

We All Scream for Weiss Cream!, Part 2 (Mass Food TF, RWBY)

Grabbing another bowl from the stack, Weiss approached the machine, slipped the bowl under the tap, and pulled the lever. With a grumble and a gurgle, ice cream poured from the pipe in a thick white stream, spiralling into a miniature mountain. She couldn't help but bite her lip at the sight of it.

Taking it in her hands, she returned to their makeshift table, where the rest of Team RWBY had just about finished their own second servings.

"Ooo," moaned Blake, carefully slipping one last spoonful through her lips. "I don't know if I can eat anymore..."

"What's the matter?" said Yang, eagerly stuffing a whole scoop into her mouth. "Afraid it'll all go to your butt? 'Cos you're a little late."

Blake ignored her. "I know I should stop... But it's just so good..."

"Mshshmiss!" said Ruby. Unlike the others, she was already on her fourth bowl, having cast aside the impediment of the spoon in favor of simply tipping the stuff straight into her mouth. Already, her swollen gut had spilled onto the table.

"Still hungry?" said Weiss, slipping into her own seat. No sooner had she taken it, however, than Ruby grabbed her bowl and guzzled its contents down as well. "Hey! I was going to eat that—!"

"Sorry," said Ruby, her cheeks bulging. Globbs of ice cream flew everywhere when she spoke.

Weiss sighed. "It's fine... I can just make get some more." Returning to the machine, she grabbed another bowl from the stack and held it under the handle, but when she tugged on the lever, all that came out was air. Frowning, she turned back to its window and peeked inside to see it was empty. "...I didn't realize we'd eaten quite so much." She blushed, wiggling her legs together. "Well, I can always make a little more, I suppose."

Turning to the machine's controls, she tapped away at the keys, inputting her new order. Perhaps she'd try chocolate this time...

As she hit enter, the machine spun into life with a whine like a turbine winding up to speed. Weiss returned to the porthole and peeked inside—she couldn't get enough of watching it work.

After several seconds, a naked woman dropped screaming into the machine. She was swiftly followed by a second and a third, and soon women were pouring into the tank like rain, landing in a jiggling pile of breasts and butts and limbs. Finally, once it was full, the tenor of its groaning changed a little, and with a series of screams from its unfortunate occupants, they found themselves starting to spin, whirling around like fresh cream under the whisk. Soon their bodies became impossible to tell apart.

As the machine slowly wound back down to a stop, Weiss returned to the tap and gave the lever a great tug. With a hiss, thick chocolate ice cream poured into her bowl and coiled into an appetisingly-large pile. Licking her lips, she hurried back to the table and took her seat once more, carefully shielding her bowl from Ruby as she did.

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On the other end of the spoon, Olivia Thompson screamed inside as the pale-faced giant loomed over her, her eyes bright and her expression hungry.

Olivia had been on her way home from work when she'd been taken. One moment she'd been casually strolling down the street, and the next she'd found herself snatched into the sky, dragged into the air by a thread of inverted gravity. Flung through a vortex of light that stripped her work clothes and her dignity, she soon landed in a pile of other women, where she could only struggle to the surface, fighting to keep their bodies from rubbing against her own.

And then things had gotten *really* weird. Just as Olivia had thought their situation couldn't get any worse, they started to spin, whipped about like cake batter, till she couldn't tell where she ended and they began, like they'd all become the same single fleshy fluid. Strangely, the faster they spun, the colder they seemed to become, as if the process were sapping their heat instead of increasing it. And with the cold came an even stranger sensation: the taste of chocolate, as if they'd been dunked in a bowl of cocoa powder. For the first time in Olivia's life, it made her want to scream.

At last, the spinning had come to an end, and Olivia found herself sucked out of the strange tank, her altered body forced through a pipe maybe a couple of inches wide, and deposited in nothing more than a plain plastic bowl, where she coiled in on herself with a moan. At least ten or more other people were mixed in with her, and she could feel them squirming around her, not that they could really move.

Back at the table, Olivia could only lie there and watch as the giant princess picked up the spoon and brought it towards them. Slowly, the realization of what they'd become—and what was going to happen to them—settled in. *N-no! No, please, you can't—! You can't eat us! We're people, not food! We're—!*

The spoon slammed into her side, driving a scream from her lips—or it would have, if she'd still had them. As it was, Olivia could only moan in her head, listening to the faint cries of the other victims as she did, as a piece of her was hauled out of the bowl and through the white-haired woman's lips. When it landed on her tongue, it was like being dipped in acid. Olivia had never wanted to scream so much.

Spoonful by spoonful, the princess dipped her spoon into their bodies, scooped out a pound of their chocolate-flavored flesh, and casually carried it to her mouth, where she wasted no time sending it down her throat. With every piece of her devoured, Olivia found it a little harder to think, a little harder to remember who or what she was. The others' voices were growing quieter as well, as if she were steadily losing touch with them.

Finally, the spoon caught the dollop of cream made from her head, leaving Olivia to scream as her viewpoint shot into the air as well. *N-no!* she cried, as the monster's mouth opened wide, a cavern of teeth, all stark white spikes. *No, no, please! Please, you can't! You can't--!*

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Sucking the last scoop of ice cream off her spoon, Weiss swallowed with a gulp, sat back, and rubbed her stomach. "Ah~," she said. "Anyone want another bowl?"