

"Hey, Pastry! Where are you!?" A man clad in a metallic hockey mask with a strap over one eye and robe made from white wolf furs along with black hair messily shaved on one side wandered the kitchen where it was a mess of baking ingredients. Sugar, cream filling, flour, and other such ingredients littered the tables and floor.

"Gah! What are you doing in here!?" He heard a clatter of pots and pans. He rushed over to see an Akronian woman with clown-like features like red dots for blush and a nose oddly painted red rather than a clown's red nose, her body shape was that of being quite chubby with wide hips, pudgy belly, and DDD-cup breasts. Her apparel consisted of pink chef's clothing with a long skirt that went down to her ankles along with a red apron around her waist and a chef's hat. Her wavy brown hair went down to the bottom of her upper back and was neatly kept.

"You okay?" The man asked lifting her up,

"Yeah... just a little sore on the bottom." She stood up and sighed in embarrassment,

"Your hero, Vykoo, is here to save the day. What's the matter?" He asked,

"Oh, it's nothing..." Pastry blushed intensely,

"When you usually jump like that there's something wrong," Vykoo stated,

"Well, maybe there's a little something..." She walked over to a door and opened up to reveal a plethora of desserts.

Vykoo was amazed at the sheer amount of treats there were,
"They were just freshly baked and I don't know what to do with them. I received the news that nobody actually wanted my treats, as usual, and I can't just let them collect mold." She explained incredible upset,

"Why don't you eat it all then? I've known you for eating nearly any pastry you've made that nobody wants. There's a reason we call you Pastry." Vykoo explained,

"Well, I want to watch my weight, like you said." She said,

"No, now I want you to pig out and eat all this stuff. I've given up on trying and getting you to diet, it's hopeless." He walked over and picked up a Boston cream doughnut.

"Be careful with that!" She ran over to him only have the treat shoved into her mouth and gently forced into the chair behind her. She relished in the delicious flavor of the doughnut,
"I... I suppose one more couldn't hurt..." Pastry grabbed another and stuffed it into her mouth.

"Good girl... while you're at it I'm pretty sure you could eat a slice of cake." Vykoo carefully cut out a piece and put it in front of her. Quickly the girl swiped it up and began wolfing it down,

"Mmm! So good! Of course being made by yours truly." She giggled between bites,

"I would love to join you, but... I kind of need to make sure I'm not weighed down by treats." He tried to come up with an excuse.

"Oh well. More for me I guess!" Pastry grabbed another creamy treat and swallowed it down with ease.

After a bit, she began picking up the pace as she ate treat after treat. Her stomach began visibly growing at this point raising up her shirt. Vykoo assisted in feeding her as many fattening treats as possible.

"Come on, try out this doughnut." He dangled a piece of the treat in front of her. She ripped out

of his hand and stuffed it into her mouth.

"I always knew you for pigging out when we needed it." Vykoo hugged her gently, Pastry was too busy grabbing more and more treats and eating them. Her stomach steadily expanded from the treats, filling up with each creamy sugary pastry. Slowly it raised her shirt higher and straining the strap on her apron first starting off a light tug on her shirt.

"Don't eat too quickly now, we don't you choking on a stray piece of pastry," Vykoo warned,

"Silly Vykoo! You know being an Akronian I don't have any lungs." She giggled,

"Right, forgot. Continue on." He made an awkward cough as Pastry continued stuffing herself.

After a bit, Pastry's stomach began growling and grumbling at the amount of food she was stuffing into herself.

"Someone's especially hungry today," Vykoo commented,

"These pastries are just too good to stop." Pastry said through a mouthful of brownie,

"Don't talk while your mouth is full, it's rude." He mentioned,

"Those cookies look all soft and gooey, just begging to be eaten by you." She reached for the cookies and gobbled them down one by one. Her apron's string was now beginning to strain under the pressure of her burgeoning belly as it continued to swell from the amount of treats she was downing looking nearly nine months pregnant. As Vykoo felt her belly to see how soft it was his hand was slapped away,

"Don't get all handsy now! You're lucky that I let you stay in the same room as me while I'm binging on my treats." Vykoo ignored the warning and went straight to tickling her belly,

"Stop it! You know I hate that!" She yelled at him,

"It's not my fault your stomach is this soft, it feels like a marshmallow." He felt around her belly when he noticed the soft flesh being cut into by her apron.

"Let me... just undo something here..." She could feel him reach around and undo the tie on the apron. Her belly bounced around a bit as it was freed of this constraint,

"Thanks... was getting a little tight around there..." She blushed,

"Maybe after a bit, I could... free you of your other clothing a bit later..." She blushed even deeper at that suggestive comment,

"Don't you dare go that far now! If I see signs of you taking off other articles of my clothing you are a dead man! You hear!?" She threatened,

"Yeah, yeah. Those brownies aren't going to eat themselves you know." He picked up a platter and placed it in front of her.

"Yeah, whatever. Just shut up and let me eat." She stuffed a brownie into her mouth and continued her binging.

As time went on Pastry's stomach swelled even greater from the amount of food she was stuffing into her gullet. As time passed on her shirt was beginning to press into her breasts which had begun growing from the fat.

"Stupid shirt..." Pastry mumbled,

"What's the matter? Is the shirt now getting a little tight? I can help with that." Vykoo walked over to her and began reaching for one of the buttons,

"It is fine! I don't need you! My shirt is doing- argh... fine..." She could feel her bra cut deeply into her flesh. Vykoo just ignored her undid the buttons one at a time. Soon her shirt was forced open as her breasts surged forth. He slipped it off for her,
"There we go. Much better..." He giggled mischievously,
"*Much worse...*" She angrily grumbled to herself as she reached for another cream doughnut. Quickly Vykoo swiped it out of her reach and put it into her mouth,
"Did I ever tell you that you look adorable while angry?" He asked,
"Did I ever tell you're about to have one the gullet if you don't stop this behavior..." She very angrily threatened,
"Will this make you feel better?" He slipped his entire robe off to reveal the undergarments held together by bandages.
"I... think I know where this is going to go..." She suddenly had a naughty tone to her voice.
"And we're going to enjoy every second of it..." She pulled him closer to her,
"Why don't you finish your meal first?" Vykoo picked up a piece of sugar pie and let her grab it and eat it.

After that event, the two sped up the pace causing Pastry's belly to grow in size immensely and rapidly. Her belly began weighing her down as the supply of desserts was beginning to show progress. She happily ate every treat that was put in front of her not caring how much she was putting on at this point. Her hips, butt, and breasts were straining the skirt and bra to their max. Looking at the discomfort Pastry was in Vykoo decided it was time for another article of clothing to come off. He had her stand up the best she could,
"Okay, Pastry... this one might be a little uncomfortable but bear with me here." He grabbed the sides of her skirt and pulled with all his might to get them off. He barely could slip them past her plump hips. Pastry grunted in discomfort but immediately giggled when she realized what Vykoo could see.
"I guess I came prepared. This thong feels real tight you know, perhaps you could be a gentleman and get this off of me?" She giggled,
"Then why don't we just remove all unnecessary clothing?" She felt the strap of her bra come undone and the bra itself slipped over her head revealing her naked breasts.
"Now let's get that thong off of you." He grabbed the underwear and slipped them off. Now Pastry was completely naked except for the stockings she was currently wearing and her apron.
"We're almost done here, but first, let's get some more delicious treats inside you." Vykoo happily continued to feed the Akronian more and more desserts. Her belly swelled ever more as the stream of creamy pastries was nearly never-ending. Soon Pastry could stand no longer and she collapsed to the floor with a loud THUD! Causing her entire body to jiggle.
"Guess your legs just couldn't handle anymore," Vykoo said before breaking into convulsive laughter as Pastry's current predicament,
"Just be quiet and get me more treats." She asked him. Vykoo joyfully complied running over and getting her more treats.

Vykoo grabbed more and more treats to stuff a pleasurable Pastry with. Her stomach expanded with no end in sight as Pastry swallowed every treat that was put in front of her asking for more. Vykoo simply obeyed wanting to see how large she could become, her body had become incredibly soft as her legs squeezed into her mass whenever Vykoo grabbed more treats. The process kept going on for a while until Vykoo finally noticed something, "What's the matter? Aren't you going to keep feeding me?" Pastry asked, "I would love to, but... we're all out." He said, "Really!? Just now!? Such horrid timing!" Pastry complained, her stomach was bulging eight feet from her frame while her breasts were now an L cup, her bottom had grown to be about 2 feet in diameter. "I guess we're done here now..." He said before another thought came to his head, "Or maybe not..." He ran over to Pastry and lifted her up. Quickly he tied her apron again which did nothing to cover up her nipples or even be able to cover any of her massive girth, "Are you going to "pump" some more cream into me?" She asked, "Maybe. Just stand still." He reached into her robes and took out a condom before slipping off his underwear. For the next few minutes, orgasmic yelling and heavy breathing could be heard as the two went at it.

When it ended Vykoo pulled his member out and put his underwear back on while Pastry had trouble getting herself together, "Ohhhh... I can feel some of my "cream" leaking from that orifice. You did quite a nice job back there." She commented. Her hair had become disheveled at this point but she didn't care, "Thanks. *Huff* Man let's not do that again until we want kids." He sat down, "Agreed." Pastry collapsed next to him and happily rubbed her gargantuan gut, "But let's do this stuffing thing again, it was a lot of fun." She snuggled her head into his arm, "Sure I guess... though not soon, that's for sure." He put his arm around her, "I'm so glad you're here, I love you," Pastry commented, "Vice versa." The two giggled before starting to make-out, "Hey, guys I wanted to talk to you about..." A man wearing a black jumpsuit with scraps of armor and a brown Mohawk on it walked in on them, as he looked up he could see what the two were doing he made an unamused face, "What is it Deslind?" Vykoo asked, "Nope." The man simply replied and he turned around and walked out of the kitchen. The two simply shrugged it off before going back to their make out session.