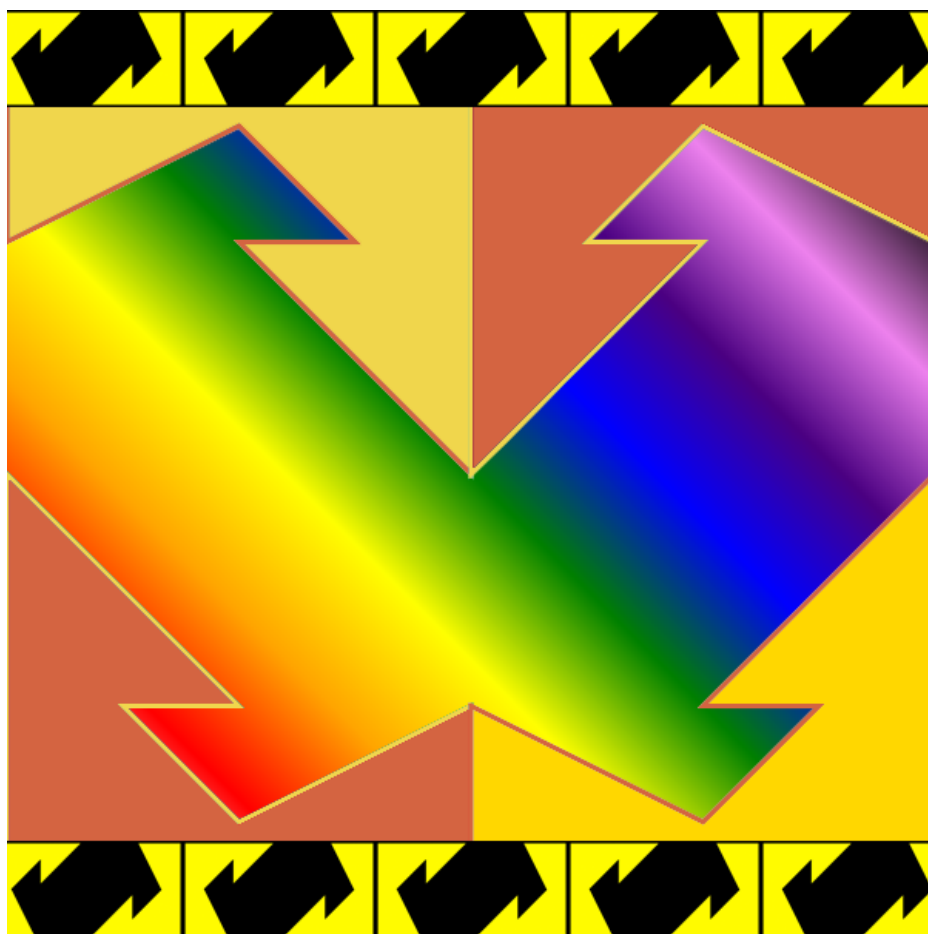


A New Recipe



By Teradyne Ezeri
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“Whew! That was a close game. Thanks for letting me watch, Jeck.”

Tera tapped her phone to end the call as she flopped back on her bed, feeling tired just from watching the old-school baseball game some friends had been in. It'd been a long night, and part of her was just too energized from the insanity of ten extra innings to really sleep.

Shaking her head, she got back to her feet and stretched a bit, looking around for an idea of something to burn off the second wind she'd gotten. Most everything she could think of really didn't sound great in her head. Even the usual standbys were less than appetizing.

That was when she spotted her desktop computer. She'd left the screen sitting on Shirohoshi's J-OS Forums. The Jobs and Openings System usually had interesting one-off gigs one could take, and given her higher ranking within the company, she decided to take a chance and go through the options.

Various listings were showing up, but a vast majority didn't strike her fancy, or were for future events. Until she saw one in particular show up.

Gig Opening – One-Off

Time Since Posted: 0m 0d 0h 15m

Time Remaining: 0m 0d 0h 45m

Location: Bridgestar Store 02212, Zire City, Graiben

Contact: Zweios Z-0022-Z, Site Manager

Requirements: New Kinkster Handler training, CGX-12217 Training,
Willing Predator

Description: A new kinkster from an unknown world is requesting someone to assist them in experiencing the effects of the CGX-12217 “Kandy Kritter” suits. This will be their first experience as living food. Contact for client's profile if needed.

Client has no prior experience with Kandy Kritter suits, or trans-suits in general.

“Huh... Everyone must be busy...” The gryphon thought as she took her phone from its holder on her arm and quickly dialed the store's number. “Or Zweios is short-staffed again.”

She heard the phone ring several times before the deep-voiced jaguar picked up the line. “Bridgestar in Zire City. How can I help you?”

“Zweios? It’s Teradyne Ezeri, from Freelance Team One.” She told him, grabbing her bag from her closet. “I saw a one-off on J-OS for a Kritter suit job. Can you send me info on the client? I’m wired at the moment, and shocked the opening hasn’t been taken yet.”

“Are you kidding?” He replied as key clicks echoed through the handset. “I’m already short ten people as it is, and everyone at Fallhaven is either busy, on shift, or on vacation. And the three people I have with me aren’t scheduled for their training for another three weeks Shiromori time.”

Tera looked over the information he’d sent to her, noticing some rather interesting data points popping up. It was rare when someone shared a good number of her kinks, much less interest in certain characters most deemed *fiction*.

“Alright. I’m closing the listing and taking it myself. Does the client want to have the demonstration in the store, or their home?”

“Neither.” Zweios sighed before giving a rather creepy chuckle. “Ironically, he’s actually staying at the Fallhaven Grande in the resort. Fallhaven’s own store is closed for renovations. Said he took one taste of a gryphon cake and stallion ice cream at Squeakeasy Sweets, and it got him curious enough to get a bus here to see us.”

Tera gave a sharp laugh as she grabbed a couple of suits from her closet and darted out the door, leaving little more than a quickly scribbled note to Sildrae and Calyo about her whereabouts. “And of course, I haven’t had a chance to show Con plans for Project Dynablade yet. Figures. Well, get in contact with the client, and I’ll meet him in the lobby of the Grande.”

“Yes, ma’am.”

“And Zweios? Tell your team to be ready for training in three days. I’ll be expecting them to show up at Zaisha Hall in headquarters.”

“Will do.”

It took relatively little time for Tera to arrive at the Fallhaven Grande. The hotel’s lobby was fairly small compared to the atrium, but there were high-backed seats, sofas, and tables flanking the large double doorway leading inside, all parked on plush carpets that stayed warm in the winter.

A humanoid Skitty, with his pink and cream fur, was lounging on one of the sofas. He was fairly young, having only reached adulthood the previous week, but he had the air of experience to him that she rarely found among late teens of the Pokémon worlds. He wore a plain black polo shirt and khaki-

colored cargo pants, along with a black bell collar that said “Hang ‘em High” along the band. It was an unusual mix of casual and rebellious, at least to her.

“Jason Linka?” The gryphon asked, looking him over. He nodded, starting to get to his feet. “I’m TeraDyne Ezeri. The Bridgestar in Zire said you were interested in the Kandy Kritter suits?”

“Yeah.” His voice was very low, almost sensual or ominous in tone. The kind of voice some people would love for their hypnotist to have. “I was looking at getting one of the Candy Gryphon suits if I enjoyed it.”

“You know which one in particular?” She motioned for him to follow her out into the atrium as they spoke. “I might be able to help you trial that particular one.”

The cat quickly reached into his pocket with his thick paw-like hands and pulled out a piece of paper. “Uh... Model three-three-two. The dark chocolate phoenix and jaguar. I was planning on getting some edible accessories to go with it, though. I kinda liked the emo rocker look the one in the buffet had going for the concert.”

Tera pulled her phone off of its arm holster and tapped a few buttons on it to bring up a picture. “Oh! So that’s where Grakh went off to today. Well, no problem. I’ve got the base suit for that with me in my bag, and I can help you get the accessories if you want the suit.”

As she put the device back in place, the pair walked into a room just off the north side of the wide atrium floor. It was normally used by Shirohoshi employees for meetings, but the long space also doubled as a demo room for potential customers when necessary. There were only a couple of seats and a small square table off in one corner, while the rest of the polished white marble floor was left clean and clear of clutter. And the walls were made of the same material, with columns spaced out to make it look almost like a temple of some sort.

Tera went over to the corner with the table, putting her grey messenger bag in one of the chairs. Then, she pulled out a deep black gryphon costume and laid it out on the table as her client looked it over. It was a shaped gryphon made of cloth with a silvery sheen to it. Nothing more or less. Yellow talons for hands, thick paws for feet, a long tube-like tail, yellow beak, and a black body and wings.

“Alright. *This* is the suit in its inactive state. At least, for this one. You can also order them in latex, PVC, or lycra.” The gryphon said as she smoothed it out. “However, when it’s put on and sealed up, it’ll change into the active state

you saw at Squeakeasy Sweets, sans the accessories, of course. Go ahead and try it on for yourself if you want.”

The feline’s bulb-tipped tail twitched behind him as he picked up the suit. “Cool! Usually people wanna show me everything like I’m some kindergartner. Don’t really get to truly try something out unless I’m doing it myself, right?”

“Yeah.” Tera dropped her professional guard and became more casual, noticing that the Skitty seemed to be more at ease about it. “It’s how I work, too. Give me a nice artifact or piece of tech, and I’ll learn about it on my own a lot more quickly.”

She watched as he took the suit in hand and turned it around to the back, where the zipper stood out along its seam. His clawed fingers pulled the suit open, and he stepped in one foot at a time. One paw entering the outfit’s, then the other. Then came the hands, slipping into the faux talons one at a time. And finally came the head, letting him reach back and zip up the suit properly.

And as soon as the zip touched the top, the seal became covered in a soft spreading light. The cloth disappeared, and for the Skitty, so did his body. Hands became full-fledged phoenix talons, flexible and strong, while his legs remained paws. The bulb of his tail disappeared, the thicker tube of the jaguar’s tail replacing it. And then the feelings of his thicker body hit him, pulling him quadrupedal just like the one he’d seen before. For the first time, he was standing on all fours. Naturally.

Jason reached up and massaged his new beak, unsure what to expect as he moved it open and closed. It felt just like his mouth, just stiffer, and lacking teeth. But the hooked tip seemed to make up for that.

That was when Tera pulled over a mirror that had been laying against the wall behind them, letting him see himself.

His body was covered in a dark chocolate frosting, with fondant wings on his back that flexed and moved like the real deal. His beak he knew to be a candy-coated white chocolate sweet, with a marshmallow tongue inside of it. The one at the buffet told him as much. Likewise with the butterscotch toffee talons that he’d been moving around. His eyes, a pair of cinnamon discs that seemed to blink with fondant eyelids. And he knew from experience that underneath all that frosting, there was dark chocolate cake right down to the core.

What he wasn’t expecting was the candy-coated shaft hanging below his body, held in by a sheath and pair of balls made of thick fondant, the latter

covered in the same frosting as the rest of him. It looked practically natural and anatomically correct.

“Dear Arceus! This is amazing!” He exclaimed while turning around to check himself out from every angle. “I’m fricken living **food**! And I won’t feel pain or anything if someone eats part of me?”

“Nope.” Tera was grinning quite happily, enjoying the sight of someone admiring one of the suits she designed. “You could be eaten completely, and you’ll wakeup somewhere safe a few minutes later, completely whole. Or if you’re left in pieces, you’ll regenerate from your largest piece over a short span of time, depending on how much you lost.”

The new avian was smiling from pointed ear to pointed ear. “That’s just wild. I’m almost tempted to ask if these come in pizza. I could get a friend of mine to act as takeout for cram nights.”

Tera grabbed one of her personal suits out of her satchel and started to put it on, the red material shimmering under the light as she put her feet into it. “Had some people expressing interest in other food, actually. So the CEO commissioned me to design some other food creature suits. I think pizza’s first out the gate, so it’ll start beta testing in the next couple of months. You’ll see it out on the buffet lines in the Grande’s restaurant when that happens.”

By the time Tera had finished talking, her body was already sealed into her quadrupedal outfit. A thick red frosting covered her body, with wisps of feathery strands for her phoenix upper half, and the same candy-coated chocolate beak, toffee talons, and blue watermelon-scented candy discs for eyes. And like him, she also had fondant wings, though her ears and tail tuft were also made of the same material. Between her legs, she also had fondant balls and a sheath, but possessed a gummy cock, and as she wheeled around to close her bag, Jason could see a similar vaginal opening and tailstar beneath her swaying lion tail.

“Oh! And just as a bit of a tip, Kandy Kritters can eat, too. Even other Kandy Kritters.” She added with a grin. “So I could still consume you like a normal biological being could, and vise-versa.”

“Woah, wait... Seriously?” He asked, looking himself over. “Where the heck would the food go?”

“You just absorb it, either as more cake, or as a cream or frosting filling if you choose that option.” Her grin became a bit wider as she reached into her bag and pulled out a large apple. “I went with the authentic *crème bavaroise* filling for most of my personal collection. Nice thick cream taste to go with the cake.”

The sweets creature grabbed onto the fruit and chomped it in half with the hardened sugar shell of her beak, only to chew up both parts and gulp them down. After waiting a few moments, she then retrieved a cake spade from her bag and handed it to Jason, before turning to make the side of her body available to him.

“Go ahead. Get a slice.”

He paused, looking at the serving knife, then Tera, before he used the tool to create a wedge cut where her ribs would normally be. When he pulled back the cake flesh, he saw a small amount of thick white gel-like filling within her. Just enough to become a layer of her body mass.

Then, Jason took the cake into talon and bit into it. The tastes of cinnamon bun and pumpkin spice hit him one after another, but were cooled by the chilly milky gelatin at the tip of the slice. One could say it was like a holiday desert combo wrapped into a single dish.

“This is amazing!” He told her, swallowing what he’d chewed up while he still had it in his beak. “Why don’t yo—”

The look on his face was priceless for Tera. While he was distracted, she’d snuck her hand around the cutter and removed a slice from his own body, holding it out to him. He hadn’t felt it. In fact, he hadn’t noticed anything aside from a numb spot near his ribs. The same spot that was missing from his chest.

He said nothing, and instead took the slice offered to him. A rich dark chocolate frosting was the first thing to meet his taste buds, followed by the creamy smooth flavor of German chocolate cake beneath it. If there really was a *death by chocolate* concept, his body was well on its way to providing it. Even just the small taste he’d gotten was as overwhelming as the bird cake he’d gotten earlier in the day.

“Okay, I’m almost completely sold.” Jason admitted after he swallowed. “The only things that worry me now are sex and basic hygiene. I mean... Food walking on a dirty floor’s gonna cause problems, right?”

Tera shook her head, trying to stifle a giggle as she did. “Sex is perfectly normal for these bodies. It just converts any body fluids into more food or filling, depending on where it ends up. You can also just take the suit off to *clean* it if you’re worried about it. As for dirt, that’s no problem either. A repulsion effect keeps dirt away, and makes sure anything forced onto you doesn’t stick.”

“Huh... Well that’s cool.”

She gave herself a stretch as the small chunks in their bodies began to heal up, new cake and frosting taking the place of what was missing. “Like most of the suits in the catalog, they’re designed as lifestyle trans-suits. You could wear them constantly without worry if you really wanted to.”

Suddenly, memories of her mate’s hungry habits filled Tera’s head. “Well... Outside of the worry that someone’s going to suddenly come along and begin nibbling on you at the most inconvenient time, but hey. That’s the life of living food.”

“You sound like know you from experience.” He gave a joyous smile. “Oh, I’m probably gonna have my roommates taking occasional slices while I’m wearing it, for sure.”

“Sounds like you’re set on buying one.” She herself became rather elated when the chocolate gryphon gave her a nod. “Alright. Let’s get you a quote for the suit and accessories.”

The two spent a good hour or more as they worked out the details. He definitely wanted the base suit like he was wearing, with the regular cake conversion. A punk-ish set of sugar-bead *piercings* on the beak and ears, a taffy collar, and some edible fondant punk-themed shirts with screen printed logos of his favorite bands were all added to complete the look he wanted, along with a few accessories for his own personal use.

After getting everything set up with quotes, Tera turned the tablet toward him for an itemized list. “And after converting to your home world currency, that comes out to forty-five thousand and twenty three *bitire*. We have payment plans as well if you need it.”

“Nah.” Jason replied. He’d gotten out of the demo suit earlier, freeing his clothes and other items from their limbo-like entrapment. From his pocket, he pulled out a small strip of plastic that acted as his bank card. “I thought it’d be a lot more.”

Tera, who was still in her candy gryph state, slipped his card into the multi-currency reader on her tablet and tapped a few spaces on the screen, allowing him to sign for the transaction. She didn’t tell him she’d given him a couple of discounts for being a new customer, as well as her employee discount for his amazing attitude. She’d let him find out on the invoice when his suit came in.

“And done. You’ll be able to pick it up at the Bridgestar store in Zire in three days.”

The feline looked shocked as he put his money strip back into his wallet. “Really? That’s a quick turnaround.”

“You chose a base that we keep in stock. Fully custom suits can take a few weeks, if it’s complex enough.”

The gryphon put her tools away, then looked at the spare demo suit that had been used by the Skitty during his trial. As Jason stood up to get ready to leave, she tossed the outfit at him.

The cloth smacked into his face like a feather, covering his view as it draped over his head. When he uncovered it, he could see the grin on Tera’s face. “Wait... What?”

“Consider it a gift. Get used to it until your custom suit comes in.”

“Woah, thanks!” He began putting the suit back on, and very eagerly so. “But won’t you get in trouble?”

“Nah.” She got her bag around her body before starting to walk from the room with him, using the built-in loops to convert the satchel into something more akin to a saddle bag. “I’ve got about four hundred of those base suits in a warehouse while I wait to start a new project, and another ten or so in my personal collection for use by friends. It’s one of the perks of being in the position I’m in.”

He looked down at his candy gryphon self again, then to her. “Do...you accept hugs?”

“Sure.” Tera replied, not really thinking at the moment. “Wh—”

Her thought was cut short as Jason wrapped his arms around her shoulders and squeezed, making the cinnagryph blush softly.

“Thanks. You’re the first person outside of Ralshi Academy to be really nice to me. Now I just need to finish my liberal arts course and get a better job.” He continued as he began walking out through the door. “I’m probably gonna be buying more things for the suit.”

The red avian didn’t even stop to think as she reached behind to her back and grabbed her tablet from her pouch, scrolling through the J-OS Forums. “Well, there’s a new Shirohoshi-owned buffet opening up in Echo Glade’s Red District, if you’re willing to immigrate. You’d just be expected to provide dessert for guests like that gryphon you ran into before.”

“Wait... You really think I might be good for that sort of thing just from how little time you’ve spent with me?” The chocolate bird inquired, looking



rather confused as he stopped in the middle of the lobby. “I mean, what gave that clue?”

“You smiled in that dreamy sort of way when you mentioned your roommates stealing slices from you back home.” Tera replied, standing in front of him. The blush on his cheeks alone told her she was right. “That, and you mentioned one of your roommates might be interested in wearing a pizza food creature trans-suit.”

“But school...”

“Echo Skies University takes transfer credits. It’s right off of Unity Line, *and it’s free for citizens of the Butterfly Empire.*”

“Free?” Jason blinked a few times. “Free is good. How’d I immigrate, though? I...”

Tera put away the tablet again and put a talon on his shoulder. “I’ll help you with that. I have special credentials as an advisor for Queen Star Seer. We can talk about it over lunch. Gallantry’s Mountain Spirit sound good to you?”

“Uh... Sure! I’ve been wanting to try authentic gryphon dishes for a while now.”

As the two wandered toward the northern part of the resort, Tera started talking a bit about herself. It seemed sleep would have to wait. She’d just picked up her third wind in the form of a new friend.

