

Cream Filled



“Good morning!” Belle chimed happily, “How are you today, Adam?”

“Doin’ all right...” the middle-aged man yawned, the door closing behind him. A smile passed between him and the bubbly blonde behind the bakery counter. The grin Belle wore invigorated him like a sugar rush, her outfit a farm boy’s dream. A white low-side tank top revealed the sides of her torso and her usual black sports bra cradling an ample E-cup chest. Over this, she always wore a pair of form-fitting overalls strapped over her shoulders and usually covered in flour.

“I look forward to seeing your smile every morning. Gotta say it might be the highlight of my day. Your smile, and these delicious doughnuts, of course.”

“Awww, you’re so sweet,” she sighed, placing a hand over her heart. The sight of her fingers gently pushing against her pillowy chest was a welcome sight as well, but Adam didn’t dare express his feelings there. Belle continued, “You’re one of my favorite customers. There’s a lot of people out there who don’t like mornings...”

Laughing he responded, “We can’t all be as full of whimsy as you are at six in the morning. How early do you get up?”

“I’m in here at four a.m. every day!”

“Did you say *four* a.m.??”

“Bright and early! Bread and doughnuts aren’t going to make themselves!” Belle’s giggly smile was like a sunrise to the tired man, voluminous blonde hair hanging around her shrugging shoulders like a golden waterfall. Watching her bounce around her bakery never failed to make him feel younger. A slice of wax paper in her hand she asked, “What do we feel like today? Your usual bear claw?”

“No, no...” he hummed, looking through the glass case. “I think I feel like one of the Bavarian creams today. You got a nice full one? I need a kick in the pants.”

“Oh I’ve got just the one.” Belle disappeared into the back before returning with a heavy paper bag. “This one had an extra large hole so I could fit a *lot* more in it!”

Adam’s snickering drew a confused look from the baker until she had realized how sexual her last comment had sounded. “I-I’m sorry!” she cried, face blushing bright red, “That came out much worse than I meant it to!”

“Don’t worry about it!” Adam chuckled, “Happy to hear I’ll get my sugar quota for the week. Usual price?”

Belle slid the bag across the counter and shook her head, hair falling over her shoulders. “On the house. Have a good Monday, Adam.”

“Ah, Belle... You’re a dream. I’ll see you tomorrow,” he accepted, waving as the door chimed his exit.

“See you in the morning!” Belle called, leaning on the counter. Left alone she scolded herself, “Can’t believe I said such a thing out loud!” Straightening her back and wiping her

hands on the front of her overalls, she strode into the back kitchen. “Think before you speak, dummy!”

Inside a fridge sat a favorite guilty pleasure of hers. Withdrawing a can of whipped cream, Belle filled her mouth with the foamy treat. A dollop fell from her lips to her personal shelf below and she giggled before wiping it away with her finger. More customers could be seen approaching for their morning breakfast treats and pick-me-ups. Not wanting to get caught, Belle returned the can to the fridge and steeled herself for what was to be another busy morning.

Meanwhile, across the street sat two pairs of eyes watching her intently.

“Look at her over there, bouncing around as if this is the greatest dream in the world. I can almost hear her cutsey Minnie Mouse voice from here. She’s like some Disney princess; I can’t stand it.”

“There sure are a lot of customers over there this morning...” a smaller woman agreed.

“Those are *our* customers!” Sue declared angrily, leaning on her elbows in a huff. “Our bakery been here for years, and then some young, bubbly blonde moves in across the street with her own shop and suddenly we’re hemorrhaging money!”

“I think I threw out half our display yesterday,” Maya said sadly, bemoaning the loss of food. “Everything goes bad before anyone comes to buy it.”

“What’s she got that we don’t? Belle’s not much younger than either of us.”

“Depends how much you think ten years is...” Maya said quietly.

“She sure draws a big male crowd. We probably could too if we strutted around with our bras visible in a dorky pair of overalls and tank-top. She looks like she should be sitting on a stool milking a cow.”

“Belle’s food is actually pretty good,” Maya admitted. “And her selection has a lot of items ours doesn’t.”

“Our food is good too! Just as good as Belle’s.” Sue snapped, huffing a strand of black hair from her face.

“If you look past the health code violations...”

“That inspector had it out for us.”

“And our expired ingredients...”

“I’m expected to spend a ton of money when most people won’t even notice?? Yeast and flour don’t go bad.”

“The bread machine shocked my finger when I turned it on...”

“This crappy building needs to be rewired. Damn landlord doesn’t give two--

“I think a rat stole my car keys yesterday. I had to walk home...”

“Maya?”

“Yea, Sue?” she asked, pushing her brown hair behind her ear to meet the cold eyes of her friend.

“Shut your trap.”

“Sorry...” Maya shrunk into herself behind the counter, looking around at their depressingly-empty bakery.

“Hasn’t even been there a year and she’s completely wiped us out. How’s she do it? There’s no one else but her working all day, every day! I don’t think I’ve ever seen her take a day off! It’s like she *enjoys* it.”

“Disgusting,” Maya coughed.

“Doesn’t her face hurt from smiling so much? Probably got the money to open her shop from her parents or something. Bet those jugs aren’t even real.”

“I don’t know, they look pretty real.”

“Yea? You starin’ at ‘em much? Hoping yours might grow just a big? Little late.” Sue grunted.

“N-No,” Maya replied timidly, pulling her apron higher to cover her chest, now self-conscious.

“You’re talking like you spend time over there or something!” Maya glanced away with a look of guilt, Sue towering over her small stature. “Maya, have you spent *money* at Morning Bells?”

“Only once! I was hungry and you had eaten my lunch again!” A dreamy glaze covered Maya’s face and she leaned her head in her hands wistfully. “She gave me the best jelly doughnut...”

“I can’t believe you! She’s putting us out of business!” Sue roared, “And you’re just handing her more of our money!”

“B-Belle is really nice if you would give her a chance! And she’s super talented.”

“Shut up, Maya, just shut up.”

Following her friend’s command, the woman remained quiet. Sue had always been a bitter individual. Their relationship hadn’t changed much since starting in elementary school, though Sue’s anger at the world seemed to grow every year.

“Look, she’s sucking on the end of a can of whipped cream again. Maybe *that’s* her secret. She must go through one of those cans every day. I’ll bet there’s cocaine or something in there. No wonder she’s got so much energy.”

“Hmmm, I don’t think so...” Maya thought, “She offered me some when I was over there and it tasted normal to me.”

Sue bent forward and allowed her forehead to knock loudly into the counter in frustration. Groaning she cried, “What are we going to do? Our life savings is in this place.”

A loud clatter startled Maya as a water-logged ceiling tile fell to the floor in pieces with a puff of dust. Sue didn’t move to react, though her back started to buck as if she were sobbing, hair obscuring her face on all sides. “We won’t make rent by the end of the month at this rate! What are we going to doooooo??”

Maya watched through the window as Belle filled her mouth again with whipped cream between groups of customers. “It’s strange that she stays so thin with how much whipped topping she eats... You would think Belle would be at least a little heavy set. When I eat whipped cream I swear it goes right to my thi--”

“There’s hardly anything in whipped cream!” Sue groaned, rolling her head to the side. “She just burns it off from her skipping around all day anyway.” Deep in thought, Sue hummed for a second before adding onto Maya’s observation. “But, what if there *was* something more in her whipped cream?”

“Huh?” Maya asked, tilting her head.

“What if we were to add a little extra to Belle’s precious snack? Something to multiply those calories and help them stick around...” Sue’s frown was beginning to turn into a crooked smile of deviousness. “Her bakery wouldn’t be so popular without her cute little body parading around the place.”

“I don’t think I’m following.”

“Well don’t hurt yourself thinking about it. We’re going to be staying late today, and in the morning, Belle is going to have a bit of a surprise waiting for her.”

The afternoon sun hung in the sky. Sue had been watching Belle from across the street like a cat stalking its prey.

“Look, she’s starting to slow down,” Sue chuckled.

Maya yawned next to her, leaning on the counter. Her legs ached from standing all day at Sue’s side. “Well, she’s put in a full day of work since early this morning... And tomorrow she has to do it all over again.”

“Shh, she’s leaving,” she hushed, ducking below the counter as if to hide.

“Is she...” Maya started to ask, watching the blonde cross the street, “Coming over?”

“*What??* Shit!”

Tap tap tap

Sue froze behind the counter, the sound of a gentle rap against their front door rendering her motionless. “Maya, don’t do--”

“Hi, Belle!” Maya chimed, opening their door.

“Hello! Oh, where’s Sue? I thought I saw her with you at the counter...” Belle asked, looking around the dingy bakery.

She sprang up, flustered and tired. “Right here, sorry about that. Dropped a quarter.”

Belle looked exhausted after one of her more labor-intensive days of the week. Though despite this, she still managed to keep a bright smile on her face. “You guys looked so bored

today!” A paper bag was clasped in her hands and she presented the item to them happily. “I thought this might help cheer you up. It’s two leftover apple fritters from this morning...”

“Thanks!” Maya gasped, her stomach growling.

Before she could take the bag, Sue stepped forward and grabbed it for herself. “Thanks, but we’re doing just fine.”

“Just wanted to share,” Belle giggled, tilting her head to one side. “Mondays can be so long sometimes; a little pick-me-up never hurts!”

“Is that why you guzzle whipped cream all day?” Sue mumbled under her breath.

“Hmm?”

“Nothing. Have a nice night!” Sue pushed her out of their store, locking the door in Belle’s surprised face.

“O-Ok, I’ll see you tomorrow then! Hope you like the pastries!” Belle said in farewell, turning her back before disappearing to find her car.

“Can you believe her?” Sue snarled.

“What? That was really nice!” Maya defended, reaching for the bag clasped in Sue’s hands. “They smell really good too...”

“No!” she said, snatching the sweets away from her coworker and throwing them in a nearby trash can.

“Aww...” Maya groaned, “She worked hard on those.”

“Belle is the enemy!” Turning on her heels, Sue marched into the back of their store where clanging could be heard. “But we’re going to put a stop to that right now. Come on.”

Not wanting to incur any more of Sue’s wrath, Maya followed her friend out of their bakery and across the street. Ducking in an alley alongside Belle’s shop, Sue found the backdoor leading into the kitchen. Small tools fumbled between her bony fingers as Maya looked on in shock and amazement.

“Where did you learn how to pick locks??”

The door clicked open to reveal a darkened room overflowing with baked aromas. “Don’t ask questions you don’t want the answers to,” Sue warned before stepping inside. “Follow me.”

Maya hoped her quiet whimpers wouldn’t somehow draw the attention of a pedestrian passing by, though Sue made little effort to hide their presence. “Would you calm down? Just shut the door and keep the lights off, we’ll be fine.”

“I don’t feel like going to jail...” Maya whispered. “And Belle has never done anything to us.”

“Nothing except ruined our business. And we’re not going to go to jail. Now find me something to hold some water, and a small syringe.”

Maya did as instructed and found a stack of containers and tools in a corner. “Found ‘em!” she announced, grabbing a bowl and a syringe about the size of her pinky. The bowl was given to Sue after it was filled with water.

“What are we doing?” Maya asked curiously, watching Sue dig into her pockets.

“I told you earlier; we’re going to take Belle’s energy down a notch or two. Or five...” A dastardly grin spread over her face when her hand emerged with a small bag of pink powder. Gently, Sue took a few pinches and sprinkled it into the water before stirring gently. “Packs a punch; we only need a tiny bit...”

Maya wasn’t sure she liked the looks of the mystery substance, though it had a sweet smell. “What’s that stuff?”

“Old family secret. My grandma used to use this junk when she thought my siblings and I weren’t eating enough. Converts calories into something more substantial that stick around.” Sue shivered, “Took me *years* to lose that weight.”

“I don’t understand...”

“You don’t need to.” Sue took the syringe and drew an amount of mixture to fill the cylinder. “Now where is her stash...”

Spying a fridge across the kitchen, Sue flung the door open to flood the kitchen in a beam of light. “Jackpot.”

The top shelf was empty save for a few open cans of whipped cream. A taped piece of paper noted on the shelf ‘Not for customer use’.

“Look, Belle eats so much of the stuff she can’t even stick to one can! Four or five of these must be half-empty.” Sue chuckled, taking them from the fridge one at a time to inject some of her concoction into the open nozzles.

“What are you doing?? Those are Belle’s!” Maya protested.

“Are you behind? This is exactly how we get to that overly-energetic blonde.”

“But...what’s it going to do to her? It won’t hurt Belle, will it?”

Sue’s laugh was unnerving. “No, not at all. In fact, I think our busty little Belle is going to start finding her whipped cream a *whole* lot more filling. This stuff is going to make her so fat even her clothes won’t know what hit them.”

“It’s going to make her...*fat*?”

Sue rolled her eyes. “How else are we supposed to get our business back? Maya, the plan is *foolproof*. If Belle is overweight, she can’t be as bouncy, attractive, and energetic. If she loses those qualities, she won’t be as likable. If she’s not as likable, she’ll lose business and her customers will return to us! Then we get to watch as her bakery sinks while her weight rises, and before you know it we’re back on top!”

The plan sounded insane to Maya. “None of that makes any sense! We don’t need to ruin Belle’s business or body. Wouldn’t it just be easier to move locations? Or do something different? Maybe she needs help; we could work together.”

“Nope.”

Sue placed the last of the laced whipped cream cans in the fridge and threw the door closed. “We’re done here anyway. Let’s go.”

“But--”

“We’re going, Maya!” Sue demanded, opening the door leading into the alley. “Trust me, by the end of this, everyone will be much better off.”

Maya tugged at her apron nervously, belly full of guilt and nervousness. “I-If you say so...” She followed her friend outside and left the fated whipped cream to its victim.

“Good morning, bakery!” Belle chirped happily. As usual nothing replied, though it didn’t dampen her early morning spirits. She set to work on the dough for this morning’s pastries. The task involved a surprising amount of effort for such simple sweets and required a fair amount of strength and stamina. It was one of the reasons Belle had taken to wearing such an outfit; by the end of a shift her kitchen was a sauna and having an open-sided tank top helped ventilate her body enough to stay comfortable. It was a labor of love, and once she got started no other work in the world made her happier. Had another soul ventured into the bakery at such an early hour, they would have heard a symphony of mixers, warming ovens and the whimsical hum of Belle’s morning joy.

A view through the doorway leading to the front of her bakery revealed a light illuminating Sue’s shop across the street. Kneading her dough absentmindedly, Belle observed, “They’re getting at it early today! I hope they liked my spare pastries. Sue always looks like she needs a pick-me-up...”

Tossing a basket of to-be-glazed doughnuts into the fryer, Belle wiped an arm across her forehead. Kneading dough never got any easier. It was an unspoken fact about doughnut shops how much sweat went into their products. Her stomach growled hungrily for its morning treat and Belle’s mouth began to water. It was one of her few bad habits as well as one of the habits she refused to kick.

“Think I have time for a little cool off!”

The fridge opened to reveal a shelf of personal cans of whipped cream waiting for her as always. Choosing any one of the open canisters, Belle popped the lid off and filled her mouth with the chilly, puffy goodness. Its taste was rich and delighted her addicted senses as it inflated her cheeks before swallowing.

“Mmmm!” Belle shivered, licking her lips before taking another shot. “And they say coffee is the only way to wake yourself up in the morning!”

BEEP BEEP BEEP

A timer alerted her to a finished batch of doughnuts and she set the can down to attend. Arms working to move the fried pastries to a glazing station, Belle noticed something was different in her movements. The usual tickle of her tank-top against her sides had abandoned her

and it felt as if there was a greater amount of airflow under her sports bra and across her stomach.

Double checking to make sure she had remembered to wear her tank-top under her overalls that day, Belle eyed her chest suspiciously. Lifting an arm into the air, she also eyed the widening space between her clothes and stomach.

“Little weird...” she hummed. The front of her overalls was lifting away from her body. Wiping her hands against the denim, Belle pressed it flat to her abdomen only to watch as the fabric pushed firmly into her breasts causing them to bulge out the sides. Releasing the pressure caused her tits to spring forward again and lift her clothes away, recreating the cavity of air below.

A giddiness ran through the baker then. Holding her arms at her side, Belle bounced on her heels and watched the resulting jiggle on her front. Increased weight was apparent as it pulled at her black sports bra beneath.

Giggling, Belle bounced again before laughing. “I think my boobs might have grown a little!” She brushed her fallen blonde hair from her face before pressing her fingers into the sides of her exposed sports bra testingly. “How could I not have noticed this morning?” Another giggle filled her chest as she prodded the bulging assets again. “These feel *way* bigger than my E cups!”

BEEP BEEP BEEP

Another timer announced itself and tore Belle away from her personal development. “Ah! No time for titties right now!”

She rushed to get back on schedule. Tossing another round of pastries into the fryer, she set to readying the jelly and cream-filled varieties. These were the most time consuming of her chores and filled the gaps between waiting for other doughs to rise or bake.

The front of her store was brightening with the rising sun casting sleepy shadows across the floor. Soon customers would begin their descent on their way to work. As always, Belle was ready. Another tireless morning of kneading, shaping, filling, and glazing had delivered trays of delectable sweets to her display. No sight made her more proud.

The clock showed a few minutes past six. Assuming her regulars were on time, Belle figured she had earned some down time before the rush began. Pulling a stool to a table in the kitchen, Belle sat down with a satisfied sigh. A phone rested in one hand while a can of whipped cream filled the other. Before looking at today’s news, Belle filled her mouth to the brim with cream three times over until the canister expelled an empty puff of air.

“Aww...” she frowned. It flew across the room in a long arc before landing in the trash can with a solid thud. Belle smiled and saluted the discarded topping. “Thank you for your service! You will surely be honored in--*Oh!!*”

Belle felt her tummy rumble and vibrate under her overalls. Placing her phone on the table, she looked down and rubbed it gently with both hands. “T-That feels...” Belle grimaced as a pressure traveled up her body. “That feels really weird...”

Looking at her stomach, Belle was confused to see her hands disappearing from view. An encroaching wave of denim was cast into her line of sight. “O-Ooohh... What’s going on??” she groaned. Belle’s eyes widened when the sides of her sports bra peeked out of her top and pressed into her arms, a firm bulge of flesh resisting against her biceps. The neckline of her tank-top traveled down to reveal a line of cleavage tightly pressed together against a tightening pair of overalls. Mammaries like swollen cantaloupes fought for space in the increasingly-tiny area.

“Are my boobs...*growi--*”

DING-DONG!

“Oh a customer!!” Belle exclaimed, losing her train of thought. She jumped from her stool and eagerly made for her counter. The increased heaviness and bounce of her chest was lost on the girl setting her mind to a job she adored, though her chest was happy to continue its progression.

“June!” Belle gasped, “Good morning! I haven’t seen you in ages! I thought you might have found another bakery...”

“I would never!” the young woman wearing a loose-fitting blouse exclaimed. “Life has been insane since the house; it’s hard waking up on time with all the work we’re putting into it.”

Belle leaned on her elbows to listen intently across the counter. Pressed into the surface was a mass of flesh billowing over the top of her overalls to greet June. She stammered for a moment at the blonde’s increased bust. “I...I uh...business looks like it’s been good!”

“Very good! I almost can’t keep up with everything. What can I get you?”

“U-Ummm...” June’s eyes fluttered over the display of still-warm doughnuts. Her decision was made rather quickly. “Let me get two jelly-filled, please.”

Belle pulled two pastries and set them lovingly into a bag. Pressing a few buttons into the register she asked, “Is that all?” An uncomfortable shift in Belle’s sports bra rubbed over her bust and she felt the sides of her breasts outgrow the padded cups and slip free.

“That’ll do!” June passed her a five-dollar bill and added, “Keep the change.” A smile between two flushed cheeks, she took her bag and apologized. “Wish I could stay and chat, but I think Parker is waking up! Gotta...get these to him while they’re...still warm! Thanks, Belle!”

“Have a nice day!” she called out to her friend. A wave of her arm sent a shimmy through her bust, drawing Belle’s attention with her business matters dealt with.

“W-Whoa!” she gasped, seeing two bulbous breasts fighting against her overalls. Flesh had risen like dough from the collar and sides of her tank-top, the band of her sports bra cutting into the wobbling bulges like a belt.

Breathing deeply with confusion, Belle watched her lungs push her breasts further into her top. “Wow, those are...*mmm*...a-a bit bigger!” Her nipples cried with an erect heat trying to

burn two holes into the study denim. Without thinking, her hands fell to their melon-like heaps and pressed inward, her palms sinking into her flesh like a pillow. “*N-Nnngh...*”

A car door slammed outside her bakery and Belle looked up to see Adam staring at her through the window with wide eyes. Quickly she dropped her hands to her side and blushed red watching him enter.

“Morning!!” she cried loudly.

“Hey, Belle,” he greeted awkwardly, trying to act as if he hadn’t seen her groping herself a moment ago. Despite his best efforts, his eyes were drawn to the engorged tits fighting to escape the bakers tightening overalls.

“The usual this morning??”

“Uh...” Adam’s train of thought had been derailed. The usual bubbly baker he had come to know looked like she was about to bubble out of her top.

“Adam?” Belle chirped.

“Right! The usual...please...” he nodded.

“You got it!”

The planets had aligned. It wasn’t until he realized how low Belle had to bend over to retrieve his bear claw that Adam knew how smart of a choice he had made. She bent at the hips and presented an eye-popping view of packed cleavage to the man through the glass case. The sight of her supple melons was enough to make him feel famished. “Better make it two...” he decided.

Belle giggled, “Sure thing!”

His doughnuts in hand, she straightened her back with considerable effort and met him at the register. Behind him, more headlights illuminated the front of the bakery from the morning rush. “Wow I might not be getting a break this morning,” Belle awed. “Three dollars, please!”

The cash was passed over the counter and out of the corner of her eye, Belle saw Adam drop a five-dollar bill into her tip jar. Eyes sparkling with glee she exclaimed, “Oh my! Thank you, Adam!”

“You deserve every cent,” he smiled, taking his treat. “I think I’m leaving here this morning with my blood pressure lower than it’s ever been.”

“Awww...” Belle cooed, unconsciously squeezing her chest between her arms bashfully. She didn’t think she had ever seen Adam smile so much.

DING-DONG

DING-DONG

DING-DONG

DING-DONG

Customers were pouring into the bakery. Many were men still groggy from their early schedule, but Belle was delighted to see their drowsy faces brighten when she greeted them. Nothing brought her more joy than her baked deserts starting her customers’ days off with a

smile. The next two hours were spent bustling to serve her patrons and bring what happiness she could to their day.

“What do you see?” Sue asked impatiently.

“It’s really hard, there’s a bunch of customers in the way...” Maya admitted, holding a pair of binoculars to her eyes.

“Yea, I can see *that*! They’ve been attacking the place like zombies all morning!” Sue groaned. “And every man has left there smiling like an idiot. What about Belle??”

“Well...” Maya hummed, finding a space between two waiting customers to spy the blonde. “Her waist doesn’t really look any different.” A man moved aside and Maya’s breath caught in her throat. “*Whoa.*”

“What? What is it? How bad does she look?? I’ll bet she’s a cow...!” Sue chuckled, snatching the binoculars from Maya’s hands. A clear shot revealed Belle’s jiggling frame at the register. “What the--*Only her freaking tits have grown!!!*”

“You see them too?”

“*You see them too?*” Sue sneered, mocking her friend. “Of course I see them! Those things are bigger than the dumb blonde’s head! No wonder guys are leaving there like they just saw the face of God; it looks like she could flash them if she breathed too deeply!” Putting the binoculars back to her face, Sue stared at Belle intently and growled. “I *know* I’ve seen her eat a ton of that whipped cream this morning. How is she still skinny?!”

“M-Maybe her body is just predisposed to storing calories in her chest?”

“No woman is *that* lucky with genetics.” Sue frowned and considered, “Maybe she just hasn’t had enough of it yet. Even if she has the holy grail of genetics, it’ll catch up to her.”

“Sue?”

“What?”

“I feel bad...”

“You feel *bad*?” Sue repeated, looking at Maya with distaste.

Looking at her feet sheepishly she replied, “Well... I wouldn’t want anyone messing with *my* body... Maybe we should tell her.”

Sue laughed. “Not a chance. Do you want to live on the street?”

“N-No...”

“Well, that’s where you’re going to end up if we don’t get out customers back soon.” Sue drummed her fingers on the table impatiently. “Trust me, that walking sugar high isn’t going to stay attractive to her customers for very long.”

“I’m not sure a lot of people would really care if she were overweight...”

“Maya, looks matter. Maybe if you cleaned yourself up a little we could actually get some--WAIT! It looks like she’s taking a break.”

The last customer of the morning rush exited Belle’s bakery. Through the window, Sue could see Belle enter her kitchen and stand by the fridge to grab a can of whipped cream. Licking

her lips, Belle wrapped them around the nozzle and opened the flow to its full potential. It was almost too much to keep up with, Belle swallowing as fast as she could.

“Ok ok! This has to be it, she’s sucking on that can like a bottle of water!” Sue cheered. “Come on, we’re going over there. I want to see when she falls from her pedestal.”

Maya almost tripped over herself following Sue from their bakery and across the street.

DING-DONG

Belle looked over to the entrance to see Sue and Maya entering her shop. Her lips were still wrapped greedily around the nozzle and the sound of rushing cream filled her cheeks like balloons and the bakery like static. Quickly she released her suckling and set the near empty can on the counter before swallowing and wiping her mouth.

“Hey guys!” she piped, stumbling from the kitchen. Her stomach gurgled and calmly Belle leaned against the counter with a hand over her belly. As a pressure built in her abdomen, part of her wondered if eating nearly an entire can of whipped cream in one go had been a smart idea.

“Having a little snack?” Sue snickered.

A grimace flashed on Belle’s face and another gurgle drew Maya’s eyes to the front of her overalls. In person, the blonde’s bust looked much larger. Her overalls extended over her stomach in a steep slope from the amount of flesh shoved into the front. Two curves of smooth skin fought against the band of her sports bra at their side and Maya instantly thought Belle belonged more on a farm than a bakery.

“Y-You caught me!” Belle giggled, “Things have been so crazy this morning I haven’t had time to eat breakfast. It seemed like a quick pick-me-up!”

Sue smirked when she caught sight of Belle’s overalls moving over her body. “Don’t worry, we won’t report you or--”

DING-DONG

A customer entered the store in a hurried fashion. “Excuse me,” he asked, “Is it too late to place a bulk order? I’m in kind of a rush.”

Shaking herself away from the pressure in her belly, Belle straightened her back and grabbed a pencil and pad. “Sorry guys, one minute.” Giving her attention to the man she informed him, “Absolutely! What...*nnngh*...do you need?” She leisurely leaned against the glass of her display case and set her hands on top to write. The amount of flesh flattened against the pane made Maya’s eyes bulge.

Relief washed over the man like a hot shower. “Oh thank, God. There’s a going-away party for my boss today and I forgot to buy the doughnuts. I need twenty maple bars with ‘Good Riddance!’ written across them. Can you do that by one o’clock??”

Belle bit her lip and moaned softly against the discomfort of her overalls as her pencil scribbled across the paper. “I usually close at noon, but I-I think I can handle that...”

Maya nudged Sue in the side who was standing next to her tapping her foot anxiously. “What is it?” Sue demanded.

Maya slowly pointed to the glass case. “Look...”

Sue followed her gaze and her jaw fell to the floor. Belle’s bosom was billowing across the glass like two marshmallows in a press. Cleavage rose in two evenly-bulging peaks fogging the surface with their steamy heat. The black of her sports bra drew tighter around each pillow of tit inching across the display. With no room to expand in front, Sue and Maya watched as Belle was slowly lifted away from the glass.

Oblivious to her changing bust, Belle focused on her beloved customer. “I think I can do it! Would you like them all maple flavored?”

The man’s urgency had vanished. His eyes were fixated on the two airbags slowly inflating against the display.

“Holy shit...” Sue whispered, Belle’s mammaries bloating beyond the size of soft basketballs. “Is she *really* that oblivious?”

“Sir?” Belle asked again, adjusting herself as the display case seemed to move away. An incredible tightness in her overalls was pulling at her back and digging into her shoulders. A massive draft of cool air rushed over her chest and stomach to send shivers down her spine, hills of cleavage squeaking over the glass. But as always, the customer came first.

“Uh...what?” the man asked.

“D-Do...nnngh...Do you want them all maple flavored? Or a mixture of chocolate?” It looked as though Belle was leaning against two over-inflated party balloons stuffed into her constricting top. Maya was positive she could see the flattened bumps of thumb-sized nipples folded against the glass. A creaking sound alerted the onlookers to one of the overall’s clasps straining against her massive swelling, the denim beginning to stretch.

“Just maple...is fine...” he said slowly.

“Perfect! You...mmmm...can pick them up...m-mmm...at one! I’ll have them ready.”

“Thank you...” he said almost silently. The scene too great to turn his back on, the man backed out of the store slowly to preserve the image.

“Whew...” Belle huffed once the door closed.

“*The hell is wrong with you?!*” Sue roared.

“Hmm?” Belle looked at her strangely, the glass case still supporting her chest.

“LOOK AT YOURSELF!”

Belle glanced down and gasped softly. “Oh!!” Stepping away from the glass allowed her swollen jugs to fall as naturally as her overalls would allow. Their growth now stopped, each breast jutted off her frame like a watermelon. The overalls were filled to their max and resisted even her hands when her palms pressed into its firm front. Heaps of flesh bulged against her straps and sports bra, the tank-top pulled and stretched inside from the shifting of her skin. The

outfit was askew in every possible way. Belle's cleavage pulled against the overalls and drew their bottoms tightly against her thighs and butt to display the petite outline of her crotch.

To Sue's absolute anger, Belle giggled loudly and poked at the sides of her chest. "Sorry about that!" she laughed, "I've been having a bit of an issue with some swelling today. I hadn't even noticed they had gotten so big!" Belle hopped on her heels and sputtered in laughter at the tight jiggle running across her exposed cleavage. Maya was positive she had heard a soft sloshing emanate from Belle's front but couldn't find the mental capacity to speak. "Maybe I'm allergic to something..."

"This doesn't concern you?!" Sue bellowed, "Your bra looks like it's about to explode!"

"Hmm..." Belle hummed in thought, poking a taut overflow of flesh exposed at her side. "No, not really. They're kind of fun!" Both hands cupped their massive undersides and hefted them like water balloons.

Sue was about to respond when Belle's face lit up like a Christmas tree and she gasped, "Ah!! I bet that's why so many customers have been so happy to see me this morning! I was wondering why all the men were so cheerful! I think I might have doubled my profits from tips alone!"

A glance at the overflowing tip jar by the register made Sue's face grow red with fury. "You dumb blonde!!" Turning in place, she stomped to the door.

Belle frowned and stopped her giddy jiggling. "What did I do?" she asked Maya.

"I--"

"*MAYA!*" Sue screamed from the door.

"S-Sorry, Belle..." Maya said quietly, joining Sue outside to return to their bakery.

"I hope I didn't offend her," Belle worried. "I guess I am showing a *lot* of skin..."

Sue opened the door to their bakery so forcefully Maya was scared the glass would shatter. "Did you see her?!" she boomed.

"I couldn't believe how big they were..." Maya swooned.

"That guy couldn't take his eyes off her! None of them could!"

"What are we supposed to do about it now, though? Maybe it's time we told her before she gets any bigger." Images of Belle's overalls shredding at the seams with an unimaginable bust flew through her mind. Part of her wanted to try the whipped cream for herself.

"Let her grow! Let that bubbly Disney princess explode for all I care!!"

"That's not very nice, Sue. Belle's only been good to us and--"

Her words ignored, Sue groaned loudly and grabbed her keys. "I'm going home. Stay if you want. Maybe by tomorrow those fat tits will settle around her waist and hips."

"B-But what about the sto--"

SLAM!

Sue left before Maya could object. Alone in the bakery at only eight in the morning, Maya couldn't bring herself to leave even if she knew there would be no customers.

"They haven't gone down at all." Sue stared unhappily through their window at Belle slaving away in her bakery the next morning.

"I actually think they're even bigger now!" Maya chirped.

"You seem pretty happy for someone about to lose their job," Sue grumbled. Looking around their shop, she saw the floor had been swept and the tables cleaned. "Did you clean up?"

"I stayed until close after you left yesterday. Thought I might as well do something with the spare time. If we keep it clean maybe customers will--"

"Well aren't you just a regular Belle?" Sue rolled her eyes. A dense frustration hung about her like a cloud. Her eyes were seating on dark bags and her hair was messed. Belle thwarting her foolproof plan had tormented her through the previous day and night.

"I was thinking with all the business Belle is having, maybe we should offer to help ou--"

"Look at all those customers..." Sue groaned. Her voice was sour and mind closed off to other opinions after a night of resentment. "All those happy, horny men getting an eyeful with their doughnuts and morning coffee. How did she even get dressed?? It looks like those overalls would need a hydraulic arm to clasp shut!"

"Her cleavage alone is as big as her chest used to be..." Maya gazed.

"Please, just shut up. If you want to ogle her so badly, go over there and do it."

Maya could tell Sue was in no mood for conversation. She went about her day cleaning the windows of their empty bakery while Sue drummed her fingers behind the counter. Like a starving tiger, she watched Belle bustle about. The dexterity with which she handled her new melons was perhaps the most infuriating. By the time the rush was over and lunch was rolling around, Sue could hardly take it.

"It's like she's enjoying it... I tried to destroy her and ended up doing that dumb blonde a *favor*."

"They do seem to make people happy, and Belle loves making people happy,"

Maya could almost hear the smile cracking across Sue's face. "Maybe we should give her a pair of jugs to *really* be happy about."

"Huh?"

Sue sprang to their kitchen and pulled a gallon of milk from the fridge. Stepping into the doorway to observe, Maya watched as she took a small teaspoon of the same powder from before and dropped it into the jug.

"That's a lot more than you put in her whipped cream..." Maya said nervously.

"Maya?" Sue asked ignoring her, tossing the heap of leftover powder aside and screwing the lid on the milk.

"Y-Yea?"

“I need you to do something for me.”

DING-DONG

“Hello?” Belle called from her kitchen. “I’m washing some trays but I’ll be out in a--Oh! It’s you guys!” Sue and Maya stepped into the back of her bakery. The sight of Belle’s chest pushing into the edge of the sink as she leaned forward to scrub fueled Sue’s anger.

“How’s it going, Belle?” Sue asked as Maya stepped around her and moved about the kitchen timidly. “Still swollen, I see.”

Giggling, Belle turned off the water and stood up to dry her hands. “Can you believe it? I’ve been getting a lot of looks, but I don’t mind so much. I am going to have to buy some new clothes soon though if they keep up!”

“I have a feeling they might...”

“What’s going on? I was about to close up in the next few minutes but I--”

Sue cut her off and motioned to her friend. “Maya?”

Startled, Belle felt two small hands grip her wrists and hold her arms behind her back. The overalls audibly strained as the position forced Belle to arch her back, tits overflowing the seams with tightening skin. “S-Sorry, Belle...” Maya whispered, holding her wrists firm.

Sue stepped forward and brandished the gallon of milk. The lid unscrewed easily before clattering to the floor. One of her fingers reached out to prod the tight denim stretched over Belle’s front. “So you’re enjoying these giant udders, huh? All the smiles and customers and tips?”

Belle whimpered when Sue stepped close enough that their chests pushed together and she held the jug of milk higher. Eyes doe-like and scared, Belle asked, “S-S-Sue?”

“Why don’t you try *these* on for size.” Before Belle could react, Sue reached for her chin. Tilting it upwards, the jug of spiked milk was poured into her mouth.

“*M-MMPH!*” Belle sputtered, milk forced down her throat by its own flow and gravity. She struggled at Maya’s grip to little avail.

“Sorry, Belle! Sorry!” Maya cried.

Milk gushed into her cheeks and she swallowed as best she could. Seeing the white dribbles running down her face and cleavage Sue laughed diabolically. “We’ll see how well you bounce around this bakery now!”

“*MMPPHH!*” Innocent eyes pleaded with Sue to stop the flow, Belle’s face flushed and coughing against the fluid.

Deciding mercy, Sue lowered the nearly empty jug and allowed her victim to gasp for air. “W-W...Why...Sue??” Belle rasped and coughed, still held firmly by Maya. “I don’t know--”

GRRRUUUUMBBLE

Belle’s words caught in her throat and her eyes bulged wide with surprise. Her belly had growled loud enough to fill the bakery with an ominous atmosphere.

“Sue...” Maya called worriedly, the blonde’s stomach rumbling again.

“Shut up.”

Belle began to struggle against Maya once more, her eyes locked on her abdomen hidden below the shelf of tit. “O-Ooooh... *O-OH GOSH...*” she groaned. Belle winced at a building heat inside her body and gasped, “*Ahh!* S-Sue what did...you do to me?? I feel...*OooohhHHH...!!*”

No answer was given. Sue’s eyes were locked on Belle’s front like a movie screen. The two tightly-packed breasts were quivering from an intense pressure building behind the denim. Skin started to slide against her shirt and bubble in every direction. Belle’s cleavage rose towards her collarbones in an intensifying fight with her overall’s straps.

“*N-NNGH!!*” Belle groaned, her clothes drawing drum-tight in a matter of seconds. “Oooohhh my boobs! Sue what’s happening?? What was in that milk??! My chest i-is blowing up!!” In her struggling, muffled sloshed and gurgles escaped from her udders. Belle’s squirming made it sound as if she were hiding two large jugs of milk in her shirt.

Stretching could be heard coming from Belle’s chest. Skin shifting and sliding across the relentless fabric sounded like two balloons fighting for space. From Maya’s position behind Belle, she was surprised to see the outer curves of her breasts expanding into view. The black band of her sports bra dug into their centers like a belt on a fat man. Each breast looked like a ring of flower petals from the multiple straps pulling into their forms to create taut bulges.

The jug of milk dropped to the ground in shock and Sue took a step back from Belle’s engorging tits in fear of her rapidly increasing size. Eyes wide and staring at the cleavage reaching to swallow her chin, Belle’s breaths came out in short puffs as fear gripped her. Massive nubs inched their way into the front of her overalls and began to move upwards, Belle’s chest fighting to grow upwards to escape the unbreakable outfit. She swelled beyond the size of beach balls in a matter of moments and only continued to surge forward. Flesh billowed into the lower parts of her overalls and pressed into her tummy and hips.

“*Ohhhh... OHHHHH....*” Belle breathed as if in labor. A warmth spread over her chest and she could feel her nipples harden like rocks. Their thick pink forms were similar to clenched fists shoved between her ballooning chest and the denim. A constant dripping started to rap on the tile floor. “My...My boobs...*MMMM...*”

“W-What the hell is with your body?!” Sue yelled, stepping back again as a puddle of milk spread around Belle’s feet. “You’re freaking *lactating* now?! You *COW!*”

Maya backed away now as well and released Belle’s hands. “B-Belle? Belle are you...” The question trailed off as the bloating woman turned to give Maya a full view of the situation.

Hands reaching to support her engorging tits, Belle’s mouth hung open with gasps. Her eyes looked as large as the soda can nipples threatening to pop free of her overalls any second placed in the center of thick, puffy areolas the size of Maya’s head. The milk-filled chest had started to grow up and out of the overalls as they refused to stretch, heaps of flesh cradled in the tortured sports bra heaved from the sides like erotic bumpers.

One hand under her chest to combat the rising weight, Belle leaned on a nearby table to take in the full majesty of her bust. Cleavage ran from her chin for as far as she could see. The straps of her overalls pulled into her cleavage a full five inches, her bra doing the same along the sides. Pops and tears sounded below the denim from a tank-top giving up the fight, stretched and soaked beyond measure. Milk gushed from trapped nipples like hoses to squirt through the fabric and run down her front like a fountain.



“MMMNGH...” Belle moaned, her hands sinking into her skin. “S-So...FULL...”

“Sue, what did you do?!” Maya screamed, watching the blonde’s bosom inflate like two beach toys.

“I just wanted...wanted to...” There didn’t seem to be any logic left in Sue. Increasingly loud groans from Belle’s body and overalls made her tremble and back up.

“It’s...I-It’s not...nnngh...stopping!” Belle gasped. “I feel s-soooooo heavy!!”

Her knees began to buckle under her immense milky weight and the clasps of her overalls ground together. Still the denim refused to tear despite gaping holes appearing in the rest of her clothes. The loud snapping of her bra was like a shotgun in the tiny room.

“T-Too *TIGHT!*” Belle pleaded, “Maya...Maya please, these overalls...NNNGGGHHH... I-I can’t...take much more! My boobs are *TOO BIG FOR THEM!* The pressure is just building!”

Sue tumbled backward, tripping onto her rear and gazed at the shaking chest looming over her like an explosive blimp held together by straps of denim. “Stop it!” Sue yelled.

“We need to help her!” Maya said, stepping forward to the groaning baker. Her fingers tentatively hovered over her sloshing tits, scared to touch their tightening surfaces. “B-Belle your chest looks like it’s ready to *POP!* What do I do?!”

Belle’s face was flushed pink. Slowly she panted with effort and ecstasy as her nipples gushing fluid and rubbing against the immovable outfit. “I need...*MMMMM*...t-to get out...of this...! I’m out...*mmnghnnnnnnnnnn*...of room!” Her eyes fluttered as cleavage bulged angrily around the straps of her overalls, swallowing them up from her skin folding around it and rising over her eyes. Knees shaking, she fell to the floor and held either arm under her chest for support. Breasts sloshing and milk raining on the floor, Belle’s eyes stared in scared disbelief. “P-Please! I...can’t...breathe...! My boobs can’t...*ooohhhhhh*...t-take much more of this *preeeessure!* They need out!”

Milk sprayed in a lengthening arc towards Sue as her udders fought to continue their expansion. The overalls refusing to budge, Belle’s milk gushed with stunning force. Nipples showered Sue like a garden hose to drench her head to toe in the warm dairy. Unwilling to stay any longer and fearing the worst, Sue scrambled to her feet and fled through the door.

“Sue! We can’t leave her like this!” Maya objected.

A second later the bell chimed to signal her departure. Maya had been abandoned with the over-engorged blonde, igniting anger inside the tiny woman.

“Maya...” Belle begged, denim making her yoga ball chest look like a quivering milk bomb. “I need...to get...*nnnghmmmm oooh GOD*...get out of this n-now!”

“What should I do?!”

The weight too much, Belle fell forward with a sharp cry. “*Ahh!*” she gasped, the weight of her leaning on her bloated chest worrisome. “C-Cut my overalls off! *Hurry!*”

Frantically Maya looked around the kitchen for a knife and found one resting on a pile of washed doughnut sheets. Knife in hand she tried to pull the back of Belle’s overalls enough to allow the blade room to cut but found them too right to grip.

“I can’t! I-I can’t grab it!”

Belle moaned, her chest now forcing itself into her face by cleavage alone as loud groans and stretching skin filled the room. Milk pattered against the opposite wall like a commercial sprinkler and flooded over the floor. “D-Do the straps at the front!” Belle pleaded.

Stepping to the side of Belle’s chest, Maya gently gripped the shoulder straps where they emerged from the engulfing bulges of her cleavage. Her hand pressed against the firm, hot skin of Belle’s chest and elicited a small gasp from both women. “Careful...” Belle warned.

Pulling the strap a few inches away from Belle’s breast caused an increased tension against her bust. The affected mammary was forced to spray its milk with a surge of pressure while the knife cut into the fabric. At the first slice through the seam, the strap immediately gave up and split in half with a loud crack like a demonic rubber band.

“O-Oooooohh, God...” Belle moaned, the pressure relieved from one side of her chest. It had taken on an oddly asymmetrical shape now, her right side still constrained as her left nearly tumbled free.

“Hang on!” Maya urged, rushing to her other side.

A quick pull of the strap and swipe of the blade was all it took for Belle’s bust to finally break free. Like two pressurized airbags, her tits shot outward and spread across the floor in front of the women in the blink of an eye. An impossible amount of milky flesh flowed from the destroyed overalls, Belle’s bosom having packed every available inch to its limit.

“OOOHHHHHH MMMMYYYY!” she cried out in pleasure, waves of relief coursing through her chest. Trying to lean on top of them, she found they were slick with milk and slipped across the tile. Belle cried out in surprise at the difficulty of keeping her weight balanced on top, gripping her bloated sides as best she could.

For a time neither of them said anything, only able to stare at the slowly burgeoning breasts jiggling on the floor like bean bags. Without the pressure of the overalls, their milk had mostly stopped leaking. Maya was the first to speak. “I-I-I’m *so* sorry, Belle.”

Belle looked exhausted. Slowly she panted in response, “I don’t understand why... Why would Sue do this...to me?”

“She’s blamed you for our failing bakery for a long time,” Maya confessed, stepping back to avoid the side of a breast threatening to overtake her foot. “I’m *SO* sorry...”

“This is...nnnghmmmm...a-an odd way to show it...”

Maya was about to respond when a surprising sound stopped her. Belle was actually giggling, patting the tops of her chest. Maya’s jaw dropping she asked, “You’re not mad??”

Shaking her head, Belle replied, “It’s hard finding a job right now. I can’t blame Sue for going a little crazy.”

“B-But your boobs! They’re so big I could sleep on them!” Maya blushed bright red at her comment and the thoughts it injected into her mind.

“It’s fine,” Belle assured her, “I think they’re just about done growing at this point...” Laughing she added, “It’s a good thing I didn’t drink any more of that milk! Who knows what might have happened?? But it was kind of fun feeling so much milk moving around inside of them... It tickles a little.” Looking bashful and giggling, Belle blushed and confessed, “I-I do need to get this milk out, though. I can’t even stand... B-But I don’t think I can reach my nipples...”

Maya stood agape at the blonde lying across her tits on the floor, licking her lips. “Would...I mean...I can help if you want...”

“Oh would you?? Thank you Maya!” Belle moaned, “I feel like if you just squeeze them I’ll just start sprayed again. Probably don’t want to stand in front!”

Heart pounding, Maya willingly stood in front of Belle’s monstrous udders and gripped her oversized nipples in her hands like soup cans, eliciting a sharp cry of surprise from Belle.

The milk already running over her hands was thick and warm. The urge to taste it was almost overpowering, Belle's milk smelling as sweet as Sue's powder.

"*M-Mmmm...*" Belle groaned, "T-That's it..."

Still in awe at the sheer size of the baker's chest, Maya felt compelled to ask, "Belle, how are you not mad about this?!"

Shrugging as best she could and giggling against the moans, she said, "I guess I'm just not an angry person!"

"Maya, you have those fritters?" Belle called.

The small woman rushed from the kitchen with a fresh platter of pastries in her arms, the edge pushing into a soft pair of volleyball breasts. "Right here!"

"Looks like you get a nice warm one this morning!" Belle said to Adam, taking one and setting it in the bag.

"I can't imagine them tasting even better than they already do!" he laughed, "I thought they were good before, but now...WHOA!" Adam took a bite of the pastry while digging for his wallet. "This new recipe is incredible!"

Belle giggled, taking his cash. "We recently found a new milk supplier. I couldn't believe the difference it made either!"

Mouth full, Adam left a generous tip before exiting the bakery with a muffled goodbye and a wave of his hand.

"See you tomorrow!" Belle called.

"Whew..." Maya groaned while leaning against the counter, "This is our first break all morning it feels like!"

"Business has been unbelievable!" Belle agreed, wiping her hands over her front.

Maya ogled the basketball-sized mammaries pushing the front of her overalls into a rounded shelf. In a quiet voice she asked, "Is that as small as they go now?"

A clueless look on her face, Belle followed Maya's gaze to her breasts and blushed. "Oh! Yea I think so... Can't seem to milk them any smaller."

"I'll never forgive Sue for what she did to you."

Belle waved her hand. "I'm not mad. Look what's it's done for business!"

"But is the massive amount of swelling and milk worth it?? What Sue did affected your body forever!"

A shrug caused a heavy bounce in Belle's chest. Looking at her chest, she cupped their bulbous forms and said, "It's only been a week, maybe it will wear off someday! For now, I just have to watch how much dairy I drink... It doesn't take much to put me back on the floor!" Belle giggled and spoke softer, "But what we do with all that milk is our secret, right?"

“Right!” Maya smiled, happy to help with the collection and baking every morning.

Movement across the street caught Belle’s eye and she frowned at the sight of Sue struggling to stack a table in a corner. “She’s still cleaning up, huh?”

“Yea, the landlord said she had to be out by tomorrow. I told her about the offer to come work with you, but she wouldn’t hear of it.”

Belle sighed and took a sip from a cup, producing a soft bulging against her overalls that didn’t go unnoticed by Maya. “Hope she’ll be all right... I’m just glad you agreed to help! I don’t think I could manage this alone otherwise.”

“Sue will be fine,” Maya assured. “I even dropped off some bread for her breakfast today to show there were no hard feelings! She should be getting hungry any time now.”

“Awww, that’s nice!” Belle grinned. A look at Maya’s face revealed a sly smile. “What’s so funny?”

Maya chuckled. “I put some of Sue’s fattening powder into the dough...”

“You know I still don’t understand her plan,” Belle admitted, “So my boobs weren’t supposed to--”

“*AHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!!*”

An ear piercing shriek rattled the windows of Morning Bells and interrupted her words. Its source across the street, she looked to see Sue had disappeared into her kitchen.

“*MAAAAAYYAAAAAA!!!!!!*”

Belle looked at Maya with wide eyes, the small woman hardly able to contain her giddy laughter. “I *miiiiight* have used the entire bag of powder in her bread...”