

New Form, Re-form

By Nommz

Ankou awoke with a start, panting. He was in his room. He was in his bed. He'd never get used to reforming.

That darn lion. It's always the one you least expect.

He could give reformation one thing, though: he woke up feeling fully rested every time! It was a great positive when one considered how jarring the overall experience of reforming was. To pass out in the tight confines of a hot, churning stomach and suddenly awaken totally fine in your nice, soft bed was a very stark contrast in experiences! He never had any dreams during reformation, though; it was always immediate.

Still, safe though he was, he was gonna give Tycho an earful. He lost the rest of his night when the greedy glutton snatched him up unexpectedly. The mouse was admittedly used to it - he was much smaller than most of his peers, so that meant he was often targeted as a snack. It just came with the territory. But he was still gonna whine about it to the cheeky feline. Maybe even plot some revenge. He knew a couple folks who'd love to fill up on lion...

Either way, he decided to get dressed, tossing his current clothes in the hamper. He stretched, both arms reaching way above his head as he stood up, and casually rubbed down his torso. His fur felt fantastic on his fingertips this morning. Soft, and thick. The sensation was so pleasant he purred.

...purred? Ankou twitched his nose and touched his face a couple times. Something was off. He hurried over to his mirror.

Same purple fur and markings. Purple eyes, black locs, pink nose. But what stared back at him was not a mouse. It was a lion. He quickly pulled on whatever clothes were nearest and rushed out of his room.

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"Tycho!! Tycho! What the fuck did you do?"

Tycho was standing in the kitchen, in front of an open fridge as Ankou hurried over. As the brown lion turned around to face the mouse-turned-lion, his mouth fell open, the remainder of a sandwich held within it falling to the floor. "Ankou, is that you?"

"Yes, it's me! What did you do? Why do I look like this?" Ankou snarled, then paused. He'd never actually sounded intimidating before.

“Easy, easy! I didn’t do anything! Though, I have to say, it’s a good look for you.”

“I’m not supposed to be a lion! You didn’t put anything in my food? My drink?”

“No, nothing!”

“Did anybody tell you to eat me?”

“No, I don’t think so! I just wanted a mouse snack last night! That’s all!”

“Alright, well... Fair enough. Sorry. Wait, no, I’m not sorry, you ate me last night! I had stuff I was planning on doing!” Ankou grabbed at Tycho’s shirt again, belly wobbling within its confines.

“S...sorry? Look, it’s not my fault you’re so tasty and easy to pop in my mouth. Cats eat mice! But hey, now you don’t have to worry about that anymore, yeah?” Tycho gave a sheepish grin. Either he was a really good actor, or Tycho genuinely had no idea what happened to cause Ankou to reform as a lion.

“Alright, alright, whatever. I just need to figure out how to get back to normal. Who all were we hanging out with last night? I know Vex was there, but I don’t remember who all else.”

“Uhh...Vex, Sheen, and Gage, I think?”

“Right, right. Alright, well, one of them is guilty. I’ll see if I can track them down.”

“Good luck!” Tycho waved before getting back to glutting in front of the fridge again.

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Ankou hadn’t gotten far before he bumped into someone else, but it unfortunately wasn’t one of the crew from last night. It was, in fact, someone much less ideal to run into as a feline. Brown and beige fur, light blue claws, curvy body wrapped in a form-fitting midriff tank and shorts, long tail swaying behind him.

“Oh, hello there, I don’t think we’ve met- wait, Anky? Is that you~?” Xavier squeaked, totally surprised. The otter twink practically had stars in his eyes as he gave Ankou an impromptu hug, a grin spreading from ear to ear. Ankou had admittedly crushed on the cute otter a little bit, but the same hadn’t quite been returned to him - Xavier had a strong preference for cats, and now that Ankou was on the receiving end of this adoration, he wasn’t sure he wanted it. There was such an intense desire behind those eyes. The otter’s stomach growled.

“Hey Xav. How are you?” Ankou smiled nervously. It was nice to see a friend as always, but he needed to track down Vex, or Sheen, or Gage. One of them had an answer, surely.

“Doing good, doing good... You know, you’re looking absolutely wonderful, sweetie~ Handsome, charming...” He got closer with each word. The otter ran his tongue along the lion’s neck.
“Deli....ightful~”

Ankou shivered. His knees felt so weak. “I...thank you. But I, I have to get going. I need to find Shage or Geen. I mean, Gage or Sheen! Or Vex. One of them is why I’m a-”

“Sexy beast? Look, I wouldn’t say this is a downgrade, Anky~ But it’s good I ran into you! You know, I actually have something that can help with that in my room. C’mere.” The otter ran a finger along Ankou’s neck and under his chin with a sly smile. The lion was under his spell. He obeyed like a good cat and followed the otter back upstairs.

Xavier’s room looked almost exactly like Ankou expected. There was a lot of light blue. It was messy, like any student’s room would be, but there was an order to it. Lots of clothes were about: tanks, midriiffs, booty shorts, an impressive amount of shoes, arm warmers, and thigh-highs. His bureau had some bits of make-up and other accessories strewn about it. Everything had a place, even if it wasn’t necessarily away, and he was confident Xavier could find whatever he needed quite quickly. Speakers, posters, adult toys...

“Here. It should be in the closet over there. It looks like a red rod. Just lemme grab something else.” The otter directed Ankou to his wardrobe while he sprawled over his bed, looking on the other side. The position showed off Xavier’s plush rear, and Ankou couldn’t help but wag his tail at the sight. But he had to stay focused. He started digging through his things as best he could.

After about a minute of searching, the red rod had not made itself apparent. “Xav, what exactly am I looking for? I don’t see a red ro-” The lion turned around. Xavier was not searching his bed. The otter was laid out seductively, beckoning him over, except he no longer had any pants on. He giggled, thrusting his hips a little, his red rod hard and twitching.

“Found it~”

There was a voice in the back of his head screaming at him about danger. But Ankou pushed it aside and approached the otter. He was blushing bright red as the otter raised to a seated position and gracefully spread his legs, tapping his junk. “C’mere, kitten~”

Ankou needed little more to mobilize him. In no time at all, the lion was kneeling down in front of the otter, snout bumping up against his junk. Ankou’s tail thrashed behind him, increasing in time as he got more excited. He knew what Xavier wanted and exactly what he was going to do. He was going to lose the whole rest of the day to this otter. But god, Ankou wanted him so badly right now. Caution was getting thrown to the wind today.

Xavier giggled and moaned softly as Ankou’s mouth wrapped around the tip of his cock. The lion gradually eased it into his maw, letting out his own little muffled moans as it slid over his tongue. Inches after inches disappeared into his feline maw as he sank down on the otter’s dick.

Its sheer length forced its way into his throat, and that earned the lutrine even more moans as that snout bumped up against the fuzz of his groin. Xavier's hand found its way to the back of Ankou's head and held him there as the otter began bucking his hips. The grip was strong. Ankou could practically feel his claws through his thick locs. Needy. Possessive. Hungry. In that moment, he belonged to the otter.

The lion practically swallowed around that cock in steady rhythm with Xavier's thrusts. Xavier's steady hand kept Ankou securely in place, not that he wanted to leave. The otter's pace would gradually increase, and the amount of squeaks, grunts, and adorable moans escaping his lips would increase as well. Ankou relinquished all control to the twinkly otter, functioning as more of a purring fleshlight than a person.

Soon, both hands desperately grabbed the back of the lion's head, slamming it firmly into his groin as he tensed up with a deep groan. There was a brief pause, before otter seed coated the inside of Ankou's mouth. There were the tiniest little pumps of his hips as more and more shot straight down the lion's gullet. He kept going for what felt like an hour to the exhausted lion, his mind a haze from the intimacy. In time, he'd relent, releasing his grip on the former mouse and pulling out of his maw with a -shlrk-.

"Ohhh, gosh, kitty. That felt wonderful... come here. Sit." Xavier said simply, going from a wistful sigh to commanding tone in just a moment. The lion obeyed, taking a seat on the side of Xavier's bed as the otter almost immediately straddled his lap, both arms wrapping around his shoulders. He stared into the lion's eyes with a sultry smile, eyes half-lidded, rocking his hips from side to side ever so slightly on the needy bulge throbbing in Ankou's pants. Ankou could only manage a lustful, needy expression, looking back into Xavier's eyes as if waiting for his next order.

"You know, I don't usually top, but... I'll make an exception for a mouse-turned-kitty that wants to be an otter's lil plaything~ You know, it's a good look for you! Below me, that is~ And as a cat, too," he giggled. His little hip wiggles elicited some needy grunts from the lion, grinding upon the otter's wide rear. Xavier humored the feline, bouncing a little on his tented groin in time with his thrusts as they increased in pace. Xavier then moved in for several kisses, pecking him on the lips multiple times before leaning in and nibbling on the horny feline's neck. He whispered in a hushed, seductive tone. "You look great as a cat... but even better as otter fat~"

With little additional warning, the otter's jaws were already wrapped around the lion's head. There was the faintest bit of 'resistance' from Ankou, but it was mostly just surprise from the sudden act of predation. He knew it was coming. He secretly craved it. He was in such a lust fog that nothing mattered more than being pudge on Xavier's waistline. His maw snaked its way over Ankou's body, inch by inch, the skilled predator working him down in very little time at all. Were the lion actually trying to escape his clutches, he would have found it quite hard! But with several gulps, he was already teasing the lion's bulge on his tongue, causing the feline to squirm intensely as his hips inched through the otter's maw. Xavier smiled around his meal as

he heard a deep moan from inside, as a salty taste spread over his tongue. He was damn skilled at what he did.~

With the remainder of the lion soon following after, one last swallow sealed Ankou within, the last bulge sinking down into Xavier's midsection. The otter groaned even louder than when he'd come earlier as he sprawled out on his bed in bliss.

"Ohhh, honey... Gods, you feel incredible in there. It's like you were always destined to be otter fat~" Xavier squirmed a bit on his bed, pressing in on his massive gut and the bulges of the horny lion contained within. He was eagerly nuzzling along the stomach walls, kneading the sides to massage from within. Xavier squished and compressed his belly, forcing the lion into uncomfortable positions, face-first into the very active stomach acids. "I wanna feel you gurgle away in there, a mass of feline meat, a kitty slurry in my guts, all mine, mine!" The otter practically moaned out that last word as he practically wiggled in ecstasy on his bed, his huge belly weighing him down. A particularly efficient squeeze pushed out almost all of the remaining air in a massive belch that rang out for several seconds, compacting the lion and weakening his wriggles considerably. He heard one last comment from the euphoric otter before he faded away.

"I have to find out who made you such a delectable lion... I simply *must* have you again..."

Ankou woke with a start again. Time felt really weird when you were in and out of guts. The reset really messed with your internal clock, as wildly varying times were spent reforming. Still, he had a condition to reverse, and in order to track down the person who afflicted him with becoming a lion, he'd have to get out of bed first.

He had to admit, it didn't feel too bad as a lion. He was starting to get used to it. He didn't quite have the massive mouse saucer ears, and instead had a little more natural bulk to his physique. More prominent whiskers, bigger nose. He could also roar! Ankou decided to let one out, just to test the waters.

And all that came out was a chirpy squeak. Ankou reflexively covered his mouth in embarrassment. Something was off. He started feeling over himself. His fur felt about the same. But his head felt lighter. After a brief investigation, he discovered that his mane was gone. He rushed over to the mirror.

He was an otter.

Almost instantaneously, he realized what was at play here, and what was happening. Somehow, when he reformed, he would become the species of the predator that ate him. He had no idea how, but those were the rules he was aware of, at the moment. This could very quickly become

a whole ordeal if he wasn't careful. Running into Xavier first thing was the exact opposite of being careful.

Still, he needed to figure this out. Vex, Sheen, Gage. Of the three, Vex felt like the most obvious choice for this current affliction. He was a writer who specialized in horror and the supernatural, and this was, if anything, supernatural. Sheen was a tricky fellow, but ultimately didn't quite have the brains or connections to pull something of this scale off. His plotting mostly just involved more mundane ambushes. He had no idea what the wolf majored in, though, so for all he knew, it could be something like biochemistry or mad science and this would all make sense. Gage was, to the best of Ankou's knowledge, a business major. He wasn't a prank-playing type, he mostly just ate people. That was its own level of mischief, but not terribly pertinent to solving this issue. If anyone would know what was happening to him, it would be Vex.

After showering and throwing some clothes on again, the otter hurried out the door. At least this time, he was fairly certain he didn't know anyone with a penchant for eating otters. Hitting another roadblock would be infuriating. Ankou checked his phone to see if there was anything from Vex on social media. The snake wasn't always active there, but today he was in luck: Vex mentioned a new game coming out today, and he was gonna be playing it. The otter hurried to the snake's place.

The otter counted down the rooms until he came upon the snake's, and gave the door a couple quick raps. There was a loud sigh from beyond the door, and a voice saying "Hang on, that's probably delivery." As Ankou pondered who he was talking to, the door suddenly opened, and he was pounced by a snake!

"Vex, wait-!"

Ankou flailed and struggled reflexively as a silver snake wrapped both arms around him, restraining him tight and pulling him into his room. The snake seemed to be making a dramatic show of leaning down with the otter, mouth opened wide, until he stopped in his tracks in recognition.

"...Ankou? Is that you?" Vex let the otter go, causing him to stumble to the floor.

"Y-yes...?"

"Damn, I was waiting for FoodDash. My mistake." The snake seemed a little frustrated, and walked over to his computer to type on the keyboard. Ankou got up off the ground and brushed himself off.

"What, no 'Hey Ankou, why are you an otter?' Did you not notice? ...wait, are you streaming?" the otter glanced at the snake's monitor. Sure enough, while he couldn't make out the details, he did recognize the UI of streaming-related applications on one monitor, while the other had a full screen, paused video game. "I didn't know you streamed."

"Only casually, if there's a game I want to show some friends. Call From the Depths just released, and I wanted to give that a go on release," the snake glanced at his monitor. Despite him sounding excited on social media, he seemed much less so here. "Of course, it's been a nightmare - not in the way I was hoping, mind. I don't know why I got my hopes up that this studio would release a game that would actually run smoothly on launch."

"Oh, yeah, that sucks. I tend to hesitate on playing games on launch for that reason. The last ti-

"You *did* have a reason for coming by unannounced, though?" The snake cut him off. He seemed a bit impatient to get back to his game, and the otter could respect that.

"How was I supposed to message you? Your DMs are turned off!"

"Do you not have my number? Here, give me your phone."

Ankou fished out his phone from his pocket, unlocked it, and tossed it to Vex without a second thought. "Anyway, so, yeah. Yesterday when we were hanging out- wait, no, was that two days ago now? Fuck. When Tycho ate me. After I reformed, I was a lion."

"Then why are you an otter now?"

"Xavier," the otter said simply, averting his gaze.

"That's -really- unlucky," the snake said, handing Ankou back his phone.

"Yeah..." Ankou said. He didn't need to tell Vex how easily he was duped. "...anyway, you know lots of random things, supernatural things. Do you have any idea what's going on here?"

"Well, there's been occasional stories of stuff like this across the web. A lot of them are just random creepypastas, but there *have* been occasional cases about stuff like this that have cropped up in history, before the internet. They're largely unproven, but rumors persist all the same. There's an infamous tale in South..." The snake briefly glanced at his monitor again and sighed. "Alright, Sheen definitely put something in your drink the other night and told me not to tell you. I really can't be bothered with this right now and-"

The rattling of Vex's phone vibrating on his desk cut him off, and he quickly scurried over to check it.

"Fucking hell, are you serious?" Vex scowled, looking to Ankou. The otter had a look of confusion on his face. "Just got a notification from FoodDash that someone snatched my delivery driver. I got the refund, but I'd been waiting an hour now. Ugh." The snake's stomach growled, and his eyes drifted to Ankou. He grinned.

“Well, Ankou, I’m sure you’re ready to get going. But, before you go, did you wanna say hi to my stream? They’ve been seeing glimpses of you here and there as we chatted.”

“Your...stream? Wait, they can see me?” It was about now that the otter noticed the webcam set up, with a red light indicating it was indeed recording. The snake wrapped an arm around his shoulder and guided him closer to the computer. Ankou waved sheepishly.

“Don’t worry, it’s only some folks from my server and probably some random lurkers. They like to watch the games I play and the folks I eat.”

Before Ankou could put two and two together, the snake’s tail was wrapped around him, restricting his movement. Rather than look up, he watched the snake’s maw descend on him rapidly through the webcam’s footage on Vex’s monitor. The snake was fast and efficient - the otter wasn’t totally restrained, but just enough in the right places that he couldn’t do anything effective towards his escape. He could uselessly wriggle his fingers or move his knee as the snake lifted him skyward and gulped him down, but little else. Being an otter only quickened his descent - it was like he was built to slide down tubes. Before he knew it, he was tumbling into the snake’s stomach, curling up in an awkward way as he felt the snake’s jaws close around his tail with the final gulp. Vex sighed happily.

“Mmm, perfect. What luck you showed by, mous- er, otter, actually. I was counting on that delivery guy to fuel this gaming session, and you made for a perfect replacement, urp. I could play this all night without needing a break.” Ankou could feel the belly compress slightly on the sides as he squeezed into his chair, and then bump up against his desk. Vex leaned in to grab his controller and squint at chat. “Did y’all enjoy the show? I think I got most of that in the shot, right?”

Ankou grumbled and pushed out here and there, successfully catching the snake off guard and knocking his controller out of his hand. He grinned. “So, does this make me your co-commentator for your stream?”

Instead of a response, Vex simply pressed down on his prodigious gut with both hands, squeezing out all the air in a massive, continuous belch, squeezing the otter compactly and uncomfortably. Ankou faded fast from the lack of air.

“We’re ending that train of thought here.”

Awake with a start once again. At this point, Ankou barely needed to check. He could feel his lack of fur. He could feel an immense tail lagging behind him. He was a snake. He would have loved to explore the intricacies of being a different species, how things feel living in a new body, but he didn’t have the time. He had no idea if this was temporary, or if there was even a limited time to fix it. He had to find Sheen and figure out what he put in his drink.

As if anticipating when he'd reform, Ankou received a text from his now-fellow snake friend, Vex.

"Yo. gage said he and shen were heading to eta alpha in a lil bit. figured you'd wanna know"
"*Sheen"

Perfect! He texted a thank you back, and hurriedly grabbed his things to head out to the cowboy frat. No time to be upset at the snake for eating him when he had a wolf to track down.

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Ankou loved the Eta Alpha frat. It was such a wild departure from the usual fare at a frat house. The cowboys there were very proudly themselves, and the whole frat house just oozed that sense of pride, from the saloon-styled basement area to the mechanical bull. Most found it goofy, but to Ankou it was really inspiring, and it usually put a smile on his face.

Ankou just strolled in the front door like he belonged there. The mouse had not pledged to any fraternity, but he was quite friendly with most folks in any particular one that it wasn't a problem. Eta Alpha was no more busy than usual, with various folks out and about. From the entrance, he spotted a certain polycule hanging out at the lounge.

Otis, Oats, and Mute were in a polyamorous relationship, and to Ankou, the three of them were absolutely adorable. He couldn't get enough of watching them be lovey together. It put a smile on his face and made his tail wag. Otis and Oats got up to so much mischief together. Mute, a huge elk, was often a voice of reason - ironic, given how little he talked. But he kept the hare and donkey in line like a watchful guardian. It was so sweet to see.

The three were in the lounge. Oats and Otis were yammering on about something or other in a very animated way, while Mute just watched them with a serene smile. He noticed Ankou while the other two talked, and nodded a hello to the snake as he passed by. Ankou nodded back. Mute was so calm and collected, it didn't even faze him that he had become a snake instead of a mouse. The trio were not the folks that Ankou was looking for, so he moved on.

Further in, he spied a rattlesnake and gila monster arguing with a mouse in the dining area. The mouse had a squirming gut and looked incredibly guilty of whatever he was being accused of. The bulge was unlikely to be either Gage or Sheen, let alone both, so he left them to their business. A quick glance over the balcony outside and he spied several others in the pool. Another rattler, an otter, and a massive orca were swimming about, while a puma berated a coyote poolside. He recognized Sloan and Irvin - he enjoyed teasing both, and had often ended up on the inside of the yote whenever Irvin felt the need to show off. He didn't mind, as the adorable thing could be a bit dumb sometimes, and encouraging that made him smile. It did not, however, make Sloan smile. Sloan was a bit of a worrywart, but he cared deeply for the coyote. Despite very little difference in age, Ankou sometimes called Sloan "Daddy Sloan" behind his

back due to his “stern parent” predisposition. He’d never say it to his face, though, as he’d surely punish the mouse severely.

Upstairs likewise didn’t reveal the location of the wolf and snake. The feeling of such a long tail dragging up the stairs did feel quite odd. Wandering the corridors, he heard some excited squawks and chirps here and there, and Ankou could only imagine that Derek, a gryphon friend, might be around. Besides that, though, this seemed like a dead-end.

Defeated, Ankou headed back downstairs, phone in hand. He couldn’t find anything about Gage’s or Sheen’s whereabouts on social media. He peeked into the lounge again. The polycule was still there, though now, Otis kicked off his shoes, propping his feet on the coffee table, and leaned back with his shirt pulled up, exposing his large, cream-colored belly. Ankou’s eyes locked upon them. Perhaps...perhaps one of them had seen the missing snake and wolf? It couldn’t hurt to ask. They’re right near the entrance, after all.

“Toldja,” Otis said to Oats as the snake approached, with a smug grin. Oats seemed quite indignant at being proven wrong about whatever it was they’d been talking about, but that was quickly pushed aside by a bit of giddy excitement. The blush on Ankou’s face was blatantly obvious, as was his constant stealing glances at the hare’s large feet and exposed belly. It was no small secret that he had a massive weakness for rabbits. Ankou looked over at them nervously. Otis sat in the center of the couch, flanked by his boyfriends on either side. Oats leaned up on the rabbit, his own belly pushing the limits of his shirt, resting his head on his shoulder. Mute just sat by, stoic as ever, arm draped over the back of the couch.

“Hey, so, would you guys have happened to see a wolf and anaconda walk through here recently?” Ankou said, nervously. The black and white donkey looked ready to reply, but Otis cut him off.

“Mmm...don’t know fer sure. Maybe my memory could be jogged though! Been outside on my feet all day, and I’m mighty tired...” Otis grinned, emphasizing the last part with wiggling toes. Ankou blushed even brighter. The hare had read him like a book. He realized, now, that Otis had intentionally lured him over with the poor snake’s weaknesses. There was some hesitation, the snake very nearly feigning ignorance, but he couldn’t hold out long enough. Soon enough, the snake kneeled down before the sofa, wordlessly, and the hare propped both paws in his lap.

“Thatta boy~” the rabbit sighed, hands behind his head as he leaned back, pushing his paws into the snake even more. He was enjoying this quite a bit, and there was a tiny part of Ankou that wanted to be indignant about the audacity of the bunny pushing his paws in his face like they belonged there. Unfortunately for that part of his brain, the majority of his brain argued that they absolutely *did* belong there.

Ankou’s chest felt tight as he tried to maintain some decency amidst the trio. He lifted up the hare’s left paw and pressed his face up against it with little hesitation, his snout bumping up against the arch as he nuzzled it a little. A grin spread across Otis’s face, seeing the tip of the

snake's tail wag faster and faster ("That'd make a helluva ruckus if he were a rattler," the hare thought), and he pressed his unattended paw into the snake's chest, earning him a surprised grunt from Ankou. Mute sighed and shook his head.

The snake continued rubbing the rabbit's paws, kneading along the soles with both thumbs from heel to toe. The snake was quite adept at massaging, making sure to not neglect an inch to help the hare feel a bit better on his feet. Once he was finished with one, he gave the same treatment to the other. The intermittent squeaks were endearing to Oats, who watched the snake work quite intently.

"Wow, y'all weren't kiddin'. He loves yer paws almost as much as I lov-" Oats was cut off by a loud, intentional cough from Mute. The elk glared at the donkey, and he quieted up, leaning against Otis once more. The snake was scarcely paying attention, though. Soon, though, his shame returned to him, and he mustered the willpower to put down the hare's feet and look up to him and the donkey seated next to him. He opened his mouth to speak, but Otis stopped him.

"Ah ah ah~ Hold on, now. Give 'em a kiss," Otis held up both paws again in Ankou's face, causing the snake to let out a little gasp and Oats to giggle. With no hesitation whatsoever, the snake leaned forward, pressing his lips into the ball of the foot, kissing deeply as if it were a lover, holding each one close to him with both hands as he did so. He pulled back, blushing hotly as he looked up to the hare. Otis simply patted his belly, and the snake scooted up, resting his head on his soft middle obediently.

"Thank ya fer that, cutie," Otis rubbed over the back of Ankou's head as he smiled down smugly upon him. The snake's face felt warm from how flustered he was, and it felt quite nice. "Unfortunately, I don't have any good news fer ya. I haven't seen yer anaconda or wolf anywhere 'round here today. If I see 'em, I'll be sure to tell 'em yer stewin' in a handsome donkey."

It was at this point the snake felt strong arms wrap around him and heft him up. When had Mute left the couch? Ankou tried his hardest to resist, but he was in a very vulnerable state from the earlier teasing - being in Mute's muscular arms damn near got him to moan on the spot. In any other circumstance it would've been a treat, but this time *he* was the treat.

Mute hefted him up with ease, and the snake could barely form a coherent sentence in defiance. He was still incredibly flustered, and in truth a major part of his resistance was wanting more time with the chubby hare. He kicked weakly, until said hare wrangled both of those rebellious legs to guide them into the waiting donkey maw. Otis's quick smirk up to Ankou helped quell his struggling, the poor thing blushing again already.

Oats was bouncing in anticipation of his meal, his tail thrashing left and right as he tried to keep still so his boyfriends could guide his noodly snack inside. The two eased him down gently feet-first, his attempts at breaking free all but quashed as those feet and legs slipped inside. The mild shimmying from side to side in an attempt to at least *look* like he was resisting in fact

hurried his descent, with each swallow claiming more and more of the snake. Snakes were the donkey's favorite food, and he was eager to have this one in his belly. Mute did most of the heavy lifting, while Otis made sure everything slid in correctly. In little time at all, the hare's assistance was not needed, and he instead snuggled up to his engorged boyfriend. The buttons on Oats's shirt popped off one by one, the black and white patterned gut exposed to Otis, who eagerly gave it some affectionate rubs.

"Wait, wait, wait!" Otis got all giddy, suddenly having an idea as he swiveled around on the couch, legs raised up.

"No," Mute said simply, but Otis was not swayed. As Ankou's shoulders passed the donkey's lips, only his head remained outside, and Mute could finally let go of the serpent. Predictably, Otis lifted a foot up to Ankou's face, using it to press him the final bit of the way into his boyfriend's maw. With little reason to hold onto any shame, the snake gave that sole another deep kiss before Oats' maw closed, sealing him in darkness with one last voluminous gulp.

The donkey groaned as his belly spilled out into his lap, bloated with the squirming snake. Otis chuckled as he playfully rubbed his feet on his boyfriend's gut, seeking out the snake's face to press his paws into.

"Y'all can come back here any time; that was a mighty fine massage, there~"

"Ohh, he really hiooOURP!hit the spot," Oats said as he slumped back onto the couch, letting his immense, writhing gut protrude forward, head lolling back as he panted.

"If he weren't a snake, I would've claimed him myself. Had 'im under my spell, right there," Otis boasted, grinning at his boyfriends. Mute had taken to the other side of Oats, leaning in to give the donkey a kiss atop his head, and reaching around with his long arms to ruffle Otis's head.

"You know I eat mooOURP than snakes, right? I could've still nabbed him myself!"

"I don't doubt you could! But let's be realistic here, love - I could charm that particular snake any day of the week with my *natural gifts*."

"I love you two," Mute said simply, a big smile on his face as he leaned in to hug both of his lovers in a warm embrace, successfully ceasing the silly argument.

"Love you too, ya big lug~" Otis said. The hare leaned in and gave the donkey a kiss at the same time as the elk did the same thing from the other side. "You too, butterball."

Inside, the snake curled up, ready to rest and get this over with. He could feel the stomach compress from all sides - a result of a big group hug between them, a large belch rattling out after, robbing the snake within of the rest of his air.

Ankou once again awoke with a start, and then proceeded to lay back down on his bed. This was getting tiresome. At this point, he could scarcely tell what day it was. It felt like the past several days were, cumulatively, about 4-5 hours total. He checked his phone for the date, and found a couple texts from Vex from a bit ago.

“did that actually work”
“are you a donkey now”

The donkey let out a long sigh, which sounded more like a “haw” at the end. He started typing a reply.

“what do you mean ‘did that work’? and yes, I’m a donkey now”

He sent off the text and got up out of bed, putting on some new clothes. He was in the middle of a couple stretches when his phone vibrated again.

“LMAO there was like, a 20% chance that would’ve played out like that and I can’t believe it did”

“wtf do you mean, were gage and sheen not at cowboy frat??”

“nope lol, i just wanted to see if you’d run into oats like you ran into xavier”

The donkey was so irritated he nearly threw his phone. A completely pointless chase.

“i’m deleting your number”

Ankou sent off the final text and tossed his phone onto the bed. He wouldn’t really delete his number of course, but he was quite frustrated. He continued the rest of his stretches before he heard his phone vibrate a couple more times, and went to retrieve it once more. He was fully ready to lay into Vex again when he realized it was from Sheen instead.

“heard vex spilled the beans, so here”

The second message was just a close-up picture of the wolf holding a small bottle, with a label that just said “antidote” on it. It was also inconspicuously next to his large bulge down the leg of his gym shorts. The donkey reflexively licked his lips before scanning the picture carefully. Judging by the background, Sheen was at the school’s gym.

“did you really have to frame it like that”

“had to get your attention somehow bro. i know you’re blushing. meet me at the gym in like 15, i’ll be done showering then”

“k”

After Vex, the donkey was wary. And exhausted. This could very well be another wild goose chase, but he didn't have a choice. Sheen was the only chance he had at getting things back to normal, so he had to follow up. A bad lead was better than no lead.

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The donkey arrived at the gym just about on time - it took about 15 minutes for him to get ready and walk there after receiving the text. He idly wondered if he had bags under his eyes from how exhausting his ordeal was becoming. No one was outside, so he wandered on in. He waved to the bull at the front desk - a Rho Lambda he was buddies with - and proceeded into the gym proper.

The gym was not a place Ankou was familiar with, in reality. He wasn't a sporty type, and since he didn't often prey upon other students, he didn't need to work out to lose weight. He might as well have walked into a maze for all the direction he'd have navigating it. The machines all looked the same to him. At a glance in the main room, however, he did not immediately spot the silver wolf. A horse and a ram were talking and flirting to the side of the room. They looked like they were on their way out, since they were clothed and had their bags. He could swear he'd seen them before, perhaps at one of the frats? There was a slim cheetah on the treadmill that looked like he was probably here often. On the treadmill next to him was a shirtless mouse with an immense, lumpy gut. Cal? Cole? He was Tau Psi, he'd seen him around before. The temptation was strong to just ask him to eat him so he could get back to normal, but solving the entire problem was really the better choice. Aside for a bulky dragon with some corny vorish graphic tank lifting weights, the gym was pretty sparse. He wandered further.

Ankou, unfortunately, did not know where he was going. It would have been logical to locate the locker room next, but he wasn't exactly sure where to find it. He stumbled into the pool area and peeked inside. Unsurprisingly, there were a lot of aquatic folks here. A shark, a couple otters, a snake or two. A particular otter with light blue highlights seated poolside waved from across the room in the most flamboyant manner possible, but made no attempts to approach. He pointed to his open maw while rubbing his pudgy middle, making the donkey blush. Ankou was impressed that he didn't make too much of an impact on the twink's waistline. Or, perhaps, he'd worked it off already. He shook his head at Xavier and walked off. Fortunately, he spotted a sign to the locker rooms, and quickly headed in that direction.

It felt a little weird walking into the locker room to find someone when you yourself hadn't actually done any exercise, but Ankou was desperate. The locker room only had a handsome red fox relaxing on a bench, resting off a meal, away from prying eyes. He didn't recognize any accessories or belongings to Sheen, so it likely wasn't him in that belly. It suddenly dawned on him that he really didn't necessarily even need Sheen, just his possessions to rifle through. If he was lucky, someone in the showers had gobbled him up and he could just grab the bottle.

The showers would only bring disappointment, however, as they were completely empty. Ankou sighed, taking a moment to rub his temples and pull out his phone. He sent a quick text Sheen's way asking where he was and headed for the exit. As he wandered through the locker room, he passed by a grey horse laying out on one of the benches in just underwear and a shirt. The donkey was more than happy to steal another glance at the horse's natural sizable package and tried his best to be sneaky about it as he walked by. However, his eyes met those of the horse, who smirked at him. In that moment, he realized that this was the same horse he had seen leaving earlier. Before he could react, however, he slammed into something huge and soft, knocking him on his ass. Looking up, he saw the horse's companion, the ram, arms folded and looming over him. He scowled, and took a couple steps forward, straddling the donkey and squatting. The ram was quite well built, with a lot of soft muscle built up in his legs and arms. It could've just been his wool, but he was fairly bulky. His middle had no definition, but he didn't doubt it had strong abdominals hidden behind the flab, like a lumberjack.

"Are you Ankou? Aren't you supposed to be a lion?"

"Yeah, I'm Ankou. And yeah, I was a lion, but, ugh, it's a long story," the donkey sighed, another 'haw' escaping his lips at the end of it, and rolled his eyes, before realizing something. "Wait, how did you know? I'm normally a mouse."

"Anton~!" The horse from behind him called out to the fox elsewhere in the room. "Can you lock the door for us?"

Anton...? That name rung a bell - and suddenly it all came to mind.

"Wait, so you're Weeks, then, yeah? Cowboy frat?" The ram nodded. "And you're, uh, Weeks' boyfriend...?" Ankou blanked on a name.

"Ward, yes," the grey horse sat up, his distraction no longer needed. He scooted a bit closer to the pair, so they were both looking down upon the donkey. Ankou could hear a lock elsewhere in the room, and the handsome fox from earlier soon joined them, leaning against a locker further away with a loud belch.

"I've heard of y'all from friends! Our paths just never managed to cross, somehow. Nice to meetcha!" the donkey waved cheerily to the horse before turning to the fox. "And you! Antoine, was it?"

"Anton," the fox corrected simply, a small burp escaping his lips as he rubbed over his protruding snow-white belly. Ankou couldn't keep his eyes off its shifting form, blushing slightly.

The ram snorted. "Anyway, so-"

"You're in the cowboy frat too, yeah? I've seen these two around before, but I don't think I've actually even seen you at the frat house," the donkey continued, a small, dopey smile forming on his face as he chatted with the fox.

"Yeah, Eta Alpha, tha's right. And tha's surprisin', given I'm usually 'round there with the crew. I'll keep an eye out for a purple donkey next time," Anton replied, his stoic face softening into a smile himself.

"Alright, well-" Weeks started again.

"Well, probably not a donkey next time, really. It's been a whole thing recently, honestly," Ankou gave an awkward laugh. "But purple is a good start. Worst case scenario, I'll just have to keep an eye out for a handsome fox next time I'm at your place."

"I'll hold ya to it~" the fox smiled, chuckling to himself at the purple donkey's blatant flirting.

"So, who's the lucky person stewing in fox gu- HUURK!" The ram had had enough of the donkey's flirting, cutting him off by suddenly and roughly dropping down on Ankou's midsection, causing him to wheeze in pain, all of the air very rapidly escaping his lungs.

"Like. I was sayin'," Weeks stated, his southern drawl coming out strong in his frustration. "Y'all were s'posed to be a lion. Sheen owes me a nice feline to snack on." The ram stayed seated on the donkey's middle, making breathing difficult under his large bulk.

"Sh...Sheen? Did he...set this up too?" The donkey gasped out his words between breaths as best he could. Was everyone trying to get him gobbled up by someone else with chance encounters?!

Weeks nodded. "That he did. Been havin' a hankerin' for lion recently, and, what, a week ago? He said he'd get me one that wouldn't even fight back." Ankou tried his best to retort, but Weeks grinding his hefty rear upon him smothered those words out, just another wheeze and a haw. "A donkey'll do fer now, though. Babe?" Weeks looked over to the horse still lazily lounging on a nearby bench, who quickly got up and approached.

Despite his earlier attempt at a retort, the donkey made no attempts to escape as the large ram eased up off of his middle. Weeks lifted him up with ease, to his surprise. "Oh... guess I didn't need yer help. Thought fer sure he woulda bolted." He turned the donkey around, holding him under his armpits and looking over his blushing face. Ankou was quite winded, still panting heavily from being squashed underneath him. His expression showed zero resistance, as if he was ready to get it over with. Weeks shrugged, lifting him up further and feeding those little hooves into his maw.

Ward still helped lift the donkey up a little as a bit of courtesy, feeding him to his boyfriend and easing the process overall. The donkey sighed, his only real movement being to playfully

dramatically reach out for Anton once more, shooting him a quick wink. Anton rolled his eyes and chuckled, walking over to push the flirty donkey's head fully into Weeks's maw before a large gulp sent him entirely sinking into his stomach.

Unsurprisingly, the tight confines of the ram's gut were not much different than any of the other numerous ones he'd been in of late. Warm, squelching, squeezing on all sides. He could feel the large hand of the ram giving one side a squeeze while a slightly different hand - Ward, most likely - pressed in from the other.

"Ahh... that hits the spot. Sheen still owes me, though. I'm gonna get that wolf tomorrow. Made me wait several days for a goddamn donkey. We have a donkey at home!" Weeks's voice felt more booming when one was held within his stomach.

"If'n yer thinkin' I was gonna help you wrestle that donkey away from Mute, yer dead wrong. I love ya, but there's only so much I can do." There was a sudden squeezing in from the front as he could only assume Ward was coming in for a kiss, pressing into the engorged ram. Unfortunately, all that air was quickly squeezed out of that stomach in a large, rattling belch mid-kiss as the stomach compacted incredibly tightly around its meal. The last thing Ankou could hear before blacking out was a distant laugh from Anton.

Ankou flinched as he woke up. Unlike the previous times, he simply stared up at the ceiling, laying in bed, sighing in a manner that faintly sounded like a "baa" while he collected his thoughts.

So, somehow, Sheen had put something in his drink while they were hanging out last weekend. Usually the mouse was good at being cautious, but perhaps his guard was down with friends. For whatever reason, Sheen owed Weeks a favor, and decided Ankou was the best person to turn into a lion for a willing meal. Did he really have a reputation for being that easy to get in one's belly? Were there no other prey-ish lions? And come to think of it, Sheen DID invite both him and Tycho specifically to hang out and game. The mouse-turned-otter-turned-snake-turned-donkey-turned-ram had to admit, he was impressed the wolf managed such a scheme. It unfortunately backfired by sheer chance when Xavier ran into him. And now, Sheen had the antidote to whatever he was drugged with, so, he needed to track him down. The plan the wolf made had ultimately failed, so now it was time to get back to normal and wrap up his shenanigans. He picked up his phone, idly scratching his new wool. No new messages, so he pulled up his messages with Sheen and started typing.

...and then he hesitated. At this point, the jig was up. Sheen had to know that vengeance was likely coming his way. If Ankou let him know he was on his way, another ambush would follow and he was never going to get to the mischievous wolf. He texted Gage.

"Yo. have you seen sheen?"

Ankou rolled out of bed, getting up to his mirror to look himself over. There were some vague facial similarities to the donkey, but a lot of it was obscured by his plentiful black wool. He had to admit, the black wool looked quite good on him. Soft, too. He reached a hand up to his head upon realizing he didn't have huge horns looped around his ears like Weeks - the horns were there, just smaller and not fully formed. He didn't know if that made him a sheep technically or a ram. He changed his clothes before he heard his phone buzzing atop his dresser. It was Gage.

"yeah hes right here"

"where? can you do me a huge favor and hold him for me?"

"tau psi. and sure, but you got 15min. bro lookin appetizin af"

"omw"

Needing no further motivation, Ankou grabbed his keys and wallet and was out the door. He didn't know what he was gonna do to the wolf once he got the antidote, but he'd figure that out once he got there.

—

"You're late."

Ankou had hustled his way to the Tau Tau Psi fraternity house and wandered down to the lounge where they had games set up. Seated on one of the large sofas there was a pudgy green anaconda in a backward CSU cap, Gage, and next to him was a mostly-coiled wolf, though he looked more like an immense silver marshmallow with his massive gut being all that wasn't entirely wrapped up. Ankou checked his phone.

"N...no? You sent that message 12 minutes ago. I'm on time. Early, even," the ram looked at Gage in confusion, who had a wide grin on his face. The snake's fat belly growled hungrily.

"According to my gut, you're not, bro. Sheen here is too delicious to pass up~" The snake leaned over to the trapped lupine. His captive shouted and struggled, but his face was totally covered by the anaconda's strong, thick tail. He couldn't move an inch.

"Can you hold off for right now, Gage? This is important," Ankou said, sighing, hands on his hips.

"More important than this poor, emaciated belly?" Gage smirked, pulling up his shirt, his gut tumbling out. The ram reflexively licked his lips, inhaling sharply, his tiny tail flickering at the display. "It needs so much more food - like a big, fat wolf - so that a cute little mouse can give it a massage~ Er, sheep, apparently. Actually, yeah, what the fuck happened?"

The sheep sighed. "It's a long story. In short, Sheen snuck something in my drink where I'd change into the species of whoever ate me, and I need him to give me the antidote to fix it.

So...please? Can you hold off just this once? I just wanna get back to normal so baaadly.” When the baa escaped his lips, he immediately covered his mouth with his hands, embarrassed. Gage cackled.

“Fine, fine, just this once. That was funny enough to be worth it,” the anaconda acquiesced, releasing the wolf, now panting heavily. “And hey, if it doesn’t work out, I could help you become a good-looking snake~”

“A little late for that,” Ankou stated simply as he walked over to the wolf.

“What?” Gage blinked, pausing as he waddled out the door and turning back.

“Long story. Later, Gage!” Ankou said, the snake waving as he left. Ankou turned back to the wolf, looming over him. Sheen was stuffed full - given the slight bumps and forms visible under his pelt, he had preyed upon someone. His gut slightly pinned him to the sofa, making any escape very unlikely.

“Didja have to get Gage to do that? That tail can hurt, y’know,” Sheen rubbed the side of his head. His fur was a mess from the constriction. His usual hat had fallen off somewhere.

“I didn’t want to take the chance. Did you really offer me up to settle a favor?” The ram folded his arms.

“Don’t look at me like that! Everything kinda just fell into place, I couldn’t resist giving it a try!”

“Fell into place? How?”

“Well, my friend’s sister’s boyfriend has a buddy who works at a big pharmaceutical company. Ex...Exce... Exce-something. Anyway, there’s a new experimental drug they’ve been testing in the lab! And they managed to sneak me a lil bottle of it on the side,” Sheen smiled as if looking for sympathy, but the ram had none. “And so, that just so happened to be RIGHT around the time that I owed Weeks for... uh, y’know what, don’t worry about that. Point is, he wanted a lion. And I knew a lion! And a mouse that could very easily become a lion with very little effort. 2 birds with one stone!”

Ankou groaned. “Whatever. Where’s the antidote, I wanna get back to normal.”

Sheen licked his lips. “In my bag. Tossed it on the floor over there.” He gestured over towards the ground where, sure enough, there was a drawstring bag next to a couple of controllers. Ankou sighed in relief, heading over to the bag to rifle through it. Controllers, a couple books, a charger. He shifted things around inside the bag until he felt the shape of a pill bottle, pulling it out immediately. Success!

The smile upon his face faded quite rapidly once he got a better look at the bottle. The label was a sticker, "antidote" being written on it in marker. He recognized the pills since he had them at home, and peeling back the label revealed that it was, in fact, just painkillers. A shadow suddenly loomed over the ram, and he turned back to Sheen. Before he could react, that mountainous gut dropped down upon him, flattening him to the ground!

"Where's the ACTUAL antidote, you gluttonous bastard?" Ankou squirmed as hard as he could. In any other situation, the ram would have been enamored to be under that gut, but right now, he wanted this problem solved. The two halves of his brain warred internally over whether to nuzzle the immense fluffy ball or to punch it.

"Yeah... they haven't made one yet," Sheen grinned sheepishly, before a little bulge traveled up his neck, resulting in a loud belch, a soaked hoodie flying out of his mouth and landing wetly next to Ankou. He could faintly make out the Upsilon Eta Alpha symbols on the front of it, likely belonging to whoever he snacked upon.

"Wh...what? So I'm stuck like this?!" The longer Ankou was under Sheen's belly, the brighter he was blushing. His hips bucked up a little against the underside and he fought hard to resist peppering it in kisses.

"Nah... you'll be a wolf soon," Sheen said, grin widening before he pounced upon his captive sheep. He gripped Ankou roughly by the shoulders, wasting no time in getting that wooly face into his maw as he yanked him up from underneath his gut. There was a brief moment in the process when Sheen paused, letting out a pleased groan as his tongue roamed over Ankou's face, taking in his flavor. Sheep were his absolute favorite. His tail wagged rapidly as he continued bolting the ungulate down, adding to his already considerable bulk when those twitching hooves slid past his lips with a final swallow. Sheen rolled forward onto his massive belly, feeling like a beached whale as he sighed in an almost lewd manner. There were angry baas coming from his gut, mixed with lewd whimpers and loud gurgles.

"Fuck you! Sheen! You better get that fucking antidote the moment they make it!" Ankou shouted angrily. All he got in response were some pats and a rub.

"Yeah, yeah, I will. But you make for a DELICIOUS sheep, Ank. I'll need to get Weeks to eat you more often! God, having TWO sheep in one day? Heavenly... urrp," the wolf said with a restrained belch. Only some of the air escaped, but it did press the sheep up against the remains of the former occupant stewing away in there. His hand felt over what felt like a skull, and what he could only surmise were ram horns.

"Think about it this way, Ank. Now we can be wolf bros! Lance would be so excited! Righ-uuuARRRRRP!" That belch was MUCH less restrained, draining the rest of the air very quickly, the space filled with the plentiful digestive juices that filled the stomach before Ankou was even gulped down. That was Ankou's cue that time was short, and he was about to pass out again.

At least he would probably make for a cute wolf when he woke up.