

Raf Puffs

By: IndigoRho

Leon Gaines looked upon the array of conveyor belts, tubes, and machinery that made up the state of the art food processing plant he was touring. Sporting an impeccable business suit and a gelled, frosted-tip mohawk, the hefty hyena appeared quite out of place in the facility, but sometimes it was best to personally oversee operations. As an executive of Evergreen Technology he'd spearheaded some of the most profitable ventures in the company's recent history, and he expected the plant to live up to his own impressive reputation. After all, he had his secret weapon with him.

"Wow, it looks pretty, let's leave." A frustrated voice spoke up, prompting Leon to turn around.

Behind him was an even fatter hyena, nearly his splitting image aside from the extra weight and pink mohawk. He wore a utilitarian white jumpsuit with a black belt that emphasized his girth to an excessive degree. The other hyena was Leon's twin brother, Raf, and their relationship was strained to say the very least. Leon had always taken joy in teasing his grumpier counterpart whenever possible, or embarrassing him by making him huge in various ways. Understandably Raf didn't trust Leon at all, though he was still easily coerced into meeting up with him at suspicious locations like the plant.

"I brought you here so you could see the new snack line you inspired, Rafael," Leon replied, grinning as he said his twin's full name, which he'd never been fond of.

Raf let out a low growl. "I'm flattered."

Leon pulled out a small marshmallow puff that seemed to be mimicking a hyena's face, complete with a frown and pink mohawk. "Raf Puffs are going to be a new craze! Why don't you taste one yourself?"

"No thanks, I'm on a diet," Raf said.

"One's not going to hurt you, you baby." Leon tossed the treat at his brother, who reluctantly caught it.

Raf glared at his marshmallow doppelganger, and of course it returned the favor. Despite knowing he'd regret eating it, he also didn't want to deal with Leon nagging him about it for the rest of the dumb tour, chomping down on the snack and finishing it off in a couple bites. He swallowed it as fast as he could, though enough of the taste lingered on his tongue for Raf to bemoan how delicious it actually was. They were definitely the kind of thing he could devour a whole bag of without even realizing it. Fortunately there didn't appear to be any more in sight.

"You can try hiding behind that pouting as much as you want, but you obviously enjoyed it," Leon smirked, delighted to see his twin frown even more. Of course, that puff pales in comparison to one that's included the secret ingredient."

There was a sliver of curiosity in Raf. "And what's that?"

"You of course!" Leon chuckled.

The taste that'd drifted at the tip of Raf's tongue suddenly returned twice as strong, as if his entire mouth was filled with the puffs. Raf shook as a chill ran down his spine, his whole body feeling funny in a way he couldn't quite describe. A powerful marshmallow aroma filled his nostrils, and Raf sniffed for the phantom smell a bit before realizing its source: him. With horror he watched the color of his paw start to fade, the tan growing paler and paler with each passing second until it was as white as his jumpsuit. He stumbled backwards in shock, almost tripping as he discovered he was far lighter than he should have been.

"W-what'd you do to me!" Raf shouted, frantically examining himself.

"I've turned you into something more useful, brother," Leon replied with a smile. "As a marshmallow your flavor profile will be beyond amazing, and Raf Puffs will be the new addicting craze of the season."

Before Raf could curse out his twin he felt an odd sensation within him and looked down. His already massive gut was visibly swelling, ballooning outward as if he were being stuffed. He prodded

at his belly in a desperate attempt to stop the expansion, but mere pokes wouldn't be enough to reverse the transformation, his whole body thickening as well. As light as he was, Raf couldn't walk well thanks to the rampant bloating, awkwardly backing away from his brother. Raf's hide was squishy, like an actual marshmallow, the taste and smell of which was omnipresent. Becoming a literal waddling snack was utterly overwhelming, and ensured he wasn't aware of his surroundings.

"Honestly Raf you should be excited," Leon said as he slowly stalked his twin, stealthily guiding him. "You'll be satisfying so many appetites with all the Raf Puffs you make, you'll be a household name!"

Raf yelped as he backed into something unexpectedly, but before he could see what it was Leon shoved the swelling marshmallow hyena hard in the chest, toppling him. The stunned Raf had fallen right onto a moving conveyor belt. He frantically rocked back and forth in an attempt to right himself, but he was simply too massive to get back up, reduced to a wobbling blob on the conveyor. His struggles were accompanied by whines and grunts, Raf stubbornly refusing to give up despite how futile his efforts were. Leon cheerfully strolled beside him the entire way, ignoring his pleas and giving him the occasional teasing poke, utterly unmoved by his twin's plight.

Just ahead the conveyor vanished into a large piece of machinery, its entrance like a maw waiting to eagerly consume the confectionery hyena heading its way. Raf's eyes widened in fear as he passed the threshold and into darkness, his final echoing yells soon muffled as his fluffy belly managed to get jammed in the hole. He kicked and wiggled wildly in response, knowing the machine would be his doom if he entered it. Unfortunately the conveyor belt had enough power to gradually force Raf through inch-by-inch. Inevitably he disappeared from view, and the last Leon saw of his brother was a pair of puffy flailing footpaws.

The exec casually made his way to the far end of the machine, where another conveyor belt led from, his eyes intently watching the exit. A few minutes later his patience paid off. Neat rows of fresh Raff Puffs began moving out of the machine and down the conveyor, all created predominantly from his unlucky brother, with just a few extra ingredients added. Raf's immense size had guaranteed a considerable batch, which was systematically getting churned out, packaged, and organized. All thanks to the wonder of Raf clones.

Of course Leon wouldn't have permanently done in his twin brother, he'd never want to deny himself future years of amusement for such a short term gain. Fortunately his company had the means to create docile clones of Raf with ease, meaning Leon could have more made and transformed into marshmallow stock whenever they were needed. Normally they'd have no will to resist on their own, grumpily accepting of their fate, but Leon couldn't resist having the first believe it was the *real* Raf; watching the panic and look of betrayal was simply too fun. As the machine continued making Raf Puffs Leon headed out, a long day of marketing his twin ahead of him.