

Gale didn't enjoy baking. It wasn't that he was bad at it; he simply didn't have the patience. Wait for the dough to rise, wait for oven to preheat, wait for the bread to bake... He could hardly stand it, especially today. His slim white gut gave a hungry growl as he mixed the self-rising yeast and baking soda together. Impatient, he checked the oven and gave the door an irritated kick upon finding it hadn't finished preheating yet. He grumbled to himself and checked the recipe again. It would still be another two hours at least before everything was ready.

In a fit of hunger and frustration, he flicked the oven off and grabbed the tub of dough, plunging his head into it and eating it raw. He gorged on the tasteless and heavy bread goo until his appetite was sated, and only then did he pull his face out of the drained plastic mixing tub. Gale licked some of the dough off of his face as he walked to the sink to wash the rest of it out of his hair and goatee.

Having mostly cleaned up, the satisfied drolf made his way to the living room with one hand holding his now bulging gut. He plopped down on the couch and flicked on the TV and flipped through the channels, looking for something to watch. He settled on a rerun of an old series he used to follow and tossed the remote to the other end of the couch as he settled back against it. An idle belch rumbled out of his mouth, and he scratched at the side of his rounded belly as he watched.

By the first commercial break his gut had doubled in size, though he didn't notice until he tried to stand. He pushed himself to his feet and pressed a hand into his swollen belly, giving it a little rub. It was thick but soft, just like the dough he had eaten. He puzzled over it as he poured his glass of water, and the answer hit him as he sat down. The bread was rising and baking inside his gut. He chuckled as he downed the water, thinking about how silly the recipe was for suggesting he let the bread bake and rise outside his stomach.

The second commercial rolled around, but Gale had been paying more attention to his gut than the show. The growth was slow at first, but had steadily increased in pace until he could feel it stretching under his hand. He wore a wide grin, feeling an odd excitement at the sensation of the bread rising inside his stomach. The fullness was pleasant and felt better with every extra inch he stretched.

As the episode came to an end, the once slim drolf was starting to worry. His belly had ballooned past his knees and was growing outwards by a few inches every minute. It was no heavier than before, but the increased size made it cumbersome. He managed to push himself up from the couch and take a few steps forward before falling onto his stomach, squishing the rising, doughy contents against the floor. He rolled backwards until his feet met the floor again, but the thickness of his stomach's contents made walking nearly impossible. With no house phone to speak of, and his cell phone abandoned in the kitchen, there was no way to call for help.

He squirmed as the fullness became uncomfortable. His mouth was turned down into a scowl, and he squeezed his arms into his stomach to try to stop it from stretching any further, with little effect. His breaths came in shorter gasps as his stomach pushed back against his lungs, making it painful to inhale. His heart began to race as his worry and anxiety peaked, making him sweat. A sharp pain shot through his stomach and he winced as his flesh pulled tight and turned a soft pink around his navel, flattening it out until it was almost flush with the rest of his swollen gut.

Stretch marks cropped up on his taut skin, burning a dark red against the deepening pink hue. He thrashed his tail and curled his toes, the pressure turning to outright pain as it mounted to a critical level. He squeezed his watering eyes shut and gagged, retching as globs of dough pushed out of his mouth, his body far beyond any safe capacity. His trembling skin gave a

defiant creak, but it was too much, and with a messy “Splat!” his insides burst open, coating the walls of the room with a morbid mixture of dough, blood and guts. He was killed in that instant, too quickly to even enjoy any of the relief provided by his insides rupturing and spraying their bloodied contents across the apartment.

It would be a couple days before anyone found the body, and no one would ever figure out just what happened to droll.