

Saren's Special Cake (Food TF, Priconne)

Saren stared at the deliveryman in horror. “Eeeeeh?! What do you mean you lost it?”

“I’m sorry, I couldn’t help it!” The unfortunate deliveryman cowered under her glare as if afraid she were going to hit him. “I was attacked by a colony of wood souls!”

“Ugh!” With a groan of frustration, Saren slammed the door in his face. What was she supposed to do *now*?! The party was due to start in an hour! What was she meant to do without a *cake*?!

She paced back and forth, chewing her lip in thought. Could she bake one herself? No, it wasn’t possible, was it? Not in less than an hour. Not unless we used—

Her fist slammed into her palm. “Of course! The quest reward...!”

During her last quest, she and Suzume had beat up a witch and stolen her magic cauldron – according to the instruction manual, it could make almost any food you liked in a matter of seconds, provided you had the ingredients. Now, there were also quite a lot of warnings to keep in mind, but what choice did she have? Her guests were going to be here soon! She couldn’t let them go without *cake*!

She rushed for the storeroom and succeeded in dragging the cauldron all the way back to the kitchen. Leaving it in the middle of the floor, she ransacked the cupboards, grabbing every bag of flour and box of eggs she could find and tossing them straight into the giant pot. Soon, it was practically overflowing with a disgusting, eggshell-riddled gloop.

Saren winced. Still, she was doing what the instructions said. Lighting a fire underneath it, she grabbed the largest ladle she had and, standing on a little stool, stirred as hard as humanely possible. “Come on... come on... Make my cake, dang you...!”

The eggshells sank into the soup, and the entire bizarre broth turned bright, glowing pink, as if it had been transmuted into luminescent bubblegum. As it changed, it ceased overflowing and sank to the bottom of the pot. Saren had to lean over the edge to keep stirring it.

“Come on... come on...” Gritting her teeth, she stirred harder than ever. What was taking so long? It was supposed to be ready instantly!

The stool beneath her wobbled. With a squeal, she toppled forward. She had just enough time to see her own reflection in the goo before—

With a splash, Saren ended up in the cake batter.

As the thick pink fluid washed over her face, she scrambled for the surface as hard as her arms would allow her, but it was like swimming through syrup. The cake batter tugged at her, fighting to pull her back down again, and with every stroke she seemed to be farther from the surface.

No! No, this can't be happening! Saren kicked and thrashed, fighting furiously, and as she did, she realized in horror that her clothing was melting. She stopped swimming to stare as the fabric of her clothes turned as pink as the goo around her, and like tissue paper in the wash, came apart completely. She screamed as the scraps floated away. *St-stop! Come back!*

As the goo washed over her naked flesh, a strange tingling overcame her. Saren stopped struggling to gasp, a cloud of bubbles escaping her lips, and realized how long it had been since she'd taken a breath. *Wh-what's happening to me?*

Her chest tightened, as if the lack of air had finally caught up with her. She dropped her eyes and squealed at the reality: if anything, her chest was fuller than ever. Even as she watched, her elegant noblewoman's bust blew up like a loaf in the oven, swelling into a gigantic pair of common, vulgar mammaries. She hugged them and squealed at the strange pleasure it brought her. *Make it stooop!*

Her breasts weren't the only part of her swelling: as if she'd eaten a whole cake and the rest of the buffet too, her body thickened with fat, growing plumper and plumper with every passing second. At the same time, invisible hands seized her and twisted her: they slammed her legs together, forced her arms against her sides, and wrenched her head back till she was staring at the ceiling. *H-help me...!*

A crushing pressure, both from above and below her. Her screams cut out as it squished her. *Nnnnnn~!*

With a series of pops, she split into a stack of distinct chunks, touching yet clearly separate. And as she squealed in horror as this, her skin bubbled and paled and turned to icing, her nipples curling into thick, spiraling lumps of the stuff, while her face warped into a comical, painted facsimile. *Nnn~! Stooooop! Please!*

Her body continued to puff, growing thicker and thicker, while around her, the pink broth of the mix drained slowly away, as if being sucked into her. Finally, just like that, she was breathing the air again: she sat in the cauldron like the pudgiest lump of dough, whimpering as the cool air touched her burning skin. *H-help me! Someone help me...!*

As if on cue, the familiar face of Suzume poked through the door. "Oh! It looks like Saren decided to bake her own cake...!"

E-eh?

"It's a very strange design. Are these big mounds meant to be boobs?"

B-boobs?

"Well, I better get it in its place or Saren will be mad!"

W-wait! Wait! Suzume! Suzume, it's me! It's meeee...

The grand hall rang with the chatter of guests and the clank of champagne glasses being toasted.

Saren, lying on the banquet table, could do little but whimper as face after face passed her by. At last, above her appeared a familiar ginger-haired princess, a knife glinting in her hand. "Mmm~, this cake looks delicious. I can't wait to try some~."

N-no. No! Stop! Nooooooooooooo...!