

candybombed

A TF STORY WRITTEN
AND ILLUSTRATED BY

Angrboda



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CHAIN REACTION

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“Oh man, you’ve gotta try this stuff!”

Sofia wiped her mouth with her right hand, the sticky residue left by the beverage smearing around her lips. In her other hand she dangled a short, fat glass bottle with no cap and an obnoxiously colored label. She absolutely reeked of peppermint.

Sierra, Sofia’s unfortunate roommate, diverted her attention momentarily from the movie she was watching from their threadbare sofa, only long enough to fire back a retort.

“If your lips have been on that bottle, that is the last thing that is going to happen, like, ever.”

“Oh come on, Sweets.” Sofia plopped her ass down on one of the vacant cushions of the couch. “This stuff is supposed to get you goin’ pretty good. Plus, it tastes awesome.”

“Awesome, huh?” Sierra rolled her eyes, “I’ll be the judge of that. Lemme get a glass.” Sierra knew that placating the other girl would be easier in the long run than protesting the drink, and, really, besides the potential for backwash, she didn’t have a good reason to refuse. She got up, heading for the kitchen and their collection of ancient plastic cups. Once she’d gotten what she came for, she accepted the bottle from the other girl.

“What is this crap anyway?”

“Who cares, it’ll give you a buzz,” Sofia grinned. “‘S called ‘liquid candy,’” she supplied. “I got it from a friend who brought back a ton of funky shit from her trip to Cancun on spring break.”



"Sounds hygenic."

Sierra dropped a couple of ice cubes in the tumbler, then poured a little more than a shot's worth of the liquid over the ice. She let it sit for a second to let the stuff chill, then downed the liquid contents of the cup like a pro. The peppermint smell it had was even stronger in the taste; it filled her whole mouth and left a cool burn in her throat. It was like drinking nasal decongestant. Ugh.

"That was horrible."

"Well it's not my fault if you--"

"Nope. No fights tonight. I'm gonna go lay down," Sierra cut her roommate off mid sentence. "You... you leave me alone for a while."

She slunk off to her bed to crash, leaving Sofia standing in the kitchen holding the sticky bottle and smelling like peppermint.



What-- what?! There had been some kind of screech, some horrible yell coming... coming from the bathroom? Yeah, probably.

Sierra opened her eyes... to complete darkness. She staggered over to the light switch on her wall, trying to give herself enough illumination to see in her dark room. As soon as she flipped the switch, however, she thought better of it. Neon greenish purple dots danced in her vision, then behind her eyes as she squeezed them shut. She quickly flipped the switch back, returning her bedroom to sweet, soothing darkness. Maybe... maybe she would wait to hear more before she charged into the bathroom.

Yeah. Good idea.

She was just getting ready to go back to bed (God, when had she become such a lightweight that one drink sent her to the mattress?) when she heard a familiar voice call to her from, she had guessed it, the bathroom.

"Sierra, you up? Uh... can you come... help me with something?"

Sofia. Great.

This time Sierra didn't even bother with the lights, instead navigating to the hallway using her sense of touch and an apparent newfound ability to distinguish gray blobs from other gray blobs in the darkness. She couldn't remember the last time she'd felt so comfortable moving around in the dark.

Eventually she reached the bathroom door, and, taking note of the light emanating from the room on the other side, gave it a light knock.

"Sofe? You in there?"

"Um-- uh, yeah. Yeah. Look I, uh, look, can you come in? I'm not naked or anything, if you're worried about that."

"What's this about?" Sierra asked, her voice dripping with suspicion. Usually the only time the girls occupied the bathroom together was in scenarios involving their long hair and one of them helping the other avoid covering hers in vomit. Her evening had, up till now, been vomit-free and she wanted to keep it that way.

"Just... come in. Please! Look, I don't know what to do and I... Can you just do it?"

Gingerly, Sierra grasped the doorknob, as if expecting it to explode. When it failed to do so, she turned it slowly, opening the door and stepping into the (ouch) bright bathroom. She squeezed her eyes shut, then blinked for a few seconds, giving them time to adjust

to the fluorescent glare.

What she saw, she hardly believed.



Sofia's face was... very different from when Sierra had last seen her. Her nose had darkened to almost black, and her upper lip had cleft, splitting in the middle running up to the bottom of her nose. The flesh below was speckled with black dots, some of them with white hairs growing from them. Whiskers? Sofia's eyes had changed as well, transmuted from a pale green to a flaked golden. Her lashes had grown much fuller and thicker, too, and her eyebrows and parts of her (formerly dirty blond) hair seemed to be tinted purple. Her ears, she noted belatedly, were pointing at the tip. She could see that they were slightly bloody, and connected the dots when she realized that her roommate's earrings had all been removed, to prevent further tearing.

"You... you have to help me, Sweets..."

Her incisors were pointed. Sierra tried to look as if she hadn't noticed.

"Sofia, your face..." she started.

"My face?! My face!? Look at my ass!" the girl cried, turning to one side, and revealing... some kind of growth, short, and pointed, and very, very purple that appeared to be connected to the base of her spine. It bobbed slightly even as Sierra gaped. It was a tail.

Honestly though, that wasn't the weirdest part. It wasn't! Sierra almost laughed. No, the weirdest part was how... shiny Sofia's skin had become, on her lower back, and, it seemed, her ass. Somehow like porcelain, smooth, unyielding. Like her hair, her skin there was tinged purple, with little bursting patterns of almost white and a darker purple mixing to create an intricate texture on the surface.

Almost absently, Sierra drifted towards the other girl, reaching out a tentative hand to touch the hard, shining surface of her friend's back. Sofia flinched slightly at the touch, but allowed her friend to explore the gradation in texture between the normal skin of her upper back and what had become of her lower back.

"It feels like... pottery. Or porcelain." Sierra mused, "Can you feel? Can you feel my hand, I mean." She placed her fingertips on the affected area.



Sofia turned her face to glance briefly at Sierra. "Yeah... it's... weird. But if anything my sense of touch there is more--" she shuddered as the other girl brushed her fingertips over the small of her back, "sensitive."

"Huh," Sierra mused. Her manner had become detached, even clinical. This situation was insane, but still, hysterics would take her only so far. And they certainly wouldn't help Sofia. "Did you just shower?"

"Uh... what? No, why?"

"It's just... you smell. Good, I mean. But it's pretty strong. Like... apples. Or lemons. Something." She bent down, bringing her face close to her friend's back and inhaled deeply.

"Sweets, what are you--"

"Hold on. I just want to see something."

Sierra brought her face right up to Sofia's back and did something the other girl was definitely not expecting. She opened her mouth and licked an inch long streak along Sofia's spine.

"WHAT WHAT Sierra, what are you DOING--"

"Sofia," she interrupted in the middle of her friend's freak-out, "Sofia. Stop. I was right. It's... it's candy."

"I can't believe you just-- What?"

She placed her hands on the other girl's back. "Your skin, I don't know how else to say it; it's smooth, and hard, and tastes incredibly sour. Like the kind of shit you buy at the grocery store when you're seven. Your skin is turning into candy... and as far as I can see, it's spreading."



It had been about an hour since Sofia's predicament had been revealed to her best friend, Sierra, the girl she lovingly referred to as Sweets. The intervening hour had been... strange, and panicky, and very tiring. Exhausting, even. Especially for Sofia, whose body appeared to be going through some kind of bizarre metamorphosis.

The girls had deduced the cause of the change, the horrible liquor whatever-it-was that Sofia had been guzzling just before her body had started changing, but even that wasn't really

good news. Sierra's very rudimentary understanding of Spanish had translated from the back of the bottle what amounted to a warning: basically, don't drink more than a shot of this stuff in the space of an hour or you're asking for some kind of terrible allergic reaction. There had been something else... about touching? Or maybe it was eating? You weren't supposed to let an affected person eat? Or eat with them? Sierra's understanding of the label had been the bare minimum necessary to realize that her friend had screwed up big time.

Now, said friend was curled up on the couch, with her head resting in Sierra's lap. She was sound asleep, snoring slightly. Sierra absently stroked Sofia's hair, which had once been glossy and dark blonde, but now was mostly a dark purple shade and a texture more like... spun sugar, or really thick candy floss, or something. The roots had grown out completely, leaving no trace of the girl's original hair.



Sofia's face had changed even more in the last hour. Her lips had blackened, and her ears continued to elongate. These had begun to migrate up the side of the girl's head, more towards the top where Sierra expected them to stop. The most dramatic change was that her nose and chin had begun to grow out away from her face, creating a small, pointed muzzle that was sure to continue growing. As Sofia slept, she occasionally let out a whimper, or a growl, or mew, all strange noises coming from her strange new mouth. Her stubby tail had also grown ever so slightly, and the puffy appendage swished a little as Sofia shifted slightly in her sleep. Even though it was small, it was somehow distinctly fox-like in appearance, and put Sierra's last doubts to bed about what her friend's body was becoming. Not that that explained... well...

From here, Sierra could see most of the places the candy skin had spread to, mostly because the transforming girl had stripped down to her undergarments, complaining that her clothes felt too weird on her new skin to keep them on. The candy coating had covered her back completely, and had crept up as high as her neck and around to her stomach and breasts. Her hands, which had developed small, blunt claws, were also covered in the stuff. The abundance of it, all over her friend's body, was making the smell Sierra had whiffed before, sour, yummy citrus... or was it apple? Well, let's just say it was hard to ignore. Sofia smelled amazing and... so... delicious. The urge to do something about it was getting harder and harder to fight-- it had been ever since she had first tasted Sofia's back.

Before she realized what she was doing, Sierra had lifted her friend's hand to her mouth and begun to lick her fingers and palm, running her tongue over the bumpy pads that were beginning to form there, and savoring the amazing sour flavor of the girl's skin. Sofia did not wake up, but her snoring became contented moaning, snapping Sierra out of her reverie.

What was she doing?

But it had been so good... it was hard to even think about why she shouldn't give the paw another lick, just one... She tried to focus, but all she could think about was getting another taste.

She got up carefully, so as not to wake her friend, and then knelt next to the couch where-- what was her friend's name? S... So... Sour, yeah, that was it. Where she was sleeping. She pressed her lips to the girl's glossy torso, inhaling deeply before beginning to lick in earnest at the undissolving, apparently never ending candy composing Sour's fit abdomen. The fox girl's contented noises intensified as her room mate continued to lap at her body, losing herself in the amazing taste in more than one sense. Sierra's hands found new purchase on the couch as she shifted position, and unbeknownst to her they changed...



It was forty minutes later, and Sweets (now, to her, the only name she had ever answered to) had collapsed contentedly on the floor, licking her chops with a tongue that was much longer and more suited to the purpose than demure Sierra's had ever been. She had wriggled out of her top and lay on the carpet almost naked, basking in the tingly sensation she felt as the soft flesh of her stomach harden into a shiny candy coating. An hour ago she would have been disturbed beyond words at this and would have tried desperately to stop it, but ever since she had tasted her friend's wonderful skin, her thinking seemed to be moving in... strange directions.



She cupped a breast with a hand that resembled a paw more than anything human, bringing it closer to her waiting tongue and licking it with gusto. The taste was fantastic, nothing like Sour's, but just as good; like peppermint, cotton candy, and chocolate rolled into one. It was just the right note of extreme sweetness, the kind you could keep nibbling on without getting sick of.

She gave a contented growl of pleasure and turned over on her side bringing her eyes up to meet... the wide open and wondering gaze of Sofia, gaping at her speechlessly.

"What-- you... what happened, Sierra?!" The girl blurted out from her position on the couch, "I went to sleep for a few minutes and... I wake up to this? How did the-- the stuff, whatever, spread to you?"

Sweets beamed at her, a wide cheshire grin that got uncomfortably close to Sofia's face as she bounded over and ambushed her friend on the couch.

"I know, isn't it awesome?" Sweets exclaimed, straddling Sofia and swishing the short stub of her proto-tail, "Now we're like, twins!"

Sofia gaped at the mental change that had obviously taken place in Sierra since she had fallen asleep. She also gaped at... well, Sweets' obvious lack of a top or any lingerie to speak of, which left her ample bubblegum pink breasts freely bouncing in the open as the candy girl moved around. Her attention was inexorably drawn to the swirls covering the center of the girl's chest, marking where Sierra's nipples... had... been.

Sofia quickly reached underneath her bra, sliding it off her breasts, the awkwardness of the whole thing forgotten in a moment of panic. She saw that her nipples, too, were gone, leaving the smooth curve of her chest uninterrupted. In their place were markings; concentric stars showing on each breast. Her hand flew to her chest, grabbing for any sign that what she was seeing wasn't real, when her fingers brushed the star markings. A fluttery feeling in her stomach along with the feeling of extreme pleasure from the slick, candy covered flesh under her fingertips let her know that although it may look different, her erogenous zone was still more than intact. Just to be sure (well, mostly just to be sure) she touched the stars again, and felt the unmistakable shiver of sexual pleasure fill her.

"Oh, is that what you wanted to do?" Sweets asked, snapping Sofia out of her reverie, "Well, all you had to do was ask." She arched an eyebrow and flashed a quick grin, then opened her mouth wider and extended her now canine tongue, making a kind of lolling expression Sofia associated mostly with dogs. Bringing her face close to her friend's chest, she began to use her long tongue to caress Sofia's breast.

Sofia's protest broke off abruptly into a soft moan. She felt submerged in the amazing sensation of the beast girl's mouth on her body, but bobbing on the surface of that sea of pleasure was the debris of her apprehension, fear, and the general wrongness of what had happened to them both. Her higher reasoning was screaming at her to compose herself; to throw her friend off her and get to the bottom of her nightmarish transformation--

It's not a nightmare, she thought to herself. Nightmares don't feel like this. It's... well... pretty damn weird, but thanks to, ahhhhnh, what Sweets is doing, it seems whatever pain



I was feeling before is gone.

And then there was the scent! It was overpowering in a good way, impossible for her newly augmented senses to ignore, and totally amazing. Every fraction of a second it brought something else to mind, now cinnamon rolls, then peppermint sticks, then strawberries... it went on and on. She knew somehow that it would be a bad idea, but at this point she was half crazed and beyond caring. She craned her neck up and gave Sweets a kiss on her candy cheek, stealing just the slightest lick, the smallest taste of the pink foxgirl's delicious skin.

Surprised out of her licking spree, Sweets cocked her head quizzically at Sofia, questioning her intent with the slightest inclination of her brow.

In for a penny... Sofia thought, and planted another kiss on Sierra, this time squarely on the mouth.



Sierra's transformation, such as it was, apparently had progressed further than Sofia's by this point. Whether it was because the latter had fallen asleep, or whatever other reason, Sweets' tongue was longer, and met Sofia's in her own muzzle. The two girls, inhibitions more or less abandoned, moved their hands and paws into more comfortable positions as they kissed, Sweets' underneath herself to support her more comfortably, and Sofia's caressing Sweet's torso and (Sweets drew in a small but abrupt gasp) her breasts. Cupping and kneading, caressing and stimulating, Sofia payed special attention to the swirls, thinking of them as a bulls-eye, a target for her to aim for.

"Holy Hell, Sour," Sweets breathed, "That feels fucking amazing."

The pink girl moved her muzzle down to her friend's neck, and seranaded the smooth lilac skin there with kisses and licks, burying her face beneath Sofia's chin. Her ears, now at the top of her head and fully mobile, rotated back slightly to keep them from brushing up against Sofia's cheek. Her whiskers had fully grown in and tickled slightly.

"What -- ahhhn -- did you call me?" Sofia sighed between moans. "That's not my--"

Sweets moved her left paw from the couch to Sofia's porcelain abdomen, from her abdomen to her hip, from her hip to her--

"It's not my..."

The fleshy pads that had grown in on he tips of Sweets' fingers tingled slightly as she gently traced the lips of Sofia's most private parts through the soft cotton of her panties... then the line where the undergarments met the skin of her hips... then hooked slightly over the waistband of Sofia's last remaining article of clothing--



"my...."

Sweets' left paw hesitated briefly, then yanked the panties down, leaving Sofia totally exposed.

"name."

Sofia breathed out a tiny sigh as Sweets' gentle fingers entered her, glorious and warm and perfect and wonderful... and right. Sofia breathed out.

And Sour breathed in.

Suddenly, all the changes that had seemed to have been stalled suddenly... opened up. She stretched her toes as her feet elongated and popped, claws emerging from her once petite digits. Her tail, which had been stubby before, suddenly snaked outward and became much larger, making her roll slightly to one side to accommodate it. She swished it back and forth, something Sofia had avoided doing, but which Sour did with gusto, working out all the kinks caused by the transformation in her lower spine.

She moved to kiss Sweets again, and as she did, her muzzle finished elongating into its narrow, pointed, foxlike final proportion. Her tongue seemed to finally finish lengthening, which she used to her advantage as she lavished Sweets' face with delicious licks and kisses.

Sweets bent her own face down, which had finished its transformation during the more delicate parts of their exchange, surrounding them both in her cascade of raspberry colored hair. (What color had it been? No, it was always this way, wasn't it?)

Sour frowned slightly. There was something she couldn't quite think of... Something bothering her. Just a little. As much as she could be bothered, with a gorgeous naked foxgirl on top of her, anyway.

"What's wrong, Sour-puss?" Sweets asked playfully.

"Nothing," Sour answered, quickly. "It's just... Did something just happen? Something big. Have we..." She struggled to remember. "Have we always been like this?"

Sweets grinned, and kissed her on the cheek.

"As long as I can remember," She answered. "And anyway, what does it matter? We are what we are." She grinned playfully.

"And we might as well enjoy it."





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