

Washing Clothes

By: IndigoRho

"I'm home, Rho!" August declared as he entered their apartment.

The plump gray goat looked around as he dropped his bag on the living room couch. He'd expected his boyfriend Rho to be home waiting for him, but so far he hadn't heard a single reply from the zebra, not even a quick hello from the bathroom. There was always a chance he'd stepped out to grab groceries or run an errand.

Eventually August's gaze drifted to a laundry hamper near the couch. The goat's stomach abruptly growled, causing him to blush. To him many normally inedible objects were actually rather delicious, as likely to sate his hunger as regular food. Clothing in particular was wonderfully soft, like eating pastries.

August crept over, gently pressing his hoof into the hamper. The contents were warm, as if they'd just come out of the dryer. Again the goat's stomach rumbled.

"Ya here, Rho?" August asked, carefully listening for any signs the zebra was in the apartment. Silence.

Against his better judgment August snatched the top-most shirt—one plain enough that his boyfriend might not notice its absence. He crumpled it into a ball and shoved it into his mouth. August moaned in delight as warmth filled his mouth, letting the shirt linger there for a moment before finally swallowing it down. His stomach eagerly accepted the treat, but was soon demanding more.

August's attention had already returned to the hamper and its bounty. Unable to resist temptation, he grabbed a matching pair of socks and scarfed them down. Then boxers, and some shorts. He promised himself each new piece of clothing would be his last, and over and over again he broke that promise.

The hamper was quickly starting to empty, and in turn August's belly was starting to fill. It steadily swelled outward, his own shirt clinging tightly to it. A strip of gray appeared as it peeked out, exposed.

August was greedily scraping clothes into his open mouth and scarfing them down, all inhibitions lost. Inevitably he reached the bottom, slurping up a scarf.

With a groan the stuffed goat fell backwards onto the couch. His bulging belly wobbled, an extra soft dome radiating warmth. August couldn't remember the last time he'd felt so cozy. He lazily rubbed his gut and bleated contently.

The sudden turning of the doorknob startled August, prompting him to frantically stand, belly bouncing. Rho was home. The goat panicked, realizing there was no way he'd be able to waddle off to hide in time. Perhaps Rho wouldn't notice the missing laundry.

An orange-striped zebra entered the apartment, his eyes lighting up once he saw August. Right away he spotted his boyfriend's larger-than-normal belly, a grin forming on his face.

"Well someone certainly had a filling lunch!" Rho chuckled, giving the goat's middle a teasing poke. "Whoa, still warm."

August was blushing nervously. "Haha, went with soup since it's gotten cold lately."

Rho raised an eyebrow—then noticed his hamper sitting nearby, empty. It didn't take long for the zebra to piece together what had happened.

"Did you seriously eat my laundry again!" Rho frowned, giving a much harsher prod of the goat's belly. "How hard is it to just have a sandwich instead!"

"It was an accident, I swear! I was just gonna snack on a shirt real quick and then it all tasted so good and things got out of hand and..." the goat trailed off, twiddling his hooves. "I can burp it all up, nothing should be stained yet."

"Dude I just finished washing them, and after being in your stomach they'll have to be washed again!" Rho grumbled.

August looked to the floor, embarrassed. "I can wash them this time around, to make it up to ya."

Rho was just about to begrudgingly accept when a much more fitting punishment came to mind. "You know what, that'll be perfect. You'll make a great washer."

"Wait, what?"

Rho retrieved a marker from his pocket and swiftly wrote the word "washer" on August's exposed belly before the goat could react. The goat let out a distressed bleat as the words started to glow, recognizing the pen. It was magic, a rather straightforward item that could turn people into whatever was written on them. They mainly used it for pranks and parties, but now it was being used to teach the gluttonous goat a lesson.

"Please Rho, anything but this!" August whined, already feeling a strange tingling sensation spreading throughout his body.

The goat's gut wobbled and expanded, gradually taking on a squarish shape. He stumbled backwards, flustered and bleating. August tried in vain to reshape his belly by force, but its surface was now hard rather than soft. His limbs were sinking into his growing box-like body, until August could no longer move.

Rho's mood had significantly improved. "Well August, if you want to be filled with clothing so badly you might as well spend some time as a washing machine!"

"Aw man," August whimpered, in no position to protest his punishment.

Hide turned to metal, gaining a sheen. On the goat's flat middle a transparent door formed, revealing the laundry safely within. August's limbs and then hooves were sucked into his body completely, temporarily leaving him as a dismayed box with a goat's head. Slowly the rest of him flattened and merged, knobs resembling his eyes appearing. The transformation was complete.

Rho hummed to himself as he picked up the bottle of laundry detergent and poured it into his boyfriend-turned-washer. He pressed a few buttons and turned a knob, greeted by mechanical bleats instead of the usual beeps. Soon his clothes were swirling around inside the washer, getting thoroughly cleaned for the second time that day.

"Thanks for handling the wash, hon~" Rho teased, giving the washer a couple pats. "I'm gonna go watch something while I wait for this to finish, and then we can move on to drying them."

Rho swore he heard the washer groan in response...