

BREADY FOR ACTION

FIRST PERSON STORY

BY CHALDEACHANGE



ARE YOU BREADY FOR ACTION?

I sighed when yet *another* popup appeared on my screen. Did I *not* have an adblocker installed? I was pretty sure that it was baked into my browser. “**The state of the internet these days has gotten *really* dire, huh?**” I was mumbling the obvious, of course. What hadn’t been ruined by ads had been ruined by AI instead. You couldn’t even use Google without having a (frequently incorrect) AI overview shoved into your face, and then you’d have to scroll past numerous advertised sites to find search results that were *actually* relevant.

So, what had brought me out into the Wild West of the internet, away from my frequented websites, on that Saturday morning? *Cooking*. I admittedly wasn’t the best cook in the world. I could make simpler dishes until the cows came home, but ultimately? The microwave was essentially my best friend. And microwavable meals generally *weren’t* the healthiest – nor was there much of a variety.

I was trying to broaden my horizons and my dietary palette, both for my own health and for the sake of my tastebuds, and short of buying a cookbook or two there was no better place to look up recipes than on the world wide web. Once I’d skipped past all of the sponsored sites, I had finally been able to take my pick. I didn’t even look at the URLs as I clicked through them and eventually ended up on the ad riddled one that I was presently struggling with.

Click, click, click, click. “**Ugh.**” It was beginning to become more annoying than I could tolerate. Every few seconds a new one popped up,

distracting me from the recipe reading. **“Maybe this site isn’t very helpful anyways, I can’t even find anything that isn’t baked goods.”** Well, glancing at the URL... The site *did* appear to be called ‘Bready’s Bakery’. Kind of a silly name, but it made it clear enough what the website was based around. And why that weird ‘Bready for Action’ popup kept surfacing.

I kind of felt like I’d heard that name somewhere before recently, but it wasn’t relative enough to looking for recipes for me to immediately draw the line. I moved my mouse up to click the back button, but I was interrupted by one *final* ad. It was the same one that had kept popping up, but it had appeared at the *perfect* position for me to accidentally click the ‘YES’ button underneath the text. **“Hu—?”**

“HUH!?” The next thing I knew, I wasn’t sitting at my desk in my bedroom. I was *standing* in what looked to be the back room of a *bakery*. The smell of freshly baked bread and sweets was all *extremely* mouthwatering, but I was more concerned about *how I’d ended up there* in the first place! **“Um... Hello? Is there anyone here?”** Had I been kidnapped? Was there someone around that could give me answers? My words fell on deaf ears, though.

Was there even anyone around *to* hear me? All signs pointed to yes, or at least that there *should* have been *someone*. The equipment was in use, and considering some of that equipment consisted of *ovens*, it probably would have gone against healthy and safety codes to leave them unattended. *They’re not unattended if I’m here, though?* An *odd* thought for me to have, seeing as I wasn’t versed in how to *use* any of them.

“Maybe I should just leave...?” That plan of action made the most sense. I’d probably get yelled at if someone caught me in the kitchen of a bakery I wasn’t supposed to be in, especially since I wasn’t dressed in a uniform. Even then, if someone saw me *leaving*, they might ask me questions. Still, I had to take the risk. Worst case? I never just came to this part of town again! ...Assuming I was still *in* my town, anyways.

But my plans were promptly derailed. I wordlessly caught myself on the nearby counter with one of my hands as a wave of dizziness swept over me. **“Was I drugged or something? Is that how I was brought here?”** Because I hadn’t thought of a more *plausible* explanation for how I’d suddenly ended up somewhere else, this felt more likely than anything. But it didn’t explain how *instantaneous* the process had been.

Nor why a number of *discrepancies* had begun to develop in my appearance. They weren’t particularly striking *at first*, though. Rather, it

seemed more like I was being dyed with the colors of 2P alt, like I was a character in a fighting game. The dark color of my hair lightened, for example, a much sandier brown taking the place of not only the hair atop my head but spreading into the hair of my brows and pubes. It strangely did not take a more notable role in my body hair otherwise, but only because that hair shortened until any excess was *gone*. My arms, armpits, chest, belly, and legs had all become perfectly *shaven*.

And none of that hair would *ever* grow back, defying biological norms.

Though, there was a reason for that.

“I-I can’t see!?” A temporary blindness beset me for a moment, prompting me to wince while I continued to use the nearby counter. I used my free hand to rub at one of them, though as I did? The colors of those eyes paled to a light brown not dissimilar to the new color of my hair at all. **“Am I sick? Was I *actually* drugged!?”** Dizzy and blind as I was, I could only rationalize my experience as the side effects of *something*. But the truth was much more *bizarre*.

My vision wasn’t *gone*. It was technically functional, but there was a problem with the *wiring*. The problem being that I presently possessed a biological brain like I *should* have. But my eyes? They weren’t as *natural* as they appeared at a glance. Not any longer. When my eyes had browned, they had also taken on a *glassier* look. They weren’t normal eyes, but instead artificially designed counterparts that utilized lenses and cameras. Until a connection was possible between these eyes and my brain, I would remain unable to see and firmly rooted in place.

Not being able to see brought about some... *complications*. My body was continuing to change in ways that would make it easy to question my sex and my *humanity*, but I was unable to properly perceive any of this. **“What am I supposed to *do*? ...Eh?”** At least I could hear that strange voice crack! Not that it was as helpful as, say, being able to properly see that my hair was growing longer. Not with *natural* additional length, however. What grew anew was a synthetic mockery meant to resemble human hair, and it ultimately affected the hair that had already grown, too.

In all fairness, I *did* feel it tickling my shoulders as it grew, but there were so many other things that I was worrying about that I didn’t really fixate on it *too* much. All the while, the sandy brown strands thickened in volume and puffed out into a fluffier style that framed my face. All in all, the length only reached a few inches past my shoulders, but that was still substantially longer than I would have ever *normally* worn it. On the other hand? My pubes actually *shortened* until they were only about an inch long.

I nibbled at my lower lip anxiously. “**Am I blind *permanently*!? Seriously, can some help me...?**” What was going on with my voice? It was so *shrill*, and yet every time I spoke with it, I sounded a little calmer despite how alarming this all was. You might have thought this voice would prove to be a mismatch with my face, but this wasn’t actually true at all. Not as my facial features became *smaller* with time. I was cursed – or blessed – with a button nose above lips that narrowed in length but puffed out in volume. My eyes enlarged too, taking up more of my face.

But this face was rounder, cuter, and substantially more *effeminate* by design.

A strange thought struck me at that moment. *Am I overreacting? Perhaps I simply need—* “**Repairs?**” I wasn’t far gone enough to not question what my own thoughts were trying to convince me of. If we were talking about the human body, you *healed* it. You didn’t *repair* it. That was a term reserved for *machines*. Though, I didn’t understand the weight of it just yet. Not even as my organs found themselves adjusted into synthetic counterparts, or my blood, while still red, was modified into some sort of *coolant*.

“**Oh!**” While still dulled, the vaguest image of the bakery returned to me. A sign that the signal my cameras were sending data to my brain. The proper connection was in the process of being established, but it wasn’t quite there yet. In the meantime, my transforming body took advantage of the fact that I was still essentially blind. Little by little, I had to adjust my grip on the counter I was holding. My fingers kept slipping, and I had to bend my elbow upwards increasingly for some reason.

My body? It was *shrinking*, and quite substantially too. I was practically six feet tall beforehand, but with my arms and spine compressing, I dipped all the way down to 5’3”! My clothes were much baggier, and my hands and feet had shrunk in kind. But there was a problem with, of all things, my *weight*. I wasn’t a thin guy before this whole transformation had begun. I was definitely *fat*, and that fat hadn’t lessened as I’d shrunk. So now I seemed even *rounder* than before, far more unhealthily so.

At the very least, my bones were now made of a steel strong enough to support this weight.

“**Once my vision comes back online, I should resume my work...**” Another strange thing to say, and while I *did* catch it... it just felt *right*, you know? I felt like I *belonged* in this bakery. *Unsurprising*,

since I do own it! These outlandish thoughts weren't getting scrutinized at *all* anymore. Though, my body *did* feel weird. Why did it feel so *heavy*? I'd always been overweight, but probably not *this* overweight! Lucky for me, that burden was *literally* removed from my shoulders before I could see again!

Don't get me wrong, though. I was *thinning*, but I didn't become *thin*. The excessive bulge of my tummy gradually returned closer to my torso, with stretched cellulite mending *somewhat*, but in the end? What remained was a pudgy belly that still extended about four inches over my crotch. The cellulite remained there, just as it remained around chubby arms and legs. Though, those legs were something of an *enigma*. My thighs didn't *get* thinner. They *thickened* further, almost like the excess weight from my stomach was pushed into them, expanding them into a pair of *thicc* thighs that were just as wide as my distended belly.

"Ngh..." For a short time, the weight of these thighs was absolutely *crushing* down on my dick. But that discomfort went away, only to be replaced by a sensual *emptiness* between my legs. **"Is it gone!? Wait... Am I..."** A *woman*? I definitely *was*, and that should have been concerning, right? Not to me! Like everything else, it just felt *right*! Like I now had the body I was *destined* to have! And it wasn't even *finished*, although it was pretty darn close!

I could see well enough now, so I looked down at my body with a **"Hm..."** It felt a little odd that I could even *see* my round tummy, though that was just a fleeting experience. The shapes of my nipples were pushing the front of my top forward like a *tent*, courtesy of the *additional* weight that my stomach had lost finding a new home. Inch by inch, I was developing a pair of full, soft *tits* before my very eyes. I wasn't shocked *nor* concerned, I just groped at them and felt their sizes expand between my fingertips. **"They're as soft as freshly baked bread!"** Probably a lot more *sensitive*, though!

Ill-fitted as my clothes were, it was clear that they weren't suited for this new body of mine – especially with my tits reaching a *G-cup* sizing that slapped against my belly when the tits jiggled. All of this weight, in turn, was *highlighted* by what became of my clothes though. I was ultimately dressed in what could *kind of* be described as a 'chef uniform'. I had a little, white beret on my head with my hair pulled into forward resting twin tails.

In terms of exposed skin? My super thick thighs, plump belly, and even my underboob was all in the running. This was because the chef top was more like a white *crop top* that hung loosely over my breasts, confirming that I wasn't even wearing a bra while big, puffy sleeves took on a much more stylized approach. All that wrapped around my pelvis

was an *impossibly* short, pleated, brown skirt with a half-apron affixed to the front. I wore black thigh highs that were tied around the centers of my thighs, but they squeezed so hard that the flesh above bulged about an inch overtop. Bringing it all together was a pair of brown shoes.

I still wasn't distressed. In fact? I was *excited*.

“What a thrilling flavor! To think that such a scrumptious fate was in store for me!” Despite everything that had happened to me – becoming a woman, becoming a *NIKKE*, having my personality rewritten – I didn't actually have any complaints about my new perspective. I may have been much shorter, but despite having a tummy I was still thinner than I had been before... even though a lot of that weight had moved to my tits, ass, and thighs.



A number of things made sense to me now that my mind had properly adjusted to my new programming. I'd been brought to the bakery to be its new owner. That was why I was *Bready*. There was a *ton* of baking – and cooking – knowledge stuffed into my memories now. I knew how to *perfectly* run this little bake shop and café that was set up within the ARK. I idly jiggled my own tummy for a second. **“You get a belly like this by making sure all of your creations are up to snuff.”** A little taste here, a little taste there!

That tummy rumbled, and I turned my attention to a freshly baked tray of donuts. One went down the hatch, and then the next. I *loved* food, and that would never change. **“Delicious! But I suppose I should share the rest with the others?”** I could eat to my heart's content after closing hours! Perhaps I could even find another NIKKE to eat *with*.

And do *other* things. Being transformed into a woman had made me *extra* frisky!