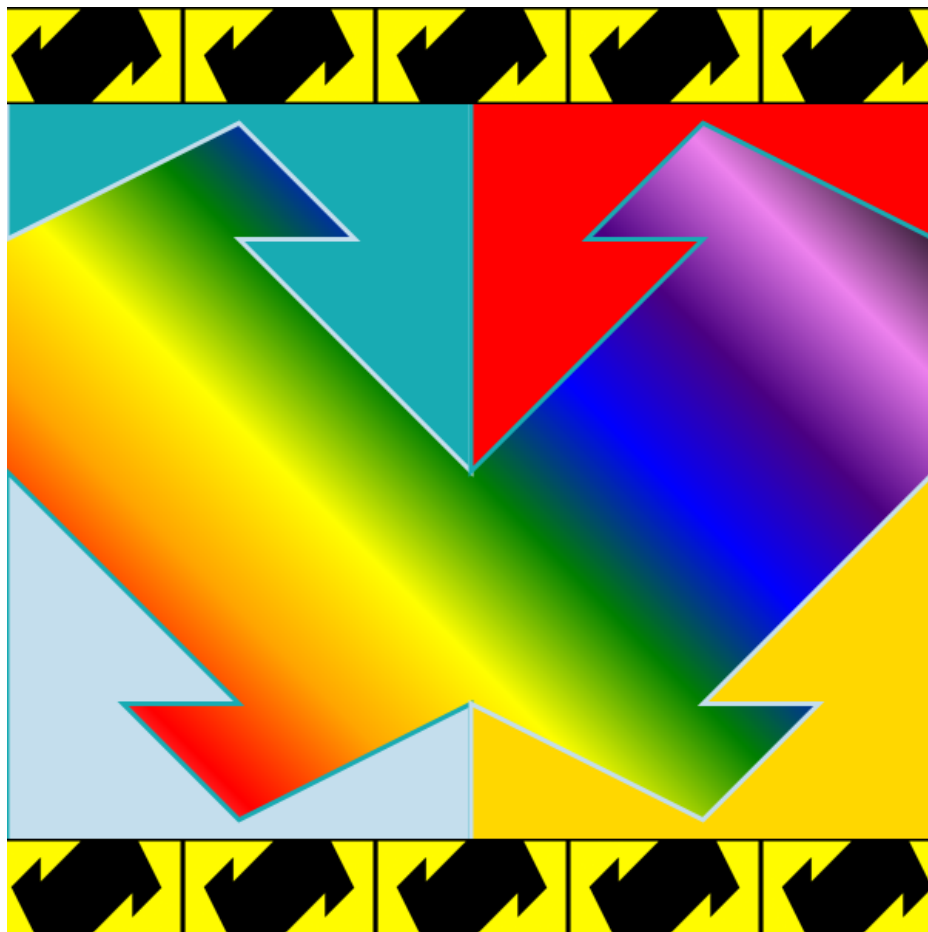
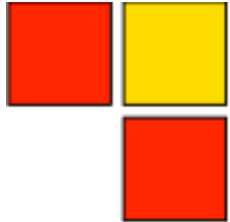


Sweet Treat of Friendship



By Teradyne Ezeri
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Con Badger belongs to Con Badger (icansee)
Gilda © Hasbro



A sigh of relief escaped the beak of a griffon as she stepped off the Friendship Express. She was only one of two on the train to Griffonstone, and felt rather exhausted after listening to an older pony talk about the old days before the train existed. She was on her way back home to relax after finishing some commission work, not listen to endless stories. Still, he seemed somewhat thankful to her for listening, so it didn't hurt too much.

Not long after stepping off the platform, the white-and-icy-blue phoenix-lion noticed a rather familiar face wandering through the area. The brown-furred body of a lion, with the white feathers and purple highlights of an eagle. Her tail swayed with every step, and her golden eyes glared slightly as she looked around.

Tera watched where she moved, then tried to go elsewhere, but it was no use. Gilda spotted her, and was already bounding in her direction.

"Hey ya, dweeb!" She called out, her gravel-y voice making Tera wince. "Aren't you the one who paid me to model for that scanning thing?"

"Er... Yeah?" Tera replied, trying not to turn around and face the brown griffon. "Why?"

"Cause I'm lookin' for more work."

That made the icy phoenix stop in her tracks, just short of the forest she was heading toward.. "Oh... I'm not sure what I could offer. The model work was for a commission job. I only got the okay to pay for a few models to work off of."

Gilda looked somewhat angry, though mostly from hearing about the lack of a chance for bits. "Oh yeah? What kinda job you do? Drawing or something?"

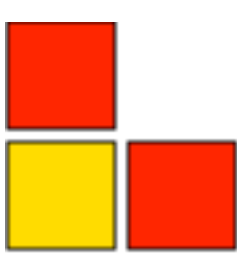
"That's part of it." Tera retorted, returning to her slow walk to the south. "What I do is something you probably wouldn't wanna be connected with. It makes most others around here wince just by mentioning any of it."

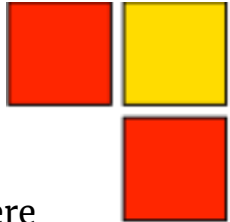
"Try me..."

"Your mental funeral."

The white griffon handed a flyer to her peer to read. And Gilda did read it. Her beak dropped, and her cheeks turned a bright shade of red.

"W...What is this?" Gilda asked, looking it over again and again. "I never heard of this Shee-roh-hoe-shee place before. Sounds like some kinda alien word."





Tera motioned for Gilda to follow her into the nearby woods, where there was less chance of being overheard. "Shirohoshi Enterprises is a foreign company. They pay me to go around and scan models, and then they use features to make all sorts of things with the info. Like costumes... Very *magical* costumes. Ones that change anyone who wears 'em."

The brown-and-white felavian leapt in front of the traveler. "I ain't buyin' it. What's so special about some stupid costumes?"

"Lots." Tera replied. She had to pause, as even though she wasn't on any of the prime timelines, she knew it would be somewhat irksome to deal with any fallout of what she could say. "I know thing that'd break your brain into a billion pieces. Things even the Equestrian princesses don't know about. Things you'd have to keep quiet about if I told you."

"What'd'ya mean? It some kind a cult or something?"

"Cult? No, Shirohoshi's no cult. One of the owners runs one for fun on her days off, though. Fun bunch, so long as you don't eat the steak."

Gilda's face was one of confusion, with a raised eyebrow to match.

"Fine. You wanna know what it is that makes those outfits special?" Tera questioned with a soft mocking grin. "Follow me back to my place, and prepare to lose your marbles."

"Hmph... I doubt it."

After a long and tense walk, Tera approached the side of one of the mountains around Griffonstone proper. The wall that she was walking toward looked strange, with an archway of white marble seemingly embedded into the side of it. Yet, the arch was filled with brown stone, just like the mountain around it.

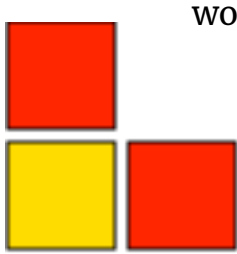
As the white griffon approached the wall, Gilda began to wonder just what the hell she was thinking.

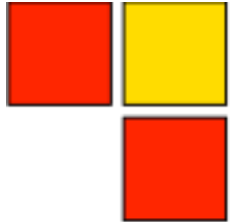
Then Tera walked straight into the wall, and kept on going.

"What in the..."

Gilda followed shortly after, more curious than anything. But just like her escort told her, she wasn't really ready for what was on the other side.

Walls of stone stretched out into a white-lit tunnel to each side of her. It was like she'd just crossed over into some other cavern, but it didn't look like it would've been possible given the mountain she'd literally just walked into. And





there were doors in the tunnel walls, made of metal and glass. Well beyond what she'd ever seen of any species she knew of.

Tera wandered down the hallway to her left, and Gilda bound toward her to keep up. That was when her host stopped in front of a pair of doors, only to open them wide in front of her guest.

And as the light of the next room poured into the hall, Gilda's beak dropped for the second time.

The room was a massive closet full of clothes and costumes. Single racks in some parts, two bars stacked in others, display cases in the corners and along the walkway. And in the middle, a massive hole surrounded by a guard rail.

The brown griffon mindlessly turned her head in every direction, trying to take in what she was seeing. And when she looked over the railing and down into the middle, she could see another five floors worth of the same sort of closet space below her, and at least six going up. It was like a massive store from Manehattan, but underground.

"Welcome to the closet space of Breakwater Omega." Tera told her, grinning as she watched Gilda's curiosity go nuts. "I keep most of my personal collection in here, when I'm not carrying parts of it around. Bikinis, street clothes, trans-suits..."

"Trans...suits?" Gilda asked, her voice a bit raspy and light from the sheer shock of the sights around her. "The heck are those?"

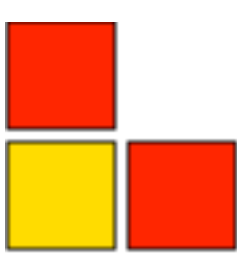
"Like I said before..."

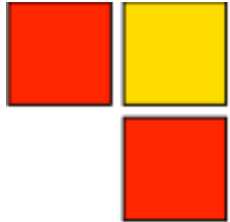
The eagle griff turned around as she heard a soft squeaking sound echoing behind her, and just when she thought she couldn't be shocked any more, she finally saw what Tera was putting on. A brown body with lion paws and tail on the back, yellow talons on the front, wide wings on the shoulders. And as Tera's head slipped into the white feathery eagle head, the seal closed behind her.

"These costumes change anyone who wears 'em."

Gilda wasn't looking at the white-and-blue griffon that had brought her there. She was looking at herself. Practically an exact replica. Even down to her voice.

"Wh... **WHAT?** Hold on!" Gilda protested, rushing over to look at the other *her*. "How'd you... What is this thing?! You a changeling or something?!"





“Like I said, *dweeb*. They’re magical costumes.” Tera-Gilda smirked, watching as the original backed away a bit. “The scans I make get used for these things, and a lot of other stuff. Wanna see *why* I chose you for the modeling thing?”

“I... Can’t be worse than anything in here...” She turned her head to blush a bit, only to take in view of a Rainbow Dash suit on a standing mannequin nearby. “...right?”

A little while later, Gilda and Tera-Gilda walked back into the closet from the theater just down the hallway. The original’s eyes were still like pinpricks, and she looked fairly woozy from shock.

“I can’t believe there’s another *me* out there that others saw on some television thing.” She said, flopping onto the ground near the edge of the venting hole in the center. “I mean, I knew there’s be some ponies that’d wanna be as *awesome* as me, but... They wanna *be* me? And they wanna do *those things* to me? And *as me*!? That’s just **nuts**!”

Tera-Gilda smirked, sitting down next to the real one. “Kinda hurts when the magic curtain gets pulled back, but you learn to enjoy it after a bit. Especially when you get to try it out yourself. Besides, the *fans* can come up with some rather...*creative* ideas.”

“You showed me a picture of someone *eating* me after I got turned into a *pastry*! And then I came back perfectly *fine* somehow!”

“That was me in the suit I originally took the scan for. The one you saw eating it was a very close friend of mine.”

“I... You... You’re kidding...”

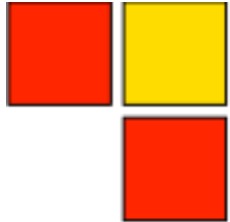
“Try me.”

Gilda groaned as she got up and walked over to the black case in question, popping open the locking buckles and opening the top of it. Sure enough, another version of herself was looking back, folded up in the briefcase. It looked like it has candy disk eyes, and stringy cotton candy feathers, but other than that, she couldn’t make out too much else just from the look of the suit alone.

“Of course... Of course you’d seriously have something like that.” She quipped in her usual caustic tone. “Why should I’ve doubted that?”

“There’s also...those on the wall.”





Tera-Gilda pointed toward where Gilda had noticed the Rainbow Dash costume before, standing along side the pegasus's friends. On the lower row, they were all mares, but just above and behind them, there was a row of stallion versions of all six, along with a few individuals Gilda had never seen before.

That's when she noticed the missing costume on the bottom row next to RD, and the more masculine version of herself just behind the blank standee. It was identical in general look, but had very defined muscles, broader shoulders, larger wings, and a slightly larger head and beak, its face locked in a smug grin. And it was standing next to an equally tall Rainbow Dash stallion, though the pegasus was far more lithe than the male Gilda costume was. And both gave the female griffon quite an eye full down below.

Gilda couldn't help but stare at the suits in awe, beginning to calm down a bit. "Okay...I thought that'd be creepy, but it's honestly kinda awesome. Kinda like that whole *carrying my head around off my body* thing you showed me someone doing. I could think of so many pranks to play on those loser ponies back in Ponyville."

Tera-Gilda couldn't help but laugh. "Oh, trust me. I've had the same ideas. *Especially* those three that run the flower stall. They faint at the smallest thing!"

The original sighed, feeling quite a bit more relaxed than before. "Okay, *Gilda*. Gotta ask ya something. That picture of me *drowning* with that red gryphon...*doing things* with me. How'd that work? I'd be *dead* if that actually happened!"

"Depends on where you're at, and what magic's around you." The copy replied, her smirk becoming quite a bit more pronounced. "Remember how I said in the theater that we're not even on the same planet anymore? And you just kinda nodded about it?"

"Yeah?"

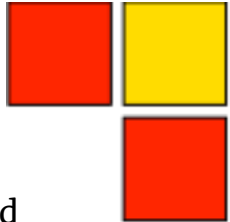
"I was serious."

Gilda didn't look too amused. "I kinda figured that out. What's that gotta do with anything?"

"*Well...* There's this planet called *Graiben*. Great place for people who like erotic death, cause it ain't permanent. You die, and you just reappear in another body a few minutes later, like waking up from a nap. And ya don't feel any pain or anything, either."

"So... That picture I saw..."





Tera-Gilda nodded. “A picture of me trying out the suit, though that red gryphon in the picture was another friend wearing a suit made after the one who ate me in that recording. Con was kinda *busy* drowning with someone else in the quicksand pits at the time, so I took advantage of my closet and turned another friend into him for a bit of fun.”

Gilda blinked, unsure what to think. All the strange stuff she’d seen so far, and that wasn’t hitting her as weird at all. Like she’d just gotten used to it. “Huh... Kinda tempted to try it. As much as those ponies keep almost getting killed, I’ll just get better at it. *Especially* Dash.”

“I bet you haven’t even mated yet.” Tera-Gilda replied, looking the original in the eyes. “You could probably knock out two problems with one swipe, and *really* one-up Dash.”

“Yeah... You know how many guy griffons there are in Griffonstone?” She replied, looking very annoyed. “Where’m I supposed to... You’re kidding.”

Gilda noticed her *clone* simply staring at her, talons crossed under her chin. It made her pause, but then she remembered what Tera said in the theater. “Riiiiiight... You don’t look for lovers like that.”

“It’s a lot more fun to get a variety in your life.” Tera-Gilda replied as she turned around toward the blank mannequin, her rump and tail swaying behind her as she moved. Her voice changed back to its usual chirpy tone as she opened up the back seal of her costume, pulling her head free and into the open. “Plus, you learn to love the rush you get from it.”

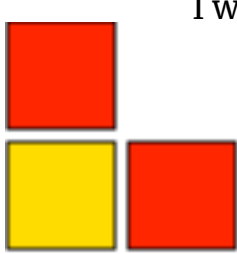
The brown griffon watched as Tera got out of the suit, then put it back onto the mannequin to make sure it stayed safe. “Alright, dweeb. I’ll bite on... one...con...”

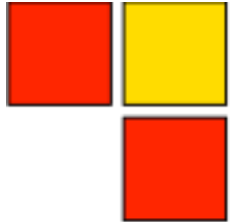
The sight of the white griffon’s backside caught Gilda off guard. She saw the feminine bits like her own, but just below them, she saw masculine bits as well. A pair of orbs hung from just below her cloaca, while a sheath was attached to the underside of her body.

“How...How’s that work? You’re female. You sound female. But you’ve got boy bits down there, too?”

“It’s called being a natural hermaphrodite.” Tera replied, her lion tail and phoenix tail feathers swaying a bit more teasingly. “I’m both at once. So, what’s the condition?”

“Wha... Oh, right.” The sight had left Gilda a bit distracted, but she shook her head to get it back on track. “If you’re gonna show me what it’s like to die, I want that red griffon to do it with me.”





“Con?” Tera asked. “You’ll have to wait a little while, then. He’s a bit busy setting up some new employees at the resort he manages. He got me to have a bunch of pastry and ice cream creature costumes made up in various forms, and they’re gonna be used in the buffets and eateries.”

“And... This is just *normal* where he works?”

“Yeah.” The gleeful smugness of the white griffon was practically palpable in the air around her as she walked over to the black case from before, picking it up and putting the strap on to keep the container on her back. “Lots of beings are into *weird* things. Being eaten as living cake served on a silver platter in a resort based around endless erotic death and reformation is just another day on the job for some of them.”

Gilda followed Tera out the doors, an eyebrow raised. “Huh... Something tells me I shouldn’t really question that.”

After a bit of walking through another of the walls like the one that brought her to Breakwater Omega, Gilda found herself stepping out into a bright outdoor area. It was the middle of a clearing, full of beings standing on two legs, four legs, some even more. All sorts of creatures like she’d never seen before, and some almost resembling those she had.

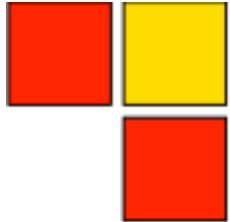
The brown griffon followed close by Tera, and after what felt like forever of nothing but traveling the path, the two entered a building labeled *Starry Sweets and Savories*. It didn’t stand out all that much, outside of being surrounded by woods where moaning could be heard. Just large red brick walls with windows along the front, though the shades were drawn closed to keep the glare out.

The inside was a different story, though. The moment they walked in, Gilda saw the food bars on the back wall, well past the dining tables. If she hadn’t been half expecting it, she would’ve been ready to compliment the baker for well-sculpted griffon-shaped cakes and candies sitting up on serving trays, ice cubes keeping them chilled from below. One even looked like *her*. But then she remembered what Tera had told her in that storage room, and what she saw in the case currently strapped to the white griffon’s back. And then the one on the buffet line blinked.

That settled that. She was seeing what she saw from the recording earlier. A living confectionary creature in her own image, ready to be gobbled up by customers.

Well, if they wanna taste the awesome, who better to get it from? She thought, mostly numb to the weird by this point.





Soon after getting closer to the serving area, Gilda noticed Con himself standing in front of the desert line, arms crossed as he shook his head. He was a dim sandy red, with a golden beak and talons, wide wings on his back, and a lion's tail twitching softly in the air behind him. He also had feline ears, unlike herself.

"Yo!" Tera said, greeting her friend. "Having problems with aesthetics or something?"

"Huh?" Con looked around to see Tera coming toward him, along with Gilda close on her tail, still looking at the food and drooling slightly. "Oh! No. Just waiting for your delivery. I've got ten more slots to fill for this place."

"Well..." Tera replied, removing the case from her harness and handing it to the red gryphon with a look of glee across her beak. "Consider it delivered. Two of each Candy Critter suit you asked for, and a pair of Chocolate Swirl Gilda suits tossed in for good measure."

Con smirked, shaking his head as he took the package. "Speaking of, who's your friend, and how'd you get 'em into your Gilda suit this time? I doubt you'd kidnap someone again."

"Oy! I only did that once, and she earned it when she stole those suits from me! Besides, that's no suit."

"Then why do..." The realization hit Con like a freight train going at warp nine. "Tera... You didn't... Seriously?"

"What's up, loser?" Gilda said suddenly, a smirk flashing across her face.

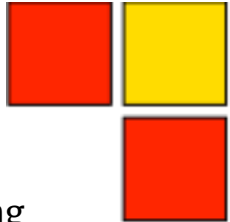
Then the squeeing happened. The rather silent, nervous, excited squeeing that any fan of any fictional character might have if given the chance to meet that character. Con's face was absolutely beaming with warmth at the sight of the Equestrian griffon before him, and if he wasn't so keen on trying to say something without sounding rather blunt, he'd probably have been talking a mile a second.

"I think you broke him faster than I usually do." Tera quipped with a sarcastic tone, trying to stifle a laugh. "Anyway, I'll leave you two to you—GAH!"

Gilda grabbed the harness the white griff was wearing before she could get away. "Nuh uh. You're not getting out of it that easy. He's *your* friend after all."

"Guh! Fine! Not sure wha—RAWK!"





The brown bird reached over to the case Con was holding while dragging Tera toward it, pulling out one of the sweet snack gryphon suits contained within. It was the one in her own image.

“Put it on. Con and I are gonna need a nice meal before our swim.”

Con’s blush grew even brighter, turning almost hot pink on his face. Not to mention the growing bulge pushing his golden loincloth away from his body. He opened his mouth, but only a tiny chirp managed to escape his vocal chords.

Knowing she wasn’t going to get out of her little bit of peril—especially given that she needed to escort Gilda home after her visit—Tera nodded in surrender and took the costume. “*Fine...* Head to the VIP room, then. I’ll be in there in just a bit.”

She didn’t want to admit it, but the idea of being that meal was actually making Tera rather happy, not to mention aroused.

Gilda followed a very happy Con Badger through one of the nearby rooms as their food was prepared. The two talked about themselves a bit while they waited, mostly Gilda learning about Con and the Fallhaven Resort, but it didn’t take too long before dinner was served on one of the silver platters.

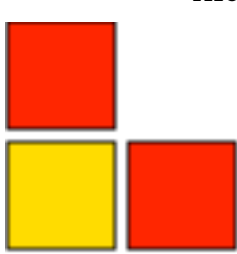
A slightly annoyed Tera-Gilda was bound down with fondant and magnetic poles through her cake body. Apparently, some of the actual bakers had thought it useful to also stick a large apple-shaped jawbreaker in the poor bird’s candy-coated beak while getting her prepped, along with stuffing some carrot-shaped orange gummies into her other holes, leading to said annoyance.

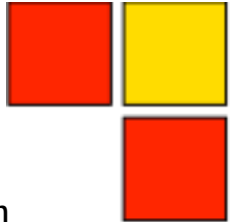
“Looks like someone got the turkey treatment.” Gilda said with a grin, teeth showing. “Never thought I’d be saying this, but I look *yummy!*”

Con couldn’t help but laugh, taking out a cake slicer and removing a large slice from one of Tera-Gilda’s forelimbs. The talon on that side instantly went limp, revealing dense chocolate cake with brown chocolate frosting along the outside. “Try it out! It’s all really good.”

The original tried a bit of the living dessert made in her image, blushing almost as much as the meal itself as she chewed up the piece and swallowed it. “Oh wow! This is *amazing!* Pinkie Pie couldn’t even *hope* to match this.”

Elsewhere, a pink pony suddenly felt rather sad, retreating into her hidden party planning room under the ground floor.





“Well... As the *cake* once told me, it’s all tastes better with friends.” Con told her with a smile, getting a slice for himself from the other foreleg.

Little by little, the two carved away at the vulnerable catbird sitting in front of them. Tera-Gilda could do nothing but grunt and slightly writhe in place with what little movement she was given. Most of it was taken away by the magnetic stakes keeping her locked to the plate, which just made her feel even more aroused. Aroused enough that white icing began oozing out from the marshmallow cloaca on her back end.

By the time the two had gotten all four legs, both wings, and much of the sides cleared out, they were pretty full. Gilda finished her meal with both of the butterscotch talons, while Con went for the lion paws with their soft sponge cake pads. And the two were *absolutely* stuffed thanks to how dense the confection was.

Tera-Gilda could do nothing but blush and drool, moaning around the apple jawbreaker. There wasn’t much left of her, and there was enough gone to make sure she couldn’t feel anything below where her shoulders normally were, but she was so pent up that she needed something to give her a bit of release. Unfortunately, she need a good quarter of an hour to regenerate even half of what she lost.

“Ga’ki? Mind putting the rest of her out for the guests to enjoy?” Con asked as a humanoid white wolf entered the room to check on them. “We’re heading out for a bit of a swim, so Alice will need to take over anyway.”

“Sure thing.” The canine said picking up the platter and beginning to leave.

“Just make sure the head stays. Don’t want her getting out of her little trap for a while.”

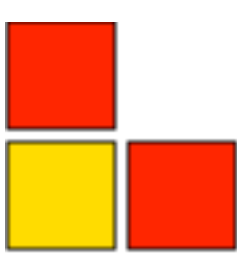
“*Understood.* I’ll make sure she’s put toward the front.”

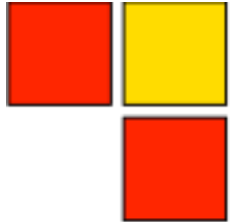
The bird on the platter whimpered as she was carried away, knowing full well her fate wasn’t going to let her get off so easily. It made her wonder if it was payback for all the teasing she did over the course of time.

Once Tera-Gilda was gone, Con turned to the real Gilda, who was patting her bloated belly as she sat back in her chair. “So. Up for your first sinking?”

“*BUARRPP!* Ahh... Sure. Why not.” The eagle replied as she got down to the floor. “From what you said, it’s nothing to worry about here.”

“Alright. I’ve got just the place for it.”





A little while later, as the sun began lowering toward the horizon, Con and Gilda were walking along one of the paths. There were several other beings and beasts already wading around in a couple of surrounding pools, but one of them was fenced off. Con tapped a claw against the gate's black locking pad, giving it a scan of his biosignature to open the door and let them in.

And what Gilda saw was nothing short of *insane*. There was no water in the pool. Nothing visible at all, except for a buoy floating out in the middle of thin air, at least ten feet off the ground. No string or wire keeping it up. Just *nothing*, aside from a set of opaque glass walls surrounding the floor down below.

At least, until she reached down and felt into it. She couldn't see anything, but there was something there. Warm water. Just warm enough to be relaxing.

"The heck is this?" She asked, bringing her claws up find that not even the droplets were visible. "I can't see anything, but it's *there*."

"Tera installed it a while back." Con told him as he slipped his paws into the water. "She calls it the Diamond Bath, after the Diamond Mud quicksand pit over on the other side. It's all invisible because of some minerals mixed into it, but it's really fun to sink in, since you can see anyone you're with."

"Huh..."

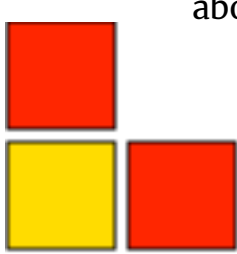
Gilda looked down, half wanting to spread her wings before trying to jump in. But Con didn't give her the chance. He eagerly pulled her into the water, at the edge, going into it himself as he did.

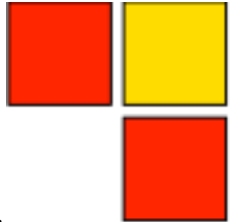
It made the eagle squawk out loud, limbs flailing everywhere at first, but after the initial shock, she noticed just how nice the pool was. It felt like a soft massage on her muscles, slowly pulling away all of the stress and wear they went through across the day.

"Feels good." She said, paddling to the edge and letting herself float along the surface as she held on. "Haven't felt like this since that Rarity friend of Dash took me to a pony spa."

"Good." Con replied, pulling the griffon into his arms. The gesture would've normally set Gilda on edge, but with how nice Con had been to her, she didn't mind one bit. "It's nice to relax before you go down for your first time. You probably won't last long until you get used to it."

"That's what that dweeb Tera said. Couldn't last more than a few minutes underwater when she started. *I* could probably go a lot longer. How about you?"





The red gryphon grinned. “A long time. Even longer than Tera, usually. And *I* let go of most of my air on the way down.”

Gilda steeled herself, looking down into the clear vat below her. It was like swimming in the air. She didn’t know where the surface really started, so on her way down, she’d have no way of knowing how far up it was to get back.

Without a word, she let herself begin dropping into the water, bringing the invisible sheet of water over her head. It wasn’t all that bad, going under like that. She found it very *calming*, her talons and paws barely moving as she slowly descended toward the ground.

And just behind her, Con began to fall as well. Unlike Gilda, he’d been quite aroused already, loincloth discarded at the edge of the pool and his cock right out in the open with a talon already wrapped around it.

Tera’s words to Gilda began coming back to her, and she moved herself toward her drowning partner just as the phoenix let out large bubbles of air into the pool.

A rush, huh? She thought, looking over Con a bit before turning around with her rump in the air. Her tail was raised right in front of the gryphon’s face, making him turn an even brighter red. *We’ll just see about that.*

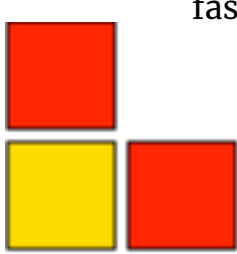
Con took the hint rather eagerly, pulling Gilda over to him and sliding his pointed tip right into the slick folds of her feminine lips. The virgin pussy parted, but was tight enough to make Con grunt with pleasure as her shuddering body teased the flesh of his cock.

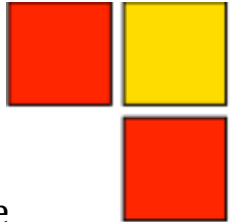
She braced herself as her new lover began thrusting slow and rhythmically into her, stuffing himself deep into her sensitive opening over and over again.

It didn’t take long for the pair to reach the bottom, Gilda’s feet planted nice and firm against the floor as Con took his place above her. His talons gripped her shoulders, and with every push he made, he let out more and more of the air in his lungs.

Gilda had to let out the carbon dioxide that had been building in her own body, leaving her chest empty of oxygen. There was no going back with the bigger male holding her down, and she felt so amazing from the pounding her body was getting.

The lady bird was already beginning to turn quite blue around her cheeks, though Con had been there much longer. He let out a massive silent moan, and with a hard thrust into the smaller griffon’s body, he came hard and fast, flooding her insides with warm seed.





Gilda arched her back as she felt Con hilt her, shuddering hard from the sheer bliss. But her inexperience in the art of drowning was already catching up to her. Her limbs jerked and twitched from the lack of air, causing her to fall completely to the ground under the weight of her partner. And soon after, darkness took over her vision.

Her body gave one last shudder, and then...nothingness.

Con let himself fade soon after, though not before taking a chance to give the body of Gilda a kiss on the beak, laying side-by-side until death took him as well. Moving him into the void.

Just outside the windows of the tank, in an access-way for visitors to watch the drowners from, a silvery metal dragon walked by. He looked rather angry with his exposed jagged teeth, and forward facing horns keeping his eyes in a constant glare. He was massive, and looked to be made more for combat than carrying the steel girders that were over his shoulders.

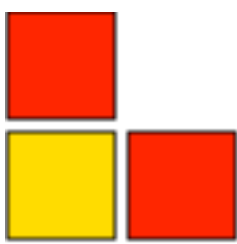
And as he passed the diamond bath's windows, he looked at the remains of the pair within, limp and laying against the bottom. "I just cleaned that..." The dragon said with a sigh, his voice deep and bellowing while still sounding high-pitched, as if death itself talked through him. However, instead of getting angry, he shook his head and continued on, knowing he'd get a bit of fun with at least one of the two later.

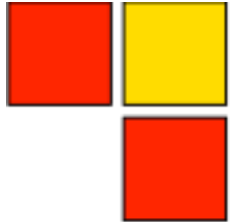
Con was the first to wake up after reforming, yawning as he rose to his feet. Gilda was nearby, still sleeping on the ground, moving ever so slightly in her drowsiness. A simple kiss from the phoenix caused her to stir quickly, though, snapping to like a switch had just been flipped.

"Huh!? Who!? Wha!?" she exclaimed in her confusion, twisting around on her hind legs as if looking for a fight. "O...Oh! Oh wow... D-did...Did that just *happen!*?"

She reached between her legs with a talon as Con nodded to her. Pointing to the corpse still residing within the tank. "Yeah. That just happened. That's our old bodies."

This left Gilda quite speechless, a bright red coursing across her face. She'd literally just died, and didn't feel a bit of pain outside of a brief aching in her chest. Maybe it was the company and what Con was doing at the time, or maybe it was the excitement of the moment as she perished. She didn't know. What she *did* know was that she wanted *more* of it. Part of her even wanted to try out that suit that made Tera into a cake, and see how that would go.





“Well... I didn’t expect *that* to happen like it did.” She told him as she nuzzled against his arm. “Wouldn’t mind going again sometime. That was a bigger rush than a good prank.”

A sigh suddenly echoed through the halls around them. As the two turned around, they caught sight of Tera, still wearing the Candy Gilda suit and looking quite annoyed.

“I thought I told them not to let you out!” Con said to Tera-Gilda, surprised at the sight of the cake gryphon.

Tera smirked, shaking her head. “Sildrae got hungry. No one argues with Sildrae when he’s hungry. Anyw—”

Her thought was cut short at Sildrae’s heavy footsteps came crashing down behind her. The metal dragon from before still looked as terrifying as ever, this time carrying a large metal drum over one shoulder. Without even so much as a word to the trio, he reached out and snatched up the sweets bird with his free hand, carrying her off with her candy beak firmly kept closed.

Gilda just stared at the lumbering beast, jaw dropped to the ground. “Who...was that?”

“That’d be Sildrae.” Con replied, trying to stifle a laugh. “One of Tera’s mates. Great guy. Especially if you need a nice weight belt to keep you sunk to the bottom, or someone to eat you when you get that urge. He can be quite ravenous at times.”

“I’ll just take your word on it.” That was when her situation dawned on her. “Oh... She was supposed to be the one to take me home... She’s the one who knows how to get me back...”

The phoenix sighed. “Don’t worry. I’ll get you a room in the resort hotel for tonight. Sil shouldn’t keep her like that beyond tomorrow morning.”

“Oh! Um... Thanks.” Gilda looked rather embarrassed by the gesture, despite everything they’d went through. “Think we could go for another dive first? That last one was pretty fun.”

“Sure.”

