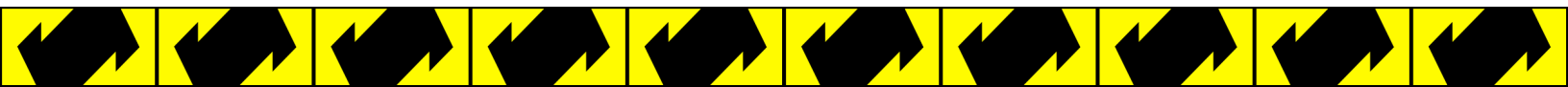


A Sweet Line Job



Story © TeraDyne Ezeri 2018
Pokémon © The Pokémon Company



You came in after seeing the ads online.

Help Wanted: Buffet Dessert Line Opening

You didn't even bother to look over the details, or read the application when you signed up. The twenty-two-an-hour starting price got your attention immediately. Who cared what it meant. Cooking could't be too hard, right?

A receptionist at the front counter leads, you to a back room. A white room, with nothing more than a mirrored plastic surface, a plastic chair, and a small plastic table. And on that table is what looks like a rubbery costume. She tells you to put it on, and someone will come in to take you to the next part of your job.

Slightly confused, you walk over and pick up the outfit from the table. recognizing the look of the character almost immediately. A Lucario, pure and simple. The blue-black-and-white humanoid canine with a fighter's physique, shorts-like fur around its hips, and a pointed snout like a jackal's face. It doesn't look too complicated, though the instructions on the table say you should get undressed before putting it on. Probably because it'd get too hot.

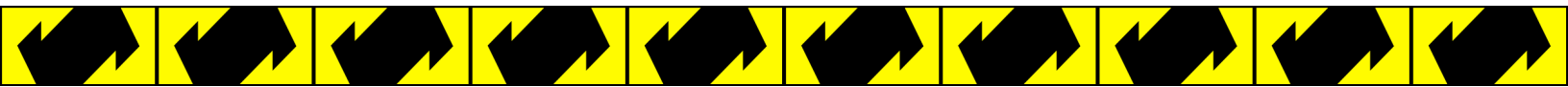
Stripping down to your naked body, you pick up the latex outfit and open up the back. As you slide your feet into it, the seem to shift just a bit, allowing you to stand on your toes like an actual Lucario. Of course, you think nothing of it. It probably has some of those copper supports built in to keep you from getting tired or something.

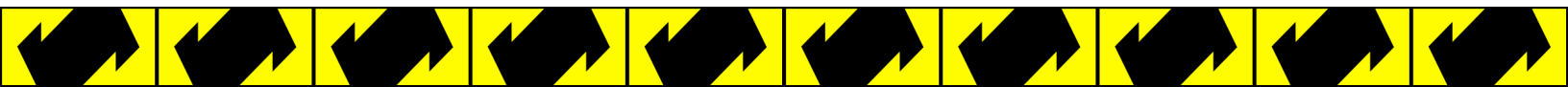
Then your arms slide into the massive paws. Curiously, they don't seem to feel awkward in any way. In fact, they feel quite comfortable, even without thumbs. It's not until you pull the hood over your face and close up the zipper that things really get strange.

The moment the zip reaches the top, the tab seems to disappear out from between the thick digits you used to close it, and the room lights up a bit more. Almost like a power surge went through the lamps above you. But then you see yourself in the mirror.

There's no rubber. You look like you have frosting for your fur, and candy discs for eyes. Your claws, and the spikes on your chest and paw-backs, shine like candy-coated pieces of something. And the smell of fresh blueberry muffins fills your nose. Even opening your mouth, you look like you have a marshmallow tongue, and your teeth are the same candy-coated somethings as your claws.

A pair of people in chef's attire walk inside, and ask you to lie on the table. Attempting to ask a question only results in silence, which spooks you





out. But, you do as they ask, and get up on the metal serving cart, laying against a cardboard slab that sits on top of it.

One of the chefs keeps your attention drawn skyward and away from the other guy. At least, until you feel some pressure inside of each of your legs. You can't see what he's doing, but you can't move anything below your waist. Then your arms feel the same way. Immobilized completely.

When you feel something press against your stomach, you manage to get just a short glance down to see a spike made of hardened fondant pushed into your belly, piercing all the way through. There's no pain, just the pressure of something gripping you hard from the inside.

You watch as he lifts the spike from your chest and puts another of the sugary fondant pieces right in its place, before putting the former back in its place. But its when he slides one into your mouth that your body begins wondering just what the *hell* happened to it. Of course, you can't ask them anything, but this goes double as they close your maw tight, spreading a chocolate coating over top of it that swiftly hardens into a shell, almost acting like a muzzle.

Completely immobilized and unable to even cry out from confusion, the chefs wheel you out into the restaurant and pick up the slab of paper you're pinned to, putting you onto what's clearly a chilled buffet line.

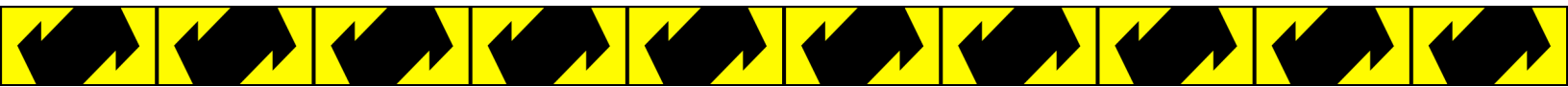
That's when a customer comes up to you, a cake server in one hand, and cake knife in the other. As they disappear just past your snout, you suddenly feel something pushing through your ankle, only for the feeling of your paw of a foot to disappear. When the old lady rises back up, you see your foot in her plate, the *flesh* beneath the frosting made of white cake with blueberries.

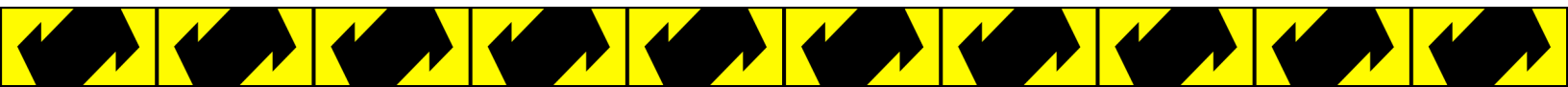
You're the dessert.

One after another, hungry patrons stop by your helpless state, painlessly carving bits off of you at a time to enjoy. Whether they're aware of what you are, you don't know. But even you have to admit, you smell delicious. You'd do the same in their position.

Time passes, though you don't know just how long. Your legs disappear completely, along with an arm and part of a paw. Sections are carved from your belly and chest, and one kid gets his mother to take your entire chocolate-coated snout away for him to enjoy, causing you to lose your sense of smell. The mother takes away your ears, deafening you. Yet, somehow, your panic disappears, and you actually begin to enjoy the strange situation you're in.

By closing time, only parts of your head and a bit of your upper chest remain. A few of the employees get pieces of you, though you swear you see





someone with bits of a Mewtwo as well. With only your eyes and a bit more left, the head chef puts your remains under a serving platter and moves you away into a refrigerator, obviously making room for a fresh cake for the next day as your vision goes into a void.

Hours seem to pass in the darkness until you feel yourself awakening a little while later. You rub your eyes, only to find yourself in the white room again. You gaze into the mirror, finding yourself still a Lucario dessert. On the table, your pay for yesterday in the form of just over two hundred in cash, along with four more suits laid out—a Pikachu, a Mewtwo, a Blaziken, and a Reshiram—along with a stack of others in a golden case nearby. You also notice a sign-in sheet with *Dessert Line Employees* written at the top.

Looking down at yourself, then at the sheet, you almost wonder if you should get ready to work for the day. Try some on another suit.

Then you see the plate next to the paper. The candy discs and remaining pieces of what you once were the other day. Obviously, working there has some other perks as well. You just wonder what more there may be.

