

Baker Beth

Beth pulled the string tight, tightening the apron against her small chest and tied her black hair into a long ponytail. She was quite thankful that her cousin had given her this second job. Especially since she had obtained a large amount of debt in just a few days. Pushing open the kitchen door, she walked over to the register where her red headed cousin Mary was wiping down the counter and closing up for the night.

The bakery had recently seen a huge increase in popularity, allowing Mary to redecorate. The floors were made of recently waxed tiles, with bright pink and white patterns adorning the walls. Mary had painted a mural of a cute cowgirl as the store's mascot, complete with horns, spotted ears, a tail, and the same apron Beth was wearing.

"I see the apron is a little loose on you," Mary said, hanging the wash cloth on her shoulder. "I can look for something smaller if you want."

"No thanks, this is fine." As Mary turned around, Beth increased the size of her hips and waist slightly to make the apron a snug fit. Mary might have come from the same family as Beth, but apparently it was the side that didn't have her powers. Beth thought it was best to keep her in the dark. "So where would you like me to start?"

"No work tonight. I just wanted to get you in here around closing to get you situated with the place. Don't worry, it won't be long before I'm working you to the bone. For now, let's start with the kitchen."

Mary pushed open the back door and brought Beth into the kitchen. It was a surprisingly large kitchen for such a small bakery, with plenty of ovens, mixers, and a humungous set of freezers. It was a good a place as any to start the tour.

“Right here we have our coolers. This is where we store all of our cakes, ice cream, pies, shakes, and pretty much everything else. They’re currently filled to the brim. A huge party cancelled on us, but we’ll be able to sell them off to make up for the cost. And this,” Mary said pointing at the small gauge located on the side of the fridges, “monitors the internal temperatures.”

Beth bent down in front of the gauge and noticed something unusual. “What temperature do you usually keep the fridges at?”

“Usually about 35 degrees for the fridge stuff and -10 for the freezers.”

“What do you keep at 65 degrees?”

“What?” Mary gently, pushed Beth aside and looked at the gauge. Sure enough it was 65 degrees, and slowly rising. “Dammit!” In a panic she rushed to each of the gauges, her face becoming more and more distressed.

“NO NO NO NO NO! This is the last thing I need.” Mary pinched her forehead in frustration. Turning away from Beth she walked over to the other room and made a few calls on her phone. Thirty minutes later, she returned with a solemn look in her eyes.

“What’s wrong?” Beth asked, getting up from her seated position.

“The coolers are broken and I can’t get anyone out here to fix them til next week. So, I’m stuck with ten coolers full of stuff that will either melt or expire by the time the store opens again. Even worse, I can’t even get rid of all of it since the trash pickup doesn’t come until Tuesday.” Mary sat down a stool, throwing her apron to the ground.

“What about a replacement? Is there somewhere we can store the food while we wait for it to get fixed?”

“No. Usually, if one of these go out I can just take the food to another cooler or my own fridge at home. I never counted on such a massive breakdown. Unless your tiny fridge at home can hold all of it, all I can do is save what I can and leave the rest for the trash men.”

Mary picked her apron off of the ground and hung it up on a hook. “Well guess I’ll start loading this stuff up into our cars. We won’t be able to save much, but it’s better than nothing.” Beth and Mary grabbed what they could of the cakes and ice cream and piled it into Mary’s car. As Mary carefully, closed the trunk on a wedding cake, Beth couldn’t help, but think of how unfair it was that this would happen to Mary after she offered to help her.

“Alright, you ready to get the stuff in your car?” Mary said, visibly drained.

“Actually,” Beth began, “why don’t I stay behind and clean up. I think you need a break anyway.”

Mary gave a faint smile. “Thank you so much. You do not know how much this means to me.” Mary reached into her pocket and pulled out a key. “I was saving this for when you actually started working, but I figure now’s a good a time as any to give you your key to the bakery. Just don’t forget to lock up when you decide to go home.”

Beth waved goodbye as Mary drove off, leaving her alone in the bakery. She finished sweeping and mopping the floor and closed the shutters on the windows. Walking into the back she took inventory of the remaining sweets in the bakery.

It was simple enough to pick out what needed to be saved: wedding cakes and anything else made for special occasions. The problem was what to do with the rest of it, there was no way she would be able to fit the rest of it in her car, let alone her small fridge at home. Beth sat down on one of the chairs in the back and tried to think of what to do.

She probably should have just thrown out everything she couldn't store in the fridge, but it seemed like a huge waste. At that moment, Beth's stomach growled with hunger. She hadn't eaten dinner, planning to go out to eat with Mary after work. "Since these are going to go bad anyway," Beth thought to herself, "it probably wouldn't hurt to eat some of it."

Her mind made up, Beth grabbed a nearby tray of cupcakes and went into the front of the shop. Looking over the tray of sweets, she chose a delicious looking chocolate cupcake with pink frosting and sprinkles. Opening her mouth wide, she was able to eat half of it in one bite, immediately understanding why Mary had been doing such good business. Gulping down the rest of the cupcake, Beth reached for another, and then another, and another. A few minutes later, Beth was licking her fingers clean and the tray was empty.

Surprised by her own gluttony, Beth wiped the remaining frosting on her apron and brought the empty tray in the back to be cleaned. Dumping it in the sink, she spotted a tub of ice cream sitting on the counter. Still a bit hungry, she opened up the lid of the tub and was amazed at what she found. Inside was an enormous mix of ice cream flavors, along with cookie dough, sprinkles, chocolate syrup, full brownies, and bits of various nuts and candies all mixed together in a five gallon bucket.

Staring at the mixture, Beth's mouth began to water at the mere thought of tasting it. Beth lifted the tub with both arms, feeling like she was lifting a cinder block. When she dropped the

tub onto a table, the floor shook, and the table to almost fall over. Forgetting to bring any utensils with her, she grabbed a nearby ice cream scoop to use as her spoon. Beth leaned over, using two hands to scoop out of the tub, making sure to get every topping and flavor in one go.

She began gently licking the scoop, letting each flavor and topping sink into her taste buds. Her licks became more and more aggressive, lapping up big chunks of ice cream, sometimes forgetting to chew on the solid bits. Beth stopped licking and opened up her mouth, swallowing the half full scoop in one bite, then licked it clean.

Beth knew it was probably time to stop, however she couldn't help herself from getting another helping of the delicious dessert. She didn't even bother licking anymore, she just scooped up the mixture and ate it all in a few bites, only pacing herself to avoid brain freeze. Halfway through the bucket, she put down the scoop and began shoveling the ice cream into her mouth, not caring about the mess she was making of her face and apron. She was eating whole brownies in one bite, along with whatever she could cover it with to make it go down easier.

The bottom of the tub was a sloppy, slurry of ice cream and whatever toppings that had somehow missed Beth's grasp. Holding the tub with both hands, Beth tilted it back and drank whatever was left. As the last drop fell into Beth's mouth, she tossed the tub to the side and began rubbing her engorged stomach, licking the remains of her meal from her face.

Having finished her small feast, Beth began to realize that her body had taken her sweet dinner and made a few changes to herself. Her belly appeared to have taken most of the weight, looking like she had swallowed a basketball. Her breasts had gone up a full cup size to a size C, making the once loose apron tight against her chest. Even her backside began to feel a little snug in her jeans.

Beth picked up the empty tub and dashed into the backroom. She was doing it again, letting go of her inhibition and satisfying some hedonistic fantasy. Then again, she thought to herself, that isn't to say it couldn't be a good thing. She did need to get rid of the excess inventory and her powers would make it a simple task to get rid of all of it in one sitting. Besides, with the stress she had been going through lately, it couldn't hurt to indulge in another one of her fantasies.

The thought stuck in her head, she began to gather the extra sweets in the eating area of the bakery, pushing together multiple tables and chairs to fit it all. She didn't bother with utensils or napkins, not wanting anything to slow her down once she got started. Her added weight made things a bit slower than she would have liked, but in just a short time she had made a spread of all the remaining sweets.

There were donuts, covered in glaze, icing, and sprinkles, and stuffed with creams and jellies ready to burst. Multiple-layered cakes, covered with a rainbow of various frostings and fillings of pudding, fruit, and ice cream. Dozens, upon dozens, of cookies that came in many varieties with chocolate chips, peanut butter, sugar, butterscotch, and some she hadn't even heard of. Cream pies, apple pies, blueberry pies, and others, quickly warmed up in the oven and placed alongside the others, with plenty of cans of whip cream to engulf them. Cupcakes, petit fours, brownies, fudge, éclairs stuffed with cream and drizzled with chocolate, and other small treats on platters piled up to the ceiling. About thirty tubs of ice cream in various states of melting, including more of the supreme buckets that she had devoured earlier. All this, and a rack of extra-large, thick and creamy milkshakes, ready to wash down the feast.

As she sat down, Beth began to think of what she wanted for an end goal. Looking around the bakery, her eyes once again fell upon the mural of the bakery's cow mascot, and she

got an idea. Concentrating for a moment, she felt something sprout from the top of her head as her ears seemed to vanish. Putting her hands on her head, she could feel two horn nubs, right above, two floppy, black and white cow ears. Satisfied with the result, she decided to add the finishing touch. She pulled down her pants slightly, more difficult than she anticipated due to the added weight, and concentrated again. With a bit of pushing, a cow tail, the same color as her ears, sprouted from above her expanded rear. She let it swing to-and-fro through the opening of her chair, getting a feel for the new appendage. She was ready to become the bakery's new mascot.

Beth started with the cookies, shoving four into her mouth at a time. She found that the cookies went down easier and faster once they were thoroughly soaked in one of her many milkshakes. When she got down to the last plate of cookies, she didn't even bother dipping, she just poured them into a shake and stirred the concoction around, with a few donuts for good measure. The chunky milkshake went down surprisingly smooth, the large amount of sweets was nothing Beth had ever tasted before. Placing the empty milkshake on the table, Beth let out a large belch.

Pushing back her chair, she decided to take a break and rub her expanded stomach. While doing this, she could feel her clothes starting to restrict her ever growing body. Remembering what happened last time, she pulled off her shirt and pants, albeit with some difficulty. Her legs were already becoming thick with fat, needing a hard push to free them of her skinny jeans. She untied her apron, finding the fabric to be unusually elastic compared to the rest of her clothing, to remove her shirt. Unfortunately, some damage had already been done, stretching out her shirt, probably making it impossible to fit in her original form. Neatly folding her clothes, Beth walked

over to the counter and placed them far away from the feast, wanting to avoid them getting in the way of what was about to come.

Sitting back down in nothing but her stretched out underwear, Beth resumed her feast of warm apple pie, with a mountain of whip cream and ice cream on top. Her decision to take off her clothes turned out to be for the best, as the crumbs and pie fillings tumbled out of her mouth, into her cleavage, and onto her flabby stomach. Her cow ears fluttered as she took a large helping of blueberry pie, smearing her lips and cheeks with a purple and blue mess. Beth finished off the last pie with a sigh, kind of disappointed that she had gone through them all so fast.

Slurping on a shake, Beth pushed aside the piles of empty pie tins to make room for the next portion. However, she could no longer ignore the strain her bra and panties were putting on her expansive body. Beth got up from her seat, being mindful of her tail and began to unhook her bra. Her breasts swung free, beginning to look like a pair udders with their girth and her swollen, pink nipples. She guessed that they had grown twice as large during the short span of feasting. Her stringy, pink panties almost snapped as they came down her wide hips, shaking her expanded rear as she kicked them off with her feet.

Feeling a strange sensation in her breast, she began to massage them to try and ease stop it. To her disbelief, her nipple began to leak little white droplets onto the floor. She caught one of the droplets on her fingers and put it in her mouth. It was milk, she was actually lactating. Curious, Beth grabbed her left breast and milked it like a cow, sure enough a stream of white liquid came pouring out. Of course, Beth thought to herself, her powers reacted to her mindset. Even thinking about udders made her breasts into milk-making machines.

She gave a few more yanks, letting the white liquid splash onto the floor, before she got even more curious. Lifting a nipple to her face with both hands she began to suckle like an infant. The milk was thick and creamy, like the milkshakes, although the taste was something unusually delectable. She continued to suck on her tits for what felt like hours until she finally stopped to catch her breath. She opened her mouth to let out a burp only to hear herself moo. Her face grew red and her ears twitched, she would have to more careful with how her body reacted.

Releasing her grasp on her breasts, Beth tried to return to her usual feast. However, she could not ignore the constant dripping coming from her nipples. Even though she stopped drinking, she couldn't seem to stop the milky flow. Her eyes darted around the room, desperately searching for something to stop the leak. She quickly, grabbed her apron and tied it as tight as it would go against her chest, holding back her lactating tits.

Crisis averted, Beth returned to her feasting area, with only her apron covering her. Her huge, bare ass sat on the cold seat, sending a shiver up her spine. Still having a craving for dairy, Beth decided it was time to dive into her first tub of ice cream.

As before, she didn't bother with utensils, shoveling ice cream into her mouth fast enough to satisfy her hunger, but slow enough to prevent brain freeze. The difference this time was that each tub was doused in gallons upon gallons of chocolate, caramel, whip cream, and whatever else she could find to add to the slurry. By the fifth bucket, Beth's face began to resemble her ear patterns, a sticky mess of white ice cream and splotches of chocolate syrup. Her apron did well enough to catch anything that fell from her grasp, but it was becoming difficult to contain her ever expanding cleavage.

Beth was in the middle of her 17th tub when she heard the snap of her apron coming undone, falling to the floor and revealing Beth's enormous naked body. The buildup of milk had caused her breasts to engorge and start to overshadow the size of her enormous gut. Putting down the tub, Beth lifted up the enormous breasts and dropped them, crashing down on her belly and shaking every bit of fat on her body. The buildup of milk had also made her nipples very tender, even touching them would send a wave of pleasure through her body. Afraid of what might happen if she held it in, Beth gave in and began sucking on her breasts again, guzzling the thick milk down her throat. The milk was a good replacement once the milkshakes ran out, providing an endless supply to wash down whatever chunks were deemed too hard to swallow. With one last big gulp, Beth finished off the last tub of ice cream, wiping the leftover syrup on her chubby arm.

Pausing from her feast, she took another drink from her breasts which, despite her self-milking, were enormous globes of fat the size of medicine balls. Her nipples and areola had grown larger and had taken on a bright pink hue, becoming more and more udder-like. During the feast she had acquired a second chair to hold up her gigantic ass, her tail still swinging happily with each bite and suckle. Leaning forward, Beth could barely see her belly poking out from underneath her breasts, pushing her further and further away from the table. Putting her hand on her head, she could feel her horns had extended from mere nubs, to something that could probably gore a man. Her reaction to all this was to lick the remaining syrup from her multiple chins and get ready for the final portion.

Dragging the various cakes in front of her, she was surprised by the fact that she was at eye level with the tallest among them, being twenty layers high. Apparently her height had increased at the same time as her weight. This only made it easier to grab the top layer of the

cake, decorated with dozens of flowers made of icing, and devour it in seconds. She would lick off the top layer of thick icing with her tongue, before devouring layer after layer in a few bites, drinking from her limitless supply of milk to make it easier. Cakes meant to serve a dinner party where nothing more than light snacks, the crumbs and icing completely covering her face and body. It became necessary to stop stuffing her face after each cake to clean out the crumbs that became wedged in her fat, although she did enjoy licking up the spilled icing, sending a chill through her body as her tongue brushed against her sensitive flesh.

By the end of her feast, the last of the cakes were piled onto her expanded stomach. It was no longer possible for her to reach the table with her chubby arms and belly in the way. The last slice of cake went down like it was nothing, as Beth licked her lips and mooed with content. With a snap and crack, Beth's bliss was interrupted as her chairs broke and she went tumbling down to the floor, shaking her enormous body and the whole building at the same time. Her breasts removed from her mouth, they began to spray whatever milk was still left onto her and all over the bakery. With a grunt and heavy pushing, Beth sat up.

Her breasts trickled out the last of their milk and rested upon her belly, two massive udders on top a belly twenty times the size of when she started. The milk had only made the mess worse, not leaving a single inch of her body covered in something sweet and sticky. With another big push, Beth attempted to stand up, her entire body shaking back and forth. Slowly waddling, Beth began making her way to the kitchen, getting a glimpse of her body in the reflection of a nearby mirror. A smile formed across her face.

She waddled her way into the back room, sweating from the amount of energy needed to move her massive body. Beth reached the sink and began spraying her body with the hose, water

flowing through every fold of fat. Finally clean of the mess, she was able to take in one last look of her form. Letting the image of her as a gigantic cow sink in, happy to have indulged herself.

Beth locked up the door to the bakery at 6am, back to her original form and dressed in her jeans and extremely stretched out shirt. Changing back was easier than the last time, but it didn't make the clean up any easier. Not to mention, she still found herself mooing at random times. She could only hope Mary wouldn't ask questions about the milk stains she couldn't get out. Getting into her car, she took out her phone and looked through her photos. She smiled at a picture of a very fat and happy cow girl in complete bliss.