

Hoard Day Sweets

by Maven Treecat

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Content Warning: Candy transformation, stealthy public use, dissolving, chewing, digestion, implied reformation

“Happy Hoard Day!”

The small gathering cheered from the more loungey seats in the otherwise lightly occupied building. The squirrel who’d started the cheer as she finally marched down the stairs from some last-minute paperwork and placations—the kobold source of much of it, Omen, walking just behind her and gnawing upon the impossibly tough taffy Cassidy had given him in the hopes of occupying the cute young one for the foreseeable future—wasn’t used to throwing a Hoard Day party like this, but she welcomed the opportunity.

Danny, the half-fennec alchemist, was predictably mid-mixing every single holiday drink made available into one glass. Maven, the squirrel-cat bureaucrat and investigator, had been awkwardly fiddling with their tail and a small notebook. Lillan, the mouse arcanist, had been chatting with Maven and gently pushing a curious large snake away. Ojikori, the red fox ranger, was trying to find reasons not to coax his snake away from his mousey friend while he spoke with his guest, the kobold adventurer Genji. And, while they hadn’t invited her specifically, no one had tried to discourage the kobold druid Phife from joining. And what was Phife doing? Phife was simply sitting back, watching the festivities, swishing and sucking along a red-striped piece of candy and twirling the end sticking out between her fingers.

“Ghh...too tight...warm...”

“I’m glad almost everyone could show up!” Cassidy said, a big smile across her face as she glanced towards the main door. “...maybe Sefra got caught up with something on the farm?”

“He is really slow,” Danny remarked, not looking up from the increasingly disturbingly-colored concoction he was mixing. “Might show up later? Probably best not to wait. I’m sure he’d be fine with that..”

“You’re just saying that because you wanna open presents,” Maven observed.

“It is a fact,” he clarified firmly. “...but I also want to open presents, yes.”

“Well, you guys really must’ve earned it. Just a year ago, furfolk didn’t seem to get anything from Saint Nicodemus here in Lark!” Cassidy hummed, casting her eyes over to the small pile of presents that had been assembled in the corner. “But I guess you all have been impressing a lot of kobold folk!”

“Guessing you already got most of yours, huh Genji?” Ojikori said, tail wagging with the knowledge the kobold had gotten at least one gift for sure. The fellow explorer nodded surprisingly bashfully in response.

“Yours were probably delivered to your front gate, right Phife?” Maven asked the other guest in the room.

“Mhm. Delivered straight to me,” the kobold druid said with a toothy grin around her candy treat. “Including a couple from y’all.”

“Oh good, Sefra must’ve made it with the gift we’d put together as thanks for your assistance,” the squirrel-cat sighed with relief. “Not sure who brought you a second, though...I only knew of the one we chipped in for.”

“Not really the holiday spirit to tell, isn’t it?” Phife giggled, giving another firm suck over the top of peppermint shape she played with.

“Nnhh,,help...m-melting...”

As the presents passed around to their rightful recipients, she leaned back and dipped the seasonal candy deeper into her mouth. Her tongue wrapped around a few curves, the warmth of her mouth helping to draw out that sugary mint flavor, dissolving it in her drool to wash back and gulp down. While the candy remained firm, her magic could feel something more subtle giving an awkward squirm as its physical form slowly wore away from her casual suckling. That sensation, more than the delicious flavor, made Phife smile wider.

“You know you love it~” *slk-slrrrrp~*

“B-bweh!”

Lillan leaned over to the kobold lady as Danny unboxed a My First Clockworks set and, after chugging down his drink concoction and gagging in disgust, hastily began tearing through the box to assemble some unknowable contraption. “That’s a weird-looking candy cane,” the mouse noted.

“Mhm. I’ve been giving candy-sculpting a try,” Phife responded, popping the candy free of her mouth to show the mouse. Strangely humanoid, the peppermint stick had a lump with four nubs on its “abdomen” and a small bump on its rear; the expression was worn away, the red stripes having faded into merely pink-tinted white, but it almost looked to be one of alarm and fluster. Whatever the small candy statue had atop its “head”—probably two tall ears—had been worn away the most so far; they had been sharpened and fused into a single spike, threatening in its keen pointiness.

“Haha, almost looks like Sefra!” Lillan snickered.

"That was the intent, thanks!" Phife said gratefully, looking over her handiwork. "It's a little less lasting an artform than my...usual proclivities, but still a very amusing diversion."

"But it has its own charm, right?"

"Certainly. Its temporary nature is quite amusing in a way. Meaningful in form one moment..." Phife popped the candy back into her mouth, giving a hard swish over the candy's presumed face and slurping just another bit of definition away from those panicked eyes and stunned expression. "...before dissolving away as a sticky-sweet minty pool in my stomach."

"Mmph!"

Lillan blushed, picking up on a potential implication she thought the kobold might not have anticipated, her pressing away of the snake's curious and interesting motions growing a tiny bit less insistent. The mouse decided, instead, to busy herself a little more with the present that had been passed in front of her: a magic riddle book.

Phife watched all Sefra's friends commenting on and trying out their various new gifts, all of them distracted from and oblivious to the fact their friend was here already...and, bit by bit, Phife was dissolving them away. It had been too tempting; how could she resist one of her favorite playthings showing up at her doorstep on Hoard Day? And they barely could suspect anything, thanks to this new interest of hers being just barely different enough from her usual transformative flair.

The bunny oracle had stiffened so easily, slowly shrinking as she stripped away his clothes. Even his udder had stilled its jiggling when the red band of color started spiralling up his body across his increasingly white body. Down and down, he grew tighter and tighter, until all his mass had squeezed into eight inches of solid peppermint candy...and only Phife could hear his soul's hapless protests and squeaks. And, as she sucked away his form top-down, she couldn't help but feel tickled at how those noises grew more and more drunk, dizzy, and dumb...especially as her drool began dissolving away the sugar that once was Sefra's head.

slk-slrrk-slk-slk...

"Hnh...c-can't think...too..."

Slk-slrrp-slrrk-crkl "Whoops~"

"W...was that...my ears?"

"Not anymore they're not..." *Gulp! Slrrp~*

With the sharp point no longer a stabbing threat for the back of her mouth, left in tiny pieces that quickly disintegrated in her warm drool and slipped deep into her belly, Phife flipped the helpless candy over and pushed him deep until the fresh minty bumps of his udder were directly against her tongue's tip. She licked deep and firm, the sensitive gasp from the kobold-registered livestock much to her pleasure. She slowly worked it down, rubbing firmly, until that last special identifying trait slowly began to melt and wash away.

"I'm really surprised Sefra hasn't shown yet," Oji hummed in a brief break from cuddling Gengi on the sofa. "Thought he'd be here, trying to coax us to drink his milk again."

"Can't imagine his milk would be sweeter than this," Phife thought aloud as she wore the bunny's divine endowment down to a subtle curve while his spirit babbled and cursed her in embarrassed, unwillingly-pleasured moans.

"Well, his gift is the only one we've not yet opened," Cassidy sighed, looking at the still-wrapped package on her lap. "I almost wonder if we shouldn't open it for him. I don't know what happens to a Hoard Day present that goes unopened, but most of the stories say it's bad luck."

"Not that they'll ever know. They're so close...but you're just a peppermint candy cane..."

"I'm...I'm right here!"

"Nnh...no..." *pop! crrreak...*

"Ooh," Phife cooed, surprised and gleeful at the feeling of the bunny's new form beginning to weaken on a deeper level. Tiny channels of weaker peppermint candy had already begun to carry her saliva down into him, wearing away at the deepest, strongest parts. Cracks began to play along his form, even as small flakes broke off and sank into the drool. She couldn't resist rubbing him up against the inside of her cheek, hot mawflesh smearing over his body to encourage the process.

"Huh?" Cassidy said, perking up to look at Phife over her glasses. "Is that...a taboo of the holiday or something?"

"Huh?" the kobold mumbled, snapping her attention back to the gathering. "...oh! Oh, no, no taboo. Probably for the best, I'm sure. Hoard Day gifts are meant to be *claimed*, after all."

"And yet you keep coming back~"

"B-bitch..." *crk..ckrk...*

The squirrel sighed. "Well! For Sefra, then." With that, the OWO director began unwrapping the gift.

Phife watched as Cassidy unpackaged the pouch, a not entirely unfamiliar sight for the squirrel overseeing many problem and accident-prone individuals. As the squirrel's eyes lit up with recognition, the kobold druid slowly moved the candy in her mouth, placing the candy along her bottom teeth and squeezing lightly down upon it with her upper teeth. She ground gently over Sefra, hearing him gasp at the new pressure and hardness embracing his almost entirely worn-away shape.

"Ready to be claimed, my gift?" *clnk-clnch...*

"Hhh...w-wait..wait!"

"Ah, yup," Cassidy chuckled, opening the pouch for everyone to see: a quality prism, a gift certificate for an expensive feast, and a booking voucher for one of the larger churches in Lark. "Looks like he got a reformation pack. Should've guessed, that trouble-making bunny."

“Oh, I don’t know,” Phife comforted, locking eyes with Lillan as she pushed the peppermint candy deeper into her maw until even those feet-numbs slipped out of sight behind her closed-mouth smile. “It could be for him, instead.”

“Phiiiiife!”

Ck-CRUNCH, crunch, munch, grunch...gulk~!

“Mine~”

Lillan watched the pulverized candy mash slip down the kobold’s throat after the particularly noisy finishing of that peppermint candy, the realization slowly building in her mind as her eyes snapped up to catch the transformation-talented druid’s wink. The blush from earlier came back with a vengeance, the mouse’s mouth opening as she tried to find words.

“Thanks for letting me visit your establishment, Cassidy. Always a pleasure,” Phife said with a grin, licking over her lips to feel that minty tingle all over her mouth as she quietly pinned the bunny’s soul deep inside her as her stomach quickly dissolved and reduced the ground-down peppermint candy into more of that featureless sugar-water awash in her belly. “Have a happy Hoard Day, you furfolk. Remember...’tis the season to be greedy!”

With that, she left the befuddled and embarrassed mouse and her other friends to their holiday gathering. Philfe got the impression at least two there might take her kobold holiday lesson to heart...and, if Lillan didn’t stay focused, maybe the snake would indulge in the holiday spirit too. But she’d gotten her fun gift for the day. And if Lillan didn’t let the realization slip her mind...well, Sefra would be yet another welcome addition to the horde of souls Phife had in her claim.