filled a regular-sized room, though thankfully the Sanctum was spacious. The sloshes and churns and gurgles lulled Luther into a deep trance.

“Another intruder detected,” the Sanctum announced matter-of-factly.

From a side room strolled a rather plump zebra. Eric Stripe looked at Luther and his gargantuan gut with glee. He gave the mountain a friendly slap, impressed by the jiggling.

“You swelled better than I thought you would,” Eric chuckled. “You gave my precious goo plenty of filling magic from the looks of things. And here I was expecting to have to expand your gut myself once I arrived.”

“Begone!” Luther grumbled at the new intruder while still rubbing his gut. “I’m busy.”

The zebra laughed. “*Very* busy. Though I'm not sure you'll be able to attend to even a fraction of your belly, not with how enormous you've grown. Perhaps I should provide assistance~”

Eric began to knead and rub Luther's rubbery gut. His motions made the goop within slosh louder, the sounds music to the zebra's ears. Luther made a weak effort to verbally shoo Eric away but nothing more. The attention was actually rather delightful.

“So soft and jiggly!” Eric declared. “I bet you’re comfier than any mattress right now, and a good nap would be nice.”

Éric stopped rubbing and slowly started to scale Luther's belly, prompting a few passive growls and moans from the werewolf. Before long he was resting on its peak, which wobbled beneath him like a waterbed. He felt like he could sink into it.

Luther glared at Eric, obviously not enthusiastic about being slept on. “Werewolves are not beds! Now leave at once so I can tend to my gorgeous gut.”

"I don't think a bed's in much of a position to give orders," Eric snickered.

The zebra wiggled his hoof into Luther's deep belly button, gently twirling it around within to tease the werewolf. Luther's protests faded from the massage. A slightly more forceful push provoked a wall-rattling *uoooooooooooooooooooo* from the immobile mage.

“Alright goo, I think it's time for you to take over.” Eric settled in, stretching out and leaning back.

Luther spasmed, giving Eric a gentle massage. His eyes widened and his jaws opened, a ghostly orb on his tongue—Luther's soul. The goo-possessed werewolf shut his jaws and swished the soul around in his mouth before gulping it down, a large lump that traveled down his throat and disappeared into his immense gut. The soul bulged out slightly from Luther's side, a final act of defiance, then was absorbed completely. His possessed body let out a small *uorrrp* in return.

“Much better,” Eric muttered, his eyes already closed. “I’ve always wanted a devoted thrall, and one with a huge belly that can double as a bed is even better.”

The new Luther offered no complaints, not even a token growl or pout. He was completely at the whim of Eric, simply content to do whatever the zebra commanded. And at the moment that was “be a bed”. As the goo continued to loudly churn and gurgle the zebra drifted to sleep, Luther letting out a final *braaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaap* before dozing off...