

Absorbing Knowledge

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Shapeshifting can be tricky business, especially for someone just learning the skill. Fortunately, this vixen has a mentor to teach her. With the wolfess's guidance, she finds some success, but even the smallest step forward creates room to stumble

Content Warning: This story is intended for Adult readers and contains a Female Fox, a Female Wolf, Shapeshifting, Slime TF, Absorption, Soft Vore, Weight Gain, Height Gain, Sentient Fat

Towering stones stood in a perfect circle, carved and adorned with countless runes and sigils. Faintly glowing moss filled the cracks between markings, bathing the shallow cave in a soft, neon light. A small fire at the center of the ring lit what the plants failed to reach, warming the otherwise chilly space. A pair of shadows reached out from the crackling light and climbed natural walls, created by the sacred space's only two occupants. Seated opposite of each other, the figures breathed in unison, rising and falling with a slow, meditative rhythm. The larger of the two broke their otherwise motionless state and reached for the blaze, then carefully cast a bundle of herbs and salts into its core. A shower of embers leapt from the crumbling logs and danced across the floor before fizzling out, and the remaining flames dipped into a rich, mystic purple. They reverted to their brilliant oranges and yellows as a plume of smoke floated up and spread across the cave roof, filling the air with soothing scents. The larger lupine druid breathed in deep and filled her lungs with incense, embracing its calming properties and visibly relaxing. Her vulpine apprentice did the same, though couldn't muster the same practiced grace. A sputtering cough leapt from her chest the instant she followed her mentor's example, blowing away the wispy column of smoke between them. A faint grin curled the corners of the wolfess's muzzle, and she opened her eyes just enough to perceive her student.

"Be at ease," she murmured with a hint of mirth. "There are no mistakes here."

The slender vixen began to speak, though another coughing fit stole her voice. She muffled it into her fist, then straightened her back and folded her legs over themselves again. "Sorry, I guess I'm more tense than I realized."

"That is understandable, but you'll need to conquer your nerves before you can continue. Shapeshifting demands perfect clarity."

The vulpine student nodded. "I know, but it's hard to relax on command, you know?"

"Of course," the druid smiled. "It wasn't that long ago I was sitting where you are now. It's daunting, but with practice and discipline it will become second nature."

The wolfess outstretched her paw, reaching toward the fire. Dancing light flickered across her pelt as she drew upon her inner magics, loosening her form and permitting change. The vixen watched with rapt wonder as her arm shimmered and shifted through numerous shapes, flowing through species and kingdoms effortlessly. She displayed her repertoire of forms, achieving states of plant and animal and things in between, representing whole ecosystems in seconds. Her familiar grey fur returned as swiftly and easily as it departed when she finished, and sparks of residual magic leapt from her claws as she shook her arm back into place.

"This is the level of mastery you can hope to reach if you take my teachings to heart."

It took the vixen a moment to recover from overwhelming awe, but once she did, she nodded eagerly. "What would you have me do?"

The wolffess smiled. "Sit with me. Clear your mind of everything and achieve inner tranquility. As with everything else, this will become second nature with time, but it can prove quite difficult when starting. Breathe in the scent of the smoke, and focus on the music of nature."

The vixen inhaled and puffed out her chest, then slowly let her breath out. She was not far from the entrance of the cave, and as such, she listened to the sounds of meeting realms. From one side of her came near-silence. The soft pops and crackles of the fire reverberated off slick rocks and resonated in the small chamber, supplemented by occasional drops of water. The faint rustling of what was probably a bat mixed into the soft chorus and represented life, giving variation to the literally earthy tones. From her opposite side came the muffled sounds of the forest beyond, dominated by the swaying of leaves and the calls of birds. The melody swelled with the rising and falling breeze, weaving above and below the ambiance of the cave as it came and went. Each inhale and exhale carried tension and apprehension from her muscles, guiding her into a state approaching the druid's. Her pulse eased and slowed to a lazy beat, relaxing her racing thoughts and bringing peace to her mind. The shift was not lost on the wolffess, and once she decided her student was ready to proceed, delicately broke the silence.

"I sense you're ready," she gently murmured. "For your first lesson, I want you to take on the form of a slime."

After a pause, the vixen opened her eyes with marked confusion. "How exactly do I do that? Is there a chant, or do just want it really really hard?"

"It's not easily explained," the druid admitted. "It can't be forced or willed, you simply become. Let go of your form, and allow it to be as something else."

That only puzzled her more. "How do I know I'll become a slime? What if I turn into something else?"

"Slime is one of the simplest forms to take," she explained. "Assuming most forms requires a combination of letting go and moving to a new shape, but slimes only require letting go. They are one of the most pure forms of life, and under the right conditions, we revert to them naturally."

The vixen didn't completely believe her tutor's explanation, but then as not the time for doubt. She relented and closed her eyes, returning to the cleared space in her head. Time lost its meaning in her empty thought-scape, but it seemed several minutes passed with no results. The student imagined herself as several flavors of ooze and actively rejected her form, though she remained firmly vulpine despite her efforts. A heavy sigh eventually tumbled over her lips, and she admitted defeat.

"I'm still not getting it," she huffed, "and I have no idea what I'm doing right or wrong."

"There is no shame in that," the druid soothed. "Not even the old masters achieved shapeshifting on their first attempt. Join me on this side of the fire, and I'll do what I can to help."

The vixen picked herself up from the cave floor and circled around the crackling heat, ushering her shadow across the walls. It joined her mentor's as she sat down her side, then wiggled as she settled back into place.

The wolfess shuffled and sat behind the vixen, then placed her paws on her shoulders and rubbed. "It seems you're relaxed enough," she mused. "So it's a matter of mindset. What are you thinking when you try to change?"

The vixen leaned into the light massage and purred. "I see myself turning to ooze and flowing like a river. Becoming slick and soft instead of fluffy."

"You're making a classic mistake. It's not about changing to something new, it's about letting go of what you have now. You're still attached to a shape."

"Isn't that the idea?"

"Not exactly," the wolfess corrected. "Let go of your manifestation and reduce yourself to your essence. The rest will follow naturally once you achieve that."

The vixen still wasn't wholly certain how to reach such a state, but determination pressed her forward, and she shut her eyes once again. The world and its ambiance fell away to a void as she cleared her senses one by one, falling into a state of empty peace. In a matter of minutes she reduced all of existence to herself, and from there continued deeper inward. The steady thumping of her heart tapered to silence as she blocked the inner echo from her ears, freeing her from that fetters of her given form. The mixture of cool cave air and warm fire-light on her fur vanished next, and her sense of weight and balance followed. The vixen's arms and legs dissipated next, and the sweeping sensation of nothingness collected in her chest and crept toward her head. Before long, she felt herself as consciousness released from physicality, a contradiction she took to heart. The vixen held her eyes shut and blocked out intrusions as they slipped through mental cracks into her mind-scape, maintaining her state of nothingness for as long as she could. Her endurance waned with the constant upkeep however, testing the extent of her novice skills. After what felt like an eternity, she let loose a breath she didn't realize she was holding, and the universe crashed back into existence around her. The first sound she heard was the voice of her teacher, and it took her a moment to regain her muscle control and face her.

"That was it," the wolfess encouraged. "But you need to go a little farther to finish it."

The vixen rubbed grogginess from her eyes, but recoiled when something strange slapped her face. A translucent, slimy hand hovered inches from her nose, and after a few

exploratory motions, the student realized it was hers. "Wait, I actually did it?"

"Partially," the wolffess remarked. "But that's not uncommon. Sometimes a partial shapeshift is more advantageous than a full one. At this rate, it won't be long before you're deciding that for yourself."

The student heard the druid's words, but they didn't fully penetrate her thoughts. The vixen was far too focused on the miracle of magic before her, turning and waving her arm to confirm and reconfirm its reality. Only after exhausting her curiosity and doubt did she look down, where she found an infinitely more interesting sight. Everything below her neck bore the same makeup, jiggling and shimmering the warm light of the fire. Her jaw dropped in awe and she reached down to explore her curves, only to have her hand sink into her middle. A gasp leapt from her muzzle with the foreign but pleasant sensation, followed by a soft groan when she pulled it free.

"Sensitivity is another property you'll learn to better control with time," her mentor commented. "It seems as if you naturally drift toward feeling things more intensely."

It took the vixen a moment to catch her breath before she could answer. "Is that normal?"

"It varies from person to person."

The vixen blushed with that implication. "Was it an issue for you when you first started learning?"

The wolffess laughed. "Oh stars, yes! The first time I shapeshifted into a slime, I could hardly handle contact with the floor. I melted into a puddle and it took me most of the day to pull myself back together."

The vixen's eyes widened. "How long did it take you to control that?"

"Truth be told, I haven't entirely," she admitted. "But I also don't exactly want to. It's... highly enjoyable."

"Melting into a puddle?"

"Yes, but I meant the sensitivity. That kind of contact with the world is so raw and intimate~"

"I want to know what that's like."

"I know you do. That's why you're here as my student," she joked.

"I mean, I want to transform all the way. Can you show me how?"

"I cannot show you any more than I can force a flower to bloom. The best I can do is create an environment to foster your growth," the druid murmured. "But I do know of a trick or two to help with that. Close your eyes and find your center again."

The vixen sat up straight and shut her eyes, not too hard or too soft, and released herself from her physical form. Her body relaxed and surrendered its definition, loosening her fur line and setting it adrift. The ooze partially comprising her body gleamed with refined clarity, pure and rich, but receded as her novice stamina waned. The fur covering her head crept down her neck and reclaimed her upper body, leaving her fluffy and solid from the waist up. The druid hummed to herself and assessed her pupil's progress, then took in a breath of her own and set her paws on the vixen's shoulders. The fox's transformation destabilized with her touch, sending uncertain ripples through her gooey legs, but recovered before she lost the change entirely. The wolfess allowed her a moment to fully adjust, then expressed her expertise. Her arms rippled and flowed into a viscous, sapphire slime, all the way down to her paws and across her student's shoulders. She whispered words of encouragement and massaged the vixen, both offering a sensation to strive for and tuning the currents of her inner mana. The fox's brow furrowed with concentration as she interpreted the unspoken arcane signals, until finally, her lessons clicked into place. Her expression relaxed into one of serene grace, and the rest of her body wobbled and jiggled with rapid change. Emerald goo consumed her russet fur, rushing up her torso, then down her arms and to the ends of her hair. The wolfess shivered and reveled in the vixen's success, until she attempted to release her student.

It seemed her transformation had been too successful, endowing her with both the form and instincts of the simple creature.

The wolfess spoke up and gently shook the vixen, hoping break her free from her self-imposed trance, but only succeeded in pushing into her pliable body. Emerald and sapphire blended into gold where they met, and the brilliant pool spread through the vixen's body as the druid lost herself. Her muzzle tinted with lustful embarrassment as her student's sensual joy leached through their connection, infusing her with concentration-destroying bliss. Despite her best efforts, she couldn't ignore the sensations long enough to return to her base form, and the more she fell into the goo-fox, the less she wanted to. The vixen shared a similar sentiment as her tutor's conflicted bliss fed into her own, spurring her to give into natural instincts. A thick splat filled the small cave when she leaned back into the wolfess's semi-reluctant embrace, sparking each of them with a jolt of rapture. Their harmonious moans filled the chamber as they merged into one another, mixing and swirling into a form greater than the sum of its parts. The composite slime's colors parted and mixed and swirled and flowed as the pair battled for control, though in truth, it was hardly a struggle. Acting on uncontrolled natural instinct, the vixen's green overpowered the wolfess's blue, exploiting a long-suppressed streak of submission and concentrating her in linked bubbles. Those sapphire pockets gathered and condensed as the vixen's stamina dwindled, however, gravitating toward specific regions on an increasingly humanoid frame. The vixen's silhouette emerged from the shifting mass, though greatly enhanced.

The gooey student rose from the formless mass and towered over her previous height, bolstered by the mass of her mentor. Their mixed blue and green hues separated and swirled as her figure grew more defined, the wolfess's slime blissfully submitting to her own. Jiggling bubbles of sapphire collected and firmed on her breasts, belly, and rear, enhancing her curves well beyond her former figure. The flowing mixture of her body slowed as patches of russet fur peeked from her surface, breaking through like islands in a receding tide. The vixen stretched her arms high over her head as her muscles settled into place, obvious to the generous pudge adhering to her frame. She only noticed when she rest her paws on a stomach that wasn't there before, cracking her eyes open in surprise. Shock swiftly gave way to arousal as she gave her rolls an exploratory squeeze, kindling a lust in both her mind and body. Her muzzle warmed as her fingers traced over her love-handles and glided over her thighs, eroding her self control on twin fronts. She only just restrained herself from giving in when she remembered where she was, spurring her to rip her paws from between her legs and blush fiercely. Still, the temptation to indulge gnawed on her self control, to the point of convincing her it was a side effect of shapeshifting. It eventually occurred to her to ask her tutor, and she did just that. Her question bounced off the empty walls and resonated in the perfect silence, however, bringing her to realize her solitude. The vixen whipped her head around and searched for her missing mentor, batting away intrusive thoughts of abandonment as she craned around pillars and stones. They returned in force when she sank to her rear and slumped against the largest of the carvings, however, but with them came realization.

A faint voice whispered in the back of her mind, growing in volume as she concentrated on its source. "Congratulations, my pupil," the wolfess laughed. "You managed to become a slime in both mind and body."

The vixen pressed her paws into her belly, earning a soft groan of approval from her absorbed mentor. "Wait, did I absorb you?"

""It seems so. I can't say this has happened before, but it's quite the experience."

The vixen continued kneading her curves, and her mentor's bliss fed back into her. "What can you see in there?"

"Not much," she admitted. "But I feel everything~" She shivered, a gesture that showed as a faint wobble on the vixen's middle.

"Should I try to get you out?"

"Not just yet. You've pushed yourself enough today, and I'd rather not find out what happens if I try to leave during a partial transformation."

The vixen sensed the wolfess's other motivation to stay, but didn't press the point. "Shall we try tomorrow then?"

"That seems best." The wolfess paused in thought-speech. "If you're willing, I may try to absorb you like this at some point. I imagine this mental link could prove useful."

"Sure, if it helps me master magic faster." The vixen rose back to her feet and strode toward the cave's entrance. Her balance faltered only once as she adjusted to her new figure, earning an internal chuckle from her absorbed mentor. "I think you're right about having done enough today," the vixen agreed. "Let's get something to eat and relax for the rest of the evening."

"I think that's a wonderful idea, not that I'm in a position to argue." The vixen's arm raised on its own and waved back into the cave, extinguishing the fire with a gesture unknown to her.

"Maybe we should spend the next day or two figuring out what we can do like this instead."