

Twitter Story #7 - Teplian Taffy

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Content Warning: Cartoon physics, casual, candy transformation, machinery

Prompt from @skyminAD:

"I don't quite remember if you've ever written about this, so anything with cartoon physics -- presumably flattening as a kink, but other cartoon tropes are possible. No other restriction other than that!"

The push was so gentle that Ciera genuinely didn't understand what was happening until it was too late. "Ah, it seems we have our first live volunteer!" the Delibird tour guide cheerily observed as Ciera fell over the railing and down into the waiting contraption below.

Ciera mashed face-first against the rollers, the guiding belts spinning to action with the detected input. With such friction from so many sides, the only way to go was through. And the large rollers weren't about to budge. Her smooth, adaptable body would have to.

"Taffy production is quite simple," the tour guide explained as the hapless teplian was steadily pinched together, mashed through and squeezed out by the rollers. "Once the ingredients are ready, it's just plenty of rolling, twisting, mashing, and flavoring until it's all ready!"

Massive presses pumped up and down, mashing and indenting into Ciera's increasingly pliant yet tough form. Every inch, breasts to toes, was deliberately pounded, her curvy body increasingly reduced to something only reminiscent of a larger, more stacked silhouette of herself.

As she passed through, it injected additional colors and flavors into the pliant teplian. Then it was into and over the horizontal bars, and that flustered expression was soon tossed about in circles, the taffy pullers working overtime to wrap the flat girl over and over herself.

"Can't believe we never tried this before! What is...well, was she anyway?" the tour guide marveled as Ciera's eyes rolled amid a thick wrapped mess of ever pinker live candy.

"Teplian," said a grey fox who, judging from the smirk, might've been the one to give her a nudge.

"Well, she's taking to this like a champ!" the tour guide marveled. "We might need to get more of these."

Pulled, mashed, lumped, flattened, mixed...over and over, Ciera became more and more inseparable with the confectionary additions until...

...a slab of fresh taffy slid onto the stainless output table. The dizzy expression that looked out from it spoke volumes. "Well! Doesn't she look like the best strawberry taffy I've ever seen?" the tour guide whistled. "Now, normally we'd get it ready for sale, buuut..."

"It was my main ingredient. Could I get my tour souvenir wrapped?"

"Of course! Even trade for the lead on a new product, I think!"

Ciera simply groaned as she adapted to her new form, helpless to stop her boss from claiming her. It wasn't as though there was much teplian left!