

Good Puppies Bake Sale

By: Firingwall

Commission done for Anonymous

“Come on, let's see some more hustle!”

“Oh sh-shut up! I'm tryin' my... my best here!” It was a warm, pleasant morning in the park for two friends, Micah and Jim. They were out for a nice jog together, Micah leading far ahead while Jim was trailing a great distance behind.

Micah chuckled, looking over his shoulder at his pal. “Okay, okay! I'll slow down, bud.”

He dropped his pace and, eventually, Jim reached his side. He was a sweaty mess, panting hard and looking weak. Micah grinned, wiping his brow. “Heh, maybe y-you need to spend less time snacking and more time moving and working out.”

“G-g-great su-suggestion!” huffed Jim, his gaze harsh. “I'll b-be sure to ke-keep that in mind wh-whenver I mir-miraculously have time off!”

“Okay, chill dude! Just jokin'!” He slowed his pace even more, the two of them now coming down a slow, casual walk.

Micah may joke or rib him, but the two were good friends and coworkers at a large firm downtown. They bonded over annoying customers and their terrible, unhelpful manager. Micah even met Jim when he was getting chewed out by the guy, helping him out of the jam. They've been close ever since, Micah even looking out for his buddy.

“This... this just isn't my speed...” Jim panted, eventually just stopping. He bent over, hands on his knees. “Maybe... maybe we should do something with a little less running...”

“Well,” Micah said, stopping and stretching too, “We can meet up later. I heard about this bar that's pretty popular. We can grab a drink... meet a few ladies.” He nudged his buddy, winking at him.

Jim smiled awkwardly back. “I appreciate that faith, but I'm not sure anyone would be all that interested if you're right there beside me.”

“Don't be so hard on yourself!” Micah chuckled, “Sure, maybe you're not as fit as me.” He cheekily flexed an arm, Jim just rolling his eyes. “But, you're not bad-looking yourself. You have a steady job, and you're a good guy. I'm sure there's someone out there for you!”

His friend could be such a downer at times. It didn't bother him like it might for some others, but it did make him want to help the guy out. Heck, he suggested this jog after his friend expressed concern about gaining a bit too much weight lately the other day.

“Again, thanks for the vote of confidence, but that's just a dream.” Jim sighed, rubbing his face. “There's no way I'll just find someone special like...”

His face twitched, brow furrowing. His nose twitched followed by him leaning his head back, taking a deep breath. “Hey... do you smell something?”

Micah gave him an odd look. He took a deep breath through his nose. “...yeah! Smells like someone's... baked something.”

And something incredibly tasty at that! The two men had never smelled something so delicious and enticing! Its aroma was positively entrancing to the senses and mind.

Whatever that food was, it had to be good. The curious duo began to follow the scent as best as they could to its origins. It was difficult with the gentle breeze and other scents in the air, but, somehow, wherever the baked goods were, their scent stood out prominently.

As the guys followed, their stomachs began to rumble. They had eaten not that long ago, but now, it was as if their tanks were running on empty. They needed whatever this was and fast, their pace quickening. Jim didn't even seem to notice how tired he was before.

Eventually, the scent led them to an open, brick-laid area of the park. There laid the large, elegant water fountain with its impressive, water-squirting statues. In front of it were three tables not belonging to the park. Two of which were piled with baked goods and desserts of all shapes and kinds. One table was currently being set by, presumably, the bakers.

They were two ladies, dog ladies. One with a golden retriever in a cute tank top, the other a poodle with purplish gray fur, a big afro gently bouncing with every bit of movement. They were very pretty, striking, and incredibly curvy.

The two canine women were happily chatting with one another, unloading from their van nearby to put even more food out. They were so deep in their conversation that they didn't seem to notice the guys across the plaza, out in the open.

Micah and Jim stared at the furry ladies from a distance quietly, processing the sight. They didn't know how to react. Anthros weren't rare by any means, but they weren't common occurrences either.

Jim asked outloud, more really just talking to himself, "I wonder what they're doing."

"It looks like they're setting up a bake sale or something." Micah shrugged. "I don't think I heard about any market happening today. Weird if they're just doing it themselves."

The two quietly kept watching the ladies as they set up, remaining seemingly oblivious of them the whole while. Perhaps the men could walk over and see if they could ask them about their food. It smelled awfully good.

In fact, now that they were closer, its soft aroma was stronger, more enticing than it was before. Their noses seemed to sniff the air more, the scent invading them and the men's entire beings. They felt even hungrier, more wanting than before. Their stomachs rumbled louder.

Then, something peculiar happened. When they sniffed the air, something shifted about their noses. Micah's swelled a little, nostrils flaring up and widening a touch. The skin upon the tip of it darkened a smidgen.

Jim's nose, however, took a far bigger whiff. It swelled even larger, the tip of it lifting and nostrils swelling and pulling in. The skin turned fully black, but also bumpy and a little wet. It jutted out on his face, reshaping itself into what was distinctly a canine snout.

"Maybe..." Jim gulped, "Maybe we should check them out?"

"Yeah... why not?" Micah nodded gently.

The two approached the dogs slowly but casually, not wanting to spook them by running up or the like. "So... probably a baked sale, right?"

"Maybe? Again, didn't hear anything but it could be happening later and we're just early." Micah shrugged. He smiled, a spot of black fur sprouting around one of his eyes. "Lucky us, eh? I'm feeling pretty hungry right 'bout now."

"I hope they got cookies!" Jim sighed, his tone almost blissful in a way, "I could go for some good chocolate chip ones!" His hair crept down the sides of his face, thickening and growing out into some dark brown sideburns. His hair seemed to be growing out longer as well, puffing and fluffing up.

Micah didn't notice and neither did Jim, still happily talking to one another. "Still going on about cookies after all that complaining about your weight, eh?" Micah snickered, "Careful; those can go straight to your gut!"

“Pul-leaze!” Jim chuckled cheerfully, “They'll probably just go to my thighs or butt!” The two chuckled, their pitches lighter and sweeter in a way.

As they walked along, a sting of uncomfortableness struck them. Their pants felt oddly tight, like they had shrunk in the wash. They seemed to hug their bodies a lot more as well.

Jim didn't seem to notice, but it was frustratingly distracting for Micah. He never had trouble with clothes being too tight on him before. Now, he had to adjust his belt for the first time in what felt like years, stopping to do so as Jim walked ahead.

As he fumbled with his belt, his pants felt like they squeezed harder. It wasn't that they were smaller now but more that what they were covering was growing. His rear was ballooning, its shape rounding and protruding out. Squeezing tighter and tighter, a bubble butt formed, one that his pants most happily highlighted in detail.

There... Micah thought, finally adjusting his belly and giving himself more room, *think I got it now. Wonder what that was-*

He looked up at his friend, who was getting farther away now, and flinched. His eyes casually got a glimpse at Jim's backside. It was growing, pushing outward and rounding out.. It became a firm, bouncy bum, one that stood out with how much his shorts hugged it.

Micah's mouth felt dry. “J-Jim!” He did his best to make the words come out of his mouth. “Som-something's wrong! You're-”

However, his words fell on deaf ears. Jim had reached the dog women and was focused entirely on them. “Hello, ladies!” he said in a far more cheerful pitch than Micah was used to hearing, “Me and friend smelled something good over here!”

“Hiya!” the golden retriever brightly said, “My name is Olivia, and this is Ellie!”

The poodle waved gleefully at Jim. “We're just soo excited to have you...” She looked over at Micah, who was glued to his spot, “...And you! You're gonna be our first customers!”

“It's sooooo, like, exciting to have people finally try out scrumptious food!” Ellie sighed, both of their tails wagging now and in unison, “We may have gone a bit overboard with everything, but you can't argue with this spread!”

“Mhm!” Jim lightly chuckled, “It does smell quite scrumptious!” He leaned over the table he was in front of and sniffed the air. “It makes me just wanna wag my tail!”

Micah almost found his voice again to ask what the hell he meant by that, but a sharp rip cut him off. The top back of Jim's shorts split open as something popped out. Fluffy, black and white at the tip, a tail befitting of a well-groomed border collie shot out. It wagged happily.

Micah stepped back, his heart pounding. *What the hell?! What is...* His mind went back to what Jim just did, things starting to click in his head. *Th-the food! It has to be it. It's crazy, but it must be changing him... me...*

His stomach gurgled. The scent seemed to be almost getting stronger now, invading his nose. His mouth watered, body quivering. He wanted it so badly, his feet forcing him to take a step forward towards this mysterious doom.

N-no... Summoning all the strength within, Micah managed to turn himself away from the dogs. *Need...* He forced a foot forward. *Need to get help...*

Managed to force another step and then another. He could feel it. The tightness in his pants was vanishing now, his rear and hips beginning to deflate. The black spot over his eye was shrinking away as well, though he didn't notice that.

Gotta get someone. He gulped. *S-sorry Jim, but I'll be back for you with hel-*

“Heeeey, buddy! Where are you going? The sweet stuff is back here!”

Micah's nose twitched, sniffing the air. The scent of the baked goods wasn't merely strong. It was overwhelming, maddening. It smelled so heavenly that the entire world seemed to almost not matter. His nose just had to sniff harder, inflating bigger until it was a full, shapely, canine snoot.

The smell was close. Trembling, Micah turned around.

There stood Jim, holding a big plate of cookies. He grinned, flashing his gummy lips and a mouth full of canine teeth. “They're soooo good! Have some!”

The scent and sight of it was simply too much. Micah folded right there, and everything came crashing right back. His black, furry spot appeared over his eye while his rear ballooned back into that soft bubble butt. He couldn't feel the tightness of his pants over it anymore, his mind too preoccupied.

They do look good. He held out his hands, Jim happily handing the plate to him. As Micah's fingers made contact, his skin bulged on his palms, darkening and swelling into black pads. White fur erupted around them, spreading and engulfing his hands.

Micah used one of his new dog paws to grab a cookie and plop it into his mouth. It was peanut butter-flavored and, perhaps, one of the most delicious things he had ever eaten. Its tasty punch sent shivers down his spine and throughout his form.

The quivers seemed to accumulate up his ears, which wiggled and jiggled. It slowly ascended the sides of his head, sitting on top and stretching out. White fur sprung up over them, an occasional black spot on their backs as they took shape. They stood up straight before flopping downward in the middle, just like a Dalmatian's ear.

“Sooooo good!” Micah moaned in between bites. He chewed it up and swallowed, a long, dog tongue flopping out of his mouth as he panted. “Gooooood!”

“I know, I know!” Jim giggled, his voice so light and his tail wagging harder, “I already had a ton! Ooooh, they make me wanna woof!” He jumped into the air like a cheerleader.

FLOOMP! Landing, soft, fluffy fur sprouted all over his form. Mostly black across his body, except for around the mouth, down the front of his neck and torso where it was white. He looked more and more like a border collie by the second.

Micah didn't notice, just having another cookie and eating it up happily. “Come on!” Jim tugged on Micah's arm and pulled him over to the tables, “There's even more!” Micah nodded, making no attempt at fighting it. He just popped in his third cookie happily.

As he ate, his shirt seemed to tent. His chest seemed to be pressing against the fabric, slowly getting bigger with each bite.

The duo came up to the dog ladies, whose tails still wagged away. Olivia giggled, watching Micah chow down. “Looks like someone loves our cookies!”

“I bet he'd love our biscuits and buns!” Ellie remarked, stroking the tip of her muzzle. She looked at Micah brightly. “Try as much as you want! On the house! We want our very first customers to enjoy our special, doggie-style cooking! We made plenty that'll fill everyone up to the brim in furry goodness!”

“Awww, that's nice!” Micah placed that plate down and took a different one, having a different cookie from it. “Don't mind if I do then.” He eagerly devoured it without thought.

Sugar! Soooo yummy! His shirt stretched further and further, the fabric seeming to conform to his protruding, rounder chest. He ate another sugar cookie, his chest heaving forward more. The collar on his shirt extended downward, revealing pillowy mounds.

Cleavage? Micah looked down. Large, D-cup sized breasts were sitting on his chest. They filled out his tank top, which seemed to look like it was painted on with how it hugged his melons. *Cleavage...*

“Something wrong?” the poodle asked, her head tilting and ears flopping to the side.

Micah shoved another sugar cookie into his mouth, looking up with a big smile as he ate. “No... nothing wrong at all!” White fur began growing on his chest, rising out of his cleavage and spreading across his form.

“Hey!” Jim nudged him aside, “Don't hog everything to yourself!” He started to reach for one of the sugar cookies when he spotted a plate of cinnamon buns. He quickly changed his mind and grabbed one of those instead, taking a huge bite out of it.

His eyes rolled back, tail wagging faster and faster. His shoes bulged and split open in the toe caps. His feet stretched outwards, longer and three-toed. They were coated in dark fur, stubby claws at the end and black pads on the bottom. His paws were a perfect fit for him.

“Hey, no pushing!” Micah said with a huff. Then he saw the buns and realized his pal was justified. “Ooooh, those do look pretty good!” He took one and stuffed it into his maw too.

RIP! Micah's pants split open in the top back now. His butt crack was visible, but it was fairly obscured by his new wagging tail. It was white with black spots, much like his ears.

Swallowing, his shoes burst open too, revealing his own doggie paws. “Delish!”

“I know!” Jim sighed, rubbing his cheeks, “It's soooooo yummy!”

“There's plenty more to try!” the golden retriever cooed, “In fact, why not try my favorite dish?” She held up a plate full of chocolate icing-coated éclairs, winking at them.

“Thank yee!” Jim happily took one and bit into it. He felt its cream-filling spray into his mouth, the outside half squirting out in a lewdish manner too.

His eyes went cross as he sucked down the sugary gloop. It brought such an untold amount of pleasure, making him quiver harshly. The bump in pants bulged out, but then as quickly retracted, leaving the area flat as could be.

“Mmmmmmm!” He swallowed and giggled, “Totally delish!” He opened up to take another bite. His mug wobbled and stretched longer and broader, his nose sitting at the tip of it. His new doggie muzzle bit down and chewed, making short work of that pastry.

Swallowing the last bit, he shivered. Those vibrations rocked up into his ears, sending them up to the top. They stretched, growing fur and turning pointy like a border collie's.

“Let me try!” Micah took an éclair as well, biting into it.

Oh my... White fur erupted rapidly across every inch of his skin. *Oh my!* He bit harder in, cream squirting out both ends. *Oh my gooooooodness!* His own bulge throbbed before flattening, moans erupting out of him as he chewed.

It was truly as delicious as his pal said it was. So yummy in *her* tummy! Her shortish hair grew out, longer and longer until it began to twist together. It left her with the most beautiful of woven braids.

“The éclairs are ta die for!” Micah spoke mouth half-full as she continued chomping through it. White fur reached her head, covering all of her face. The beard she had slowly shrunk, lightening and straightening until it was just like the rest of her fuzz.

“Thanks!” Olivia and Ellie barked together, “We all made the best food ever, didn't we, *girls?*” The words didn't phase or even make a single dent on the developing dogs at this point. They were too busy finishing their desserts and licking their chops with their long dog tongues.

“I love... love... LOVE THESE!” Jim declared, happily throwing her hands into the air and cheering again. The throw sent vibrations through her arms and straight into her chest, which she had pushed out.

FWOOOMP! Large, heavy breasts ballooned out like releasing airbags, stretching her tank top something fierce. They were just as big as Micah's, jiggling a fair bit too.

“Same!” Micah licked her fingers to get the crumbs off. With each lick, black spots appeared all over her white paws.

Jim did the same thing after, though sucking on her fingers. They slowly puffed up, gaining their own pads and stubby claws. Black fur erupted over them, finally bringing her transformation to a proper conclusion.

The two new dog women grinned, tails wagging away. “Mhm!” They both nodded and looked at the dog chefs. The dalmatian barked, “That was absolutely delicious, ladies!”

“Mhm!” yipped the border collie, paws grasping together as she sighed blissfully, “The best treats I ever had!”

“You're too kind, Lily!” the poodle, gazing sweetly at the border collie, “I just hope everyone else will like ‘em too!”

“No doubt they will, El’!” the dalmatian declared, gripping her paws into tight fists. Her tail wagged so hard her rear jiggled. “With how much love and care we put into these, everyone will be wagging their tails before they even finish eating!”

“Well, if you're not worried, Brianna,” Olivia said with a grin, “Then I'm not worried either! Everyone's gonna be having a barking good time!” The four dog women cheered and yipped, tails and bottoms wiggling.

“Ya know,” Lily the Border Collie said, sheepishly, “We should probably finish putting out the food instead of just eating.”

“Do as I say, not as I do, eh?” Ellie snorted.

“Oh hush you!” Brianna barked, “You probably would've eaten that whole plate of cookies if Lily didn't get to them first!”

“You mean if Lily and *you* didn't get to them first!” the golden retriever interjected. The dalmatian gave her a hard stare before laughing, the others joining in.

After their good laugh, the four got back to work. A few more tables were set up, more food was placed, and even a big overhead tarp was set up. It was looking more and more like a professional operation.

As they worked, Brianna stopped for a moment. She looked around and sighed. “Ooooh, I love our little baking group! We make so much good stuff together and now, we can share it with everyone!”

“I bet you're really hoping that you can attract a good mate with this spread, riiiiight?” Olivia snickered.

“Well, that too!” Brianna giggled, waving her paw at her, “The four of us can't remain single forever, especially with our totally awesome homemaking skills!”

The others nodded, but Lily ended up sighing. “I dunno... I don't feel like I'll ever find my special somebody, especially when you're all around!” She looked at Olivia. “You're super loveable!” She looked to Ellie. “You're so fancy and stylish!” Then she looked at Brianna and drooped. “And you're totally awesome!”

“Awwww, don't be like that!” Brianna cooed, stepping over and rubbing her friend's head. “It'll work out!” Her friend tended to get mopey sometimes. All she needed was a good word and a pet. “People do love a good, fluffy pupper like you!”

Lily's tail began wagging again. “Really?”

“Of course...” Brianna smirked and reached down, patting her friend's belly. “Plus, they love a cutie with a little meat on the bones!”

Lily's fur stood on end, her tail going straight. “EEP!” She pushed away, breaking into another fit of giggles. “Stop that you! ...okay! I'll try my best! I'll find the best mate I can!”

The doggos cheered and went back to work. However, they stopped when they heard a noise off in the distance, their ears lifting in its direction and twitching in unison.

There were footsteps and soon, a group of joggers came running past.

Or, they would've until they stopped on a dime. They seemed to look around, their heads tilting up like they were breathing in the air. It was hard to tell, but Brianna felt as if she could see their noses darkening.

That didn't matter. What mattered was that customers were already flocking towards them! Hopefully, they'll enjoy her and her friends' special, tasty baked goods.

Then, maybe after, her group would find their dream mates... or maybe some new friends to play and bake with! Whatever the case, her tail wagged eagerly at the possibilities.

The End